

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME IV

March 1925

NUMBER 15

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$5.00; Canadian subscription, \$5.50; foreign subscription, \$6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc.,

publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th Streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1925, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

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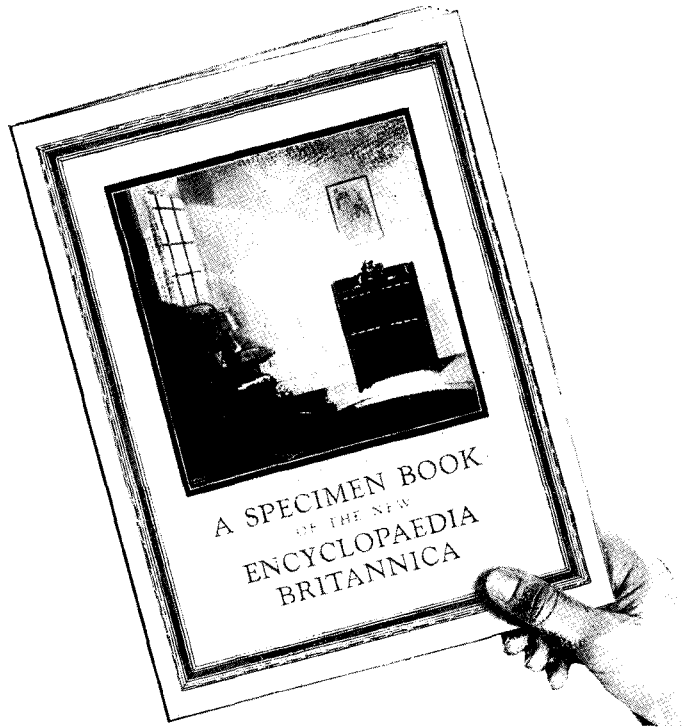
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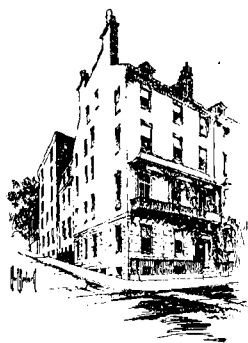
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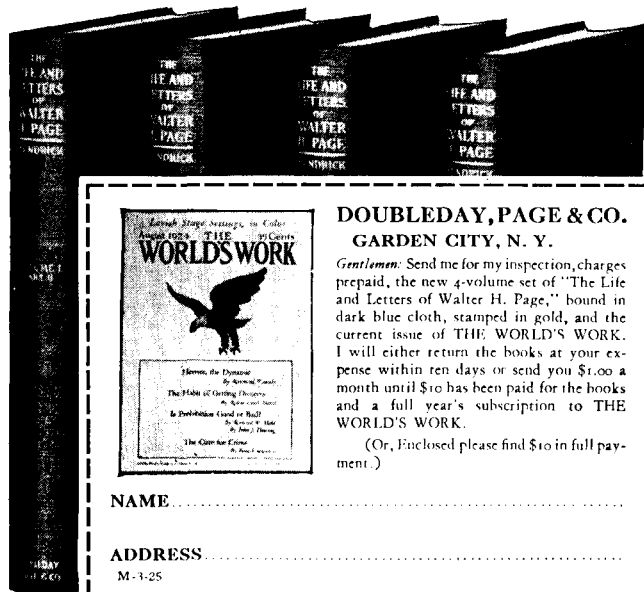
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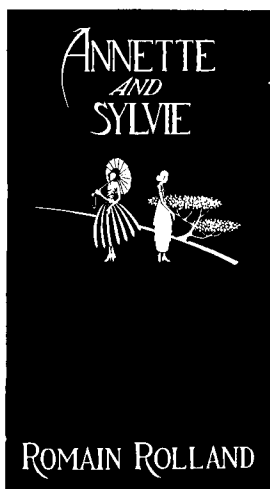
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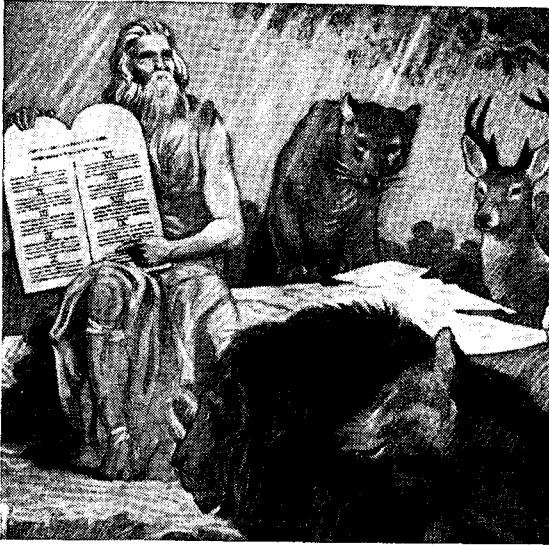
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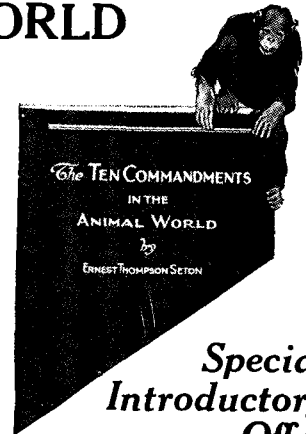
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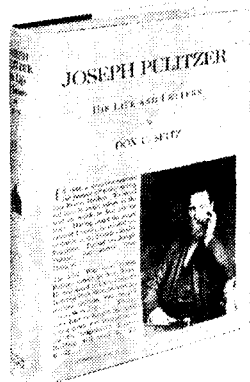
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THE DAMN FOOL DEMOCRATS

BY ARTHUR KROCK

FROM the traditional Democratic viewpoint, the Madison Square Garden convention of last Summer was the most enjoyable ever held. That means two other things. One, to have been enjoyable it must have been sanguinary. Two, having been sanguinary, and therefore enjoyable, it was, in the Democratic sense, highly successful.

It is true, of course, that the party lost the ensuing election, lost it by the largest popular and Electoral College majorities in the record. It is true also that the Republicans will retain all the Federal offices and the salaries appertaining thereto for four long years. But the fact remains unchanged: there never was so successful a convention, from the Democratic viewpoint, as the snarling, cursing, tedious, tenuous, suicidal, homicidal rough-house in New York City last July.

For, while the fight may have cost many Democrats regular meals, all Democrats would rather fight than eat. And while a fight with the Republicans has a certain element of appeal, it involves the adoption of a definite punctilio, and that spoils the fun for a true Democrat. To be required to temper his speech, to convey the manifestly impossible admission that a Republican may have blood, brains, piety and worth in the same ratio as a Democrat—these are the responsibilities of an open

fight before the electorate which bore with inexpressible ennui the true disciple of Jefferson and Jackson. It is only a combat with other Democrats that a thorough Jacksonian really enjoys. To that he advances at the double, carrying every lethal weapon in his arsenal. Parents, brothers, cousins: let any of these bar his path as, with nervous fingers, he rushes toward the jugular of another Democrat, and patricide and fratricide become mere misdemeanors.

Some of the Highland regiments who were at the front in 1916 would understand this feeling better than many Republicans, for the same mad and murderous Celtic melancholy possessed them, too. One of their colonels told me that he could not leave them overlong in the rest billets. Roll-call on the second morning of ease discovered every other gallowglass with a black eye. "Why don't they save their fighting for the Germans?" asked the Colonel of the Top. "Sir, they enjoy this so much more," was the illuminating answer.

From the same low hills and deep dales which these Highlanders and their Celtic cousins left when they went to France comes the spirit which makes Democrats what they are. The Irish Brigade was proud at Fontenoy to have made a wreck of the Guards in their coats of scarlet, but the sensation was nothing like as joyful as that with which their fellow-countrymen crack

one another's heads at Donnybrook. Bruce and his Scots had a lovely time loosing arrows upon Pembroke and Edward Longshanks at Stirling and Bannockburn. But how much sweeter was the fratricidal slaughter around Glencoe and at Culloden!

The constituent parts of a Democratic convention are always the same. From the South come the Scotch-Irish. From the East and Middle West come the Irish of the lakes and fells. No sooner do they meet than a Cockran is cracking the poll of a Bryan, and the McAdoos and the Brennans are at it, tooth and nail. The few Sassenachs, Germans, Jews and Latins who make up the rest of the roster mill timidly and uneasily about the battle-field. Gradually they become Republicans. If you don't like a fight for the pure Celtic lilt of it, you have no real place in the Democratic party.

After the factions are exhausted physically, and have exploded enough political dynamite under everybody put in nomination to leave only remnants out of which to make candidates, the tattered standard is thrust into the broken hands of a punch-drunk politician and he is pushed out into the lists where the unmaimed Republican candidate awaits him. If by chance he wins, he instantly becomes uninteresting to his partisans, for it is only adversity that fires the Democratic spirit. And his administration is soon split in as many directions as could be indicated by a thistledown weathercock in a typhoon. If he loses, those who nominated him surround him with the halo of martyrdom and swear they will never permit the standard to be wrested from his hand. It was treachery that did it, they cry; and treachery shall never be met with compromise.

So at the very next convention the martyr is the centre of another battle. And having the appeal of sentiment on his side, he is nominated again. The oftener he loses, and the more bitterly he takes his defeat, the dearer he becomes to those who are responsible for him. For when Democrats fasten upon a really consistent loser they cannot bear to part with him. All the

springs of poetry well up within their breasts. His presence reminds everybody of beautiful fights in the past and is a living promise of more. Hence three nominations for William Jennings Bryan. Hence the undying McAdoo. Both have the perfume of defeat upon them. Both are bad and frequent losers. Both mean a terrific row in any convention where they are active. Nothing else could so appeal to the Democratic spirit.

Of course, the martyr must coöperate with his faction to assure the recurring party slaughter. He must be unreasonable and unforgiving. He must fill the ears of his partisans between nominations with tales of his virtues and his wrongs. This Bryan and McAdoo have always done very thoroughly. Tilden and Cox did not do it, and that is why the one was not renominated in 1880 and partly why the other created no stir in the convention of 1924. Tilden had enough when the election was filched from him in 1876, and the efforts of all his friends to pose him in the attitude of a Democratic martyr were vain. Cox forgave everybody for what happened to him in 1920 and essayed the rôle of a cheery sportsman. There was no scent of battle in that, and so the Democrats took up candidates who could assure them blood-letting and bone-crushing.

The fight against the renomination of Grover Cleveland in 1888, because he had won four years before, was much more spectacular and earnest than the struggle to prevent his nomination in 1892, four years after he had lost. There is nothing about a winner that stirs the pulses of a Democrat. Victory over the Republicans is gratifying, lucrative and historic. But to cram a candidate down the throats of fellow-Democrats, lose with him, and then cram him down the same throats again—this is the real sport. For murderous satisfactions like this Democrats go to conventions.

Probably the Democratic party in July, 1924, had no real chance to defeat President Coolidge. But the Democratic party

believed otherwise. It had been out of Federal office for four years. The by-elections of 1922 had shown a receding Republican tide. There was every political reason why the Madison Square Garden convention should have been the scene of reasonable compromise between the factions. Republicans, in similar case, would have smoothed out everything in two days of pre-convention conference.

II

But that wouldn't have been poetry. That wouldn't have been battle. That wouldn't have been Democratic. A puling convention without Bryan baiting Tammany, without the West embattled against the East—what follower of Jackson worthy of his heritage would have weighed victory and office against the cherished diversions of his fathers? So the Scotch-Irish and the regular Irish rushed at each other again amid a bashing of heads and breast-bones and a crunching of legs and arms which continued until everybody lay groaning happily on the battle-field. And as the delegates crawled away, the knowledge that they had no chance to defeat the Republicans did not distress them. The Smith boys whispered that they had made the hellions of McAdoo holler enough, and the McAdoo boys anointed their wounds with the glorious balm of certain party defeat. The true spirit of democracy had triumphed; on the shrine lay the smoking sacrifices; all was well. And unless the party undergoes a deterioration of spirit between now and 1928 the beautiful scrap will then be fought all over again.

The cat-calls differ according to the caprice of the period. In 1896 one yelled "silver" and the other "gold." In 1920 one cried "wet" and the other "dry." In 1924 one bawled "Klan" and the other "Papist." But the method and the result are always the same. On the rare occasions when language produces compromise, no Democrat enjoys himself. The convention of 1904, save for the brief flurry of the Parker gold telegram to Sheehan, was as dull as a

Standard Oil board meeting. The convention of 1916, where there was nothing to do but renominate Woodrow Wilson, made the delegates sigh for the shambles at Baltimore. To a Republican, conventions like these are the light of his eyes and the breath of his nostrils. They mean victory, jobs, power, high tariff bills, White House receptions, Gridiron dinners, peace. To a Democrat they are ghastly because he cannot smell the warm odor of his party's life-blood.

The Republicans seized upon the candidacy of Ulysses S. Grant because they were sure he could win. All the glamor of reputation surrounded him. They elected him twice. Then they feared that the third-term tradition would defeat him if they nominated him again. So they cast overboard (despite Roscoe Conkling and the Appomattox apple-tree) the victorious General of the armies and the hero President. The fraud cloud over the Hayes election weakened that eminent Buckeye statesman, who was the first to wear the white ribbon of one-half of one per cent. So the Republicans rejected him and elected Garfield. Although Arthur was President in 1884 the Republicans felt they could not dramatize his Broadway proclivities, so they chose Blaine. And only the chance phrase of a wooden-headed preacher upset their calculations. Their selection of Harrison in 1888 was justified by victory, and he would have won again in 1892 had not that been a year when the Republicans, as they periodically must, were paying the economic penalty for their tariff and labor policies.

McKinley perfectly matched the specifications in 1896 and again in 1900. The requirement of victory equally fitted Roosevelt in 1904 and Taft in 1908. In 1912 the dogged renomination of Taft over Roosevelt's opposition is the only similarity to Democratic polity which Republicans have ever revealed. But it was rather the fact that Roosevelt performed that year in the traditional Democratic manner, than the fact that his party did, that was responsible for the determination of Penrose and

Barnes to have a fight and lose rather than compromise and win. It was Roosevelt, not Penrose and Barnes, who refused to accept Hadley of Missouri. The surviving results of that one backsliding Republican convention in 52 years defeated Hughes in 1916; yet he was the strongest candidate that could have been named; Roosevelt and Taft struck a truce over him; and only the echo of the clashing armies in Picardy prevented his overwhelming election. For the situation in 1920, and the requirement of victory, Harding was a master choice. And the luck that has rewarded the Republicans for keeping their eyes always on the main chance and saving their strength for the enemy instead of expending it among themselves brought them Calvin Coolidge in 1924.

The Republicans love fraternal peace and a winner. The Democrats love internecine war and a loser. The Republicans are English, German, Italian, Scandinavian and Jewish, plus the vendible and uncritical African, and their political ideal is Lincoln the rail-splitter. The Democrats are mostly Scotch, English, Irish and Welsh, and their hero is Andrew Jackson the skull-splitter.

III

Newspaper reporters look ahead to a Republican convention with anxiety and fear. They equip themselves in advance with the names of all the hotels in the convention city; they study the floor plans. They know that a man who can attain to the presence of the chairman of the New York delegation in the early morning before nominating day can hear in advance what the delegates are to do.

Toward a Democratic convention these same reporters look with feverish pleasure. They don't worry about the hotels or their floor plans. Nor do they pay much attention to what the chairman of the New York or the Texas delegation may say. For they know the delegates will do their nominating in the open, and then only after turning the convention hall into a

panorama of the Battle of the Boyne. This is not because Democrats believe in open covenants, openly arrived at, any more than Republicans do, but because a hotel room is too small for a good fight, and, if the public doesn't hear every damaging word said about the final choice of the convention, free speech is attained and Thomas Jefferson betrayed.

The Ku Klux Klan fight at Madison Square Garden was typical of the sort of thing that could never, or only rarely, happen among Republicans. It was brought to a head by exploiting politicians in both factions. Their considerations were neither poetical nor sentimental, for it is in the body of Democratic delegates, not among the professional leaders, that the beautiful Celtic lust for a fight is paramount. The professional politicians of all parties are alike and will compromise for victory on any terms.

Klan representatives in the South and West selected McAdoo as the least likely of all the Democratic candidates to interfere with their activities. They chose him also on the equally accurate estimate that his candidacy offered them the best chance to prevent the nomination of the governor of New York, a Catholic. This strategy became known in the North and East, and the Catholic and anti-Klan Democrats began to mass against it. They chose to support Governor Smith on the correct assumption that his candidacy offered the best chance to prevent the nomination of McAdoo. The revelations that McAdoo had been in the employ of Doheny; that he had remained in that employ after the Doheny-Fall scandal; that he had resigned it only when he had been summoned to testify at Washington; that he had not spoken out frankly when questioned by the committee and by his supporters in mass-meeting at Chicago about the million-dollar Mexican contingent fee—these revelations, in February, seemed to have stopped his candidacy completely, and the joyous preparations for a holy war were suspended. But McAdoo, although his defeat if nominated

had become obvious, continued his preparations and held his friends to their promise to support him, meanwhile declining to disclaim the open support of the Klan. This brought him to Madison Square Garden the actual candidate of the night-shirted patriots.

The New York *World*, which for a year had been trying to remove the Klan issue by inducing all conventions and candidates to denounce it, had, immediately upon the disclosure of the Doheny connection, declared McAdoo unavailable. But McAdoo declined to accept the rating and called on his friends to rout the *World*, and the North and the East with it. Those who were for him because of the Klan and those who were for him in spite of the Klan now joined forces and encamped in New York under the guns of the *World*. It soon became obvious that the sentiment to denounce the Klan in the platform was too strong to be defeated. Half the cause of convention warfare was about to be eliminated; the *World* did not insist on naming the Klan; and true Democrats began to be disgusted at the prospect of having half their bows and spears taken away from them.

Then stepped a practical politician with a practical idea, and when he had forced it upon those few Eastern seaboard leaders who were for Al Smith for sentimental and not professional reasons, as howling a battle broke loose as any Democrat could ask, and Smith, McAdoo, the Klan, the antis, the wets, the dries and moderates all lay prostrate on the field. The practical politician was George Brennan of Chicago. His practical idea was this: There isn't going to be any fight over a Klan plank. The lack of a fight may put McAdoo across. Even if it doesn't, I need some extra excitement to carry my county ticket at home. We can get that excitement out of an insistence that the Klan be mentioned by name. It will help Tammany carry New York for its local ticket. It will help Frank Hague in Jersey and Joe Guffey in Pennsylvania. It will help me in Chicago. If the whole thing does Al Smith good, so much

the better. If it does him harm, too bad. But we have got to hold our local forts.

So on this foundation—at least I shall always believe so, and no amount of protestations on Brennan's part of how he loves religious liberty can change my opinion—the bitter, foolish, bloody, devastating war was joined. McAdoo had laid its foundations by suffering Klan support gladly and permitting his cause and that of the Klan to be inextricably woven before the convention met. Brennan had erected the superstructure, filled the edifice with delegates and then set off the bomb. When the debris ceased to fall, somebody looked underneath the pi'e and dragged out John W. Davis, who then showed that he was not in his right mind by extricating Charles W. Bryan. And Davis confirmed the fact that he was a gassed casual by putting his hand and that of Bryan's into the warm and honest, but weak and faltering, clasp of Clem L. Shaver and, with the bland smile of a Chinese angel, going forth among the electorate for incredible slaughter.

The convention, by a vote or two furnished through the feudal system still prevailing in Georgia, had refused to name the Klan, but had denounced it by definition. So Davis went to New Jersey, where the Klan was weak, and lashed it with the velvet and wire whips of his faultless diction. Huzzah! shouted the noble and the good. What will Coolidge do? Then Davis went to Indiana, where the Klan was strong, and although it was the sole issue between the parties, he didn't mention it at all. This was of no importance, save to the noble and the good, and they never carry elections anyhow. They were disillusioned as to the forthrightness of Davis, and were not so certain that, in Indiana, he wasn't using the same strategy that Coolidge had followed everywhere. But they have illusions to spare, and so they went out and got some more for 1928.

A sad tale? The recital of wasted opportunities, of scheming and conscienceless politicians, of betrayed delegates, of befuddled candidates, of bright dreams shattered and

the nation undone? Not at all. For I verily believe that if George Brennan had not insured the combat over the Klan's name, the delegates would have found something else to justify a family massacre. That high sense of poetry and Irish militancy which makes them adore a fight with one another more than victory over the Republicans, and impels them to stand by their several champions only so long as they continue to lose, would have found some other outlet. Two victories with Wilson had been almost too much for the gallant gossoons. The fact that he was still alive had prevented a realshambles at San Francisco. Here was a chance that could not be foregone.

They are resting now. By the waters of

the Tombigbee and the Pecos; on the hills of the Piedmont and the Blue Ridge; on the sidewalks of New York and Boston and Jersey City; and amid the sounds and smells of South Halstead street the Democratic men and women are awaiting the happy event of the inauguration of Calvin Coolidge. Not that directly it means very much to them. But think how a New York Democrat would have felt had the reviewing stand revealed on March 4 the tall, lean figure of McAdoo. And suppose a Kluxian Georgian had been compelled to witness or imagine Tammany marching up Pennsylvania Avenue under the melting gaze of Al Smith!

So hurrah for Coolidge!

MEMORIES OF A CARTOONIST

BY WALT McDOUGALL

THE panic of 1873 caught my father conducting a photograph gallery in Newark in connection with his portrait painting and in the general despondency I hastily abandoned an ambition to be a great surgeon and applied at the jewelry establishment of Durand and Company, the firm which made all of Tiffany's costliest gauds, to be accepted as an apprentice to the engraving trade. My brother Will was for many years their designer and when my application was refused he lent me tools and I began to practise on old silvered-copper daguerreotype plates. In the course of a few months I had supplied all the boys in our ward with gorgeous badges grading from Chief of Police down to Chicken Inspector. Then I engraved an elaborate replica of Bewick's "Ram," which must have shown promise, for when my brother showed it to the firm he was told to bring me to the shop.

I lasted a year. After a short but snappy fight with the office boy, a white-livered scoundrel who tried to make me carry mail to the post-office during my dinner hour, I was fired with a few appropriate remarks. In those days the status of an engraver was almost equal to that of a lawyer or doctor, and I felt, with my afflicted mother, that the disgrace of that summary discharge would cling to me all my life. Unquestionably, I would then have taken up the profession of pugilism had it been then as remunerative as it became later, for in that direction I really had talent.

I now found that a year in Durand's under the instruction of my gifted brother qualified me for easy admission into any other jewelry shop in Newark and for several years I led a butterfly existence,

flitting from factory to factory, picking up knowledge until I became designer for a firm now extinct. In the old building there may still be seen a window pane with my name scratched on it with a diamond. Maybe they are preserving the structure as a memorial! One day, I encountered Wallace Durand and he asked me if I wanted a job. When I replied in the affirmative he engaged me at once. Thus, instead of serving an apprenticeship of years with the Durands I suddenly became a full-fledged journeyman, earning a man's stipend, and there I remained for eight years.

Business was dull, my brother favored married men on slack days, the fishing was bully in the Passaic, I was devoted to water color painting and chess, and the absence of work never caused me pain or worry. I opened an engraving shop next to father's studio, where I did everything from coffin plates to printer's cuts and occasionally painted a black eye, an object more frequently observed in those days than at present. I wonder that I did not include umbrella repairing and kalsomining. I painted several hotel signs in the antique style, did cigar-box labels for Oscar Hammerstein, then manufacturing in New York (as did Victor Gillam of *Puck*), designed novelties for the new Celluloid Company, and occasionally sold a comic to *Harper's*, *Puck* or *Judge*.

Puck had a certain organization in its art department; the others were less formal and more genial. *Puck's* artists and writers were upstage and very glossy, *Harper's* helpful and kindly, *Judge's* brotherly and chummy. On *Puck* a new artist was confined in a small room, given a subject to illus-

trate in a certain time, and if he did not make the grade, was given the gate promptly. The others recognized undeveloped talent and assisted it. I remember J. A. Wales, then a top-liner, kindly counselling me for more than an hour. I was able a few years later to hand him several commissions. He was an ardent follower of Omar and he ended his days by suicide and in despair—just when the harvest was beginning for him, poor fellow! The manager of *Judge's* art department ran a faro bank as a side line. All the writers and artists, or most of them, supported it, and it was an inducement to hard work, for it kept them poor.

Sid B. Griffin, afterward my own partner, was the real artist of *Puck*. His right arm became paralyzed and he learned to do even better work with his left. Keppler, the famous cartoonist, was a German, pompous but kindly, a good draughtsman whose lack of knowledge of marine architecture and ship's rigging excited my youthful ridicule. But when I sold him a picture wherein a milkman failed to recognize a cow, he himself, I was told, captioned it "No Wonder," which shows that he was a humorist.

The greatest comic artist of that day, after Hopkins of the *Graphic*, a splendid pen and ink man, was Eugene Zimmerman of *Judge*, utterly unspoiled by an immense success, only a few years my elder, who, like Hopkins, made pictures that were funny in themselves, regardless of the subject matter. He altered his style with the years, something few can accomplish, becoming funnier if less artistic. But through some inexplicable lack of recognition by publishers he has retired into comparative obscurity. Fred Oppen in those days, although far more artistic as to technique, for he then aspired to be a painter, was not nearly as refulgent as when he became a newspaper cartoonist, although he was much more dignified. He always kept aloof from the dissipations of his confreres and thus acquired a reputation for nearness equalling that of Harry Lauder and pro-

ductive of as many anecdotes. One was to the effect that when he was lunching at the Auditorium in Chicago with Davenport, Swinnerton and Powers, the others each put a fifty-cent tip under a glass, thereby obliging him to follow suit. It was said that he never afterward recognized any of them.

II

An endeavor to list all the rivals that were set up to *Puck* and *Judge* would be barren of interest, for, with the exception of *Life*, they were shortlived. But each of them was a bow of promise to peripatetic artists while it lasted. Farthest back in my memory is the *Tomahawk*, started by Matt Morgan, a dashing, brilliant English artist whose studio was the resort of nearly all of the illustrators and writers of the day. There I first saw Walt Whitman, on my only visit to the place in company with John Bolles, a Newark painter. That afternoon there came, too, Thomas Wüst, a distinguished German cartoonist, Hopkins and Miranda, and Charles Frohman, then in charge of the distribution of the *Daily Graphic*, William H. Shelton, famous for his escape from a Confederate prison, and the dapper Gray Parker, with others no less distinguished but unknown to the two obscure Newarkers.

In the centre of the studio was parked a new washtub half-full of claret punch, which, it seemed, was a permanent adjunct of the apartment and gave me an exaggerated idea of Morgan's affluence. His weekly was several grades above the other comic papers of the time, but it soon died and he returned to London. John Hyde, another Englishman and a good draughtsman who used to make the alluring front pages for the *Police Gazette*, wherein almost fabulously beautiful legs were always prominent, was present and I was informed that there was much jealousy between the two Britishers. There I also met Herman Melville, author of "Typee," and invited him out to Newark to meet Marion Harland, wife of our min-

ister, who lived a few doors from us. Under the influence of the punch he accepted my invitation, but never came. I met him frequently afterward, as I did Walt Whitman, lounging along Park Row, a rather moody, sulky man, I imagined, but now I think he was simply shy.

That gathering was somewhat different from the daily assembly of chess players in my father's rather shabby studio three floors up in Broad street, Newark. Father was a handsome man who rather resembled William Cullen Bryant. He was of attractive, lovable character and was an omnivorous reader. He had a remarkable avidity for new methods and ideas and constantly experimented with novelties in pigments, mediums and papers. The latest of Newark's products, celluloid, appealed to him as a substitute for ivory in miniature painting, in which art he was then the leader in this country, having painted Edgar Allan Poe, Commodore Vanderbilt, and other celebrities, and he devoted much time to ascertaining the fitness of celluloid for the purpose.

His studio was then the resort of a number of men who, whether young or old, all called him Jack, to my intense disgust and mortification. Here came constantly George Inness, with whom he often went sketching in the Orange Mountains; Thomas Moran, young and handsome, just back from the Colorado Cañon and then painting his great pictures, now in the Capitol at Washington, in a small house in South street; Alex Drake, art director of the *Century Magazine*; A. B. Durand, the painter, who, like Moran and Drake, had been an engraver and was then devoting all his talent to raising giant strawberries; Thomas Dunn English, who had written "Ben Bolt," but was then editing the *Register* in Newark, and Thomas A. Edison, who kept an electrical shop around the corner. In this group, most of whom played chess, was also the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, rector of the House of Prayer, an uptown church of the swellest Episcopalians, who became interested in the cellu-

loid plates upon which father was painting.

Goodwin was a sweet-tempered, wholesome man, kindly and curious, who amused himself with chemical experiments but had no scientific training. My more intimate contact with him began with his interest in the gelatine process, the usual method of reproducing pen drawings as engravings. He had me make him many drawings for his experiments. Finally, when he took up the new zinc etching method and its necessary photography, the result of his labors was the celluloid photograph film. My worthy parent had overlooked the almost transparent plates, right under his nose as he painted, but the studious clergyman, albeit no photographer, had as if by instinct detected the latent meaning of that transparency. It made the motion picture possible and led to fame and wealth—for others.

But not for Goodwin, at least for many years, for the invention was pirated. Long afterward, however, the courts awarded ten million dollars to his widow—a genuine romance with a happy ending. His discovery was of incalculable value to photography. In that Age of Invention, during which celluloid collars, typewriters, zinc etching, electric lights, the telephone, the fountain pen, the hot dog, the xylophone (invented by a friend of mine in Stumptown), the linotype, the burglar alarm, bottled catsup, wood pavements and canned baby powder emerged from the Cosmos, I was not neglectful myself, for I invented the tiny bent-wire device whereby price tags are attached to ready-made clothing. I sold the patent for \$350 to two men whose very names I have somehow managed to forget, probably because of the dull ache their memory rouses within me.

William O. McDowell, then president of the Seabeach Railroad and afterward prominent as a peace promoter, counselled me to invest my wealth in Bell Telephone stock, then worth a dollar a share, but when I asked Edison's advice he intimated that McDowell wanted to unload and told me that the telephone was only a toy and

would never be a commercial success. I fancy now that he was kidding me, but I took his advice. In 1907 John Wanamaker, for whose son I was toiling on the Philadelphia *North American*, told me that he had borrowed six million dollars on that very stock during that year's short panic. That I had no business sense is shown by the fact while making monthly pictures for the then struggling Prudential Insurance Company's advertising matter I could have received stock but preferred cash!

III

For the sole purpose of inculcating probity in a falling world I record, to my eternal disgrace, one daring and criminal deed of my earliest engraving days. At that period circus tickets were on sale in a certain stationer's store some days in advance of the Great Show—simple, yellow tickets costing fifty cents, with an elephant printed on the reverse side, many of them showing palpable evidence of use. Who suggested the plot is now unknown, but I am quite certain it did not originate in my guileless mind. It evolved into a scandalous plan to counterfeit these tickets for the benefit of poor and worthy boys who belonged to our social circle, and could be depended on to appreciate benevolence and not blab.

The son of the printer of the city directory procured the yellow cardboard, I engraved a quite praiseworthy replica of the little elephant, and the present head of a great Newark industry, on his fifteen-dollar printing press, printed a hundred of the tickets. No boy got one who was not known to be upright, honorable and trustworthy enough to follow orders, which were to the effect that the principal criminals were to enter first. This was to insure admission to them in case the spurious nature of the pasteboards was detected prematurely. But there was not the slightest suspicion, and a happy yet somewhat tremulous gang was soon lost within the vast tent, and witnessing a spectacle that held an added thrill never to be duplicated

in this life. A deadhead seat on a crater's edge!

For nearly twenty years after 1886 I made almost every newspaper illustration used by Barnum's Circus, its treasurer, Lewis Cooke, being a Newark chum, and some two decades after this disreputable (and deeply regrettable) prank I attended a dinner given to his principal aides by P. T. Barnum at Iranistan, his Bridgeport home. It was not a very lively affair—in fact, it was in marked contrast to the many jovial meals I have since enjoyed within the big tent—and when I was called upon for some remarks I told the story of the three Newark counterfeiters. For some reason it made a great hit and when I had taken my seat Mr. Barnum addressed Lew Cooke in a thin, squeaky voice,

"Mr. Cooke, do we owe Mr. McDougall any money now?"

"No, sir. I paid him off last week," responded Cooke.

"Well, remember," drawled the great showman, "when he brings in another bill you take fifty dollars off it."

After the banquet was over Mr. Barnum drew me into a small room, a sort of office, and putting his arm over my shoulder, whispered,

"McDougall, I think you must have been a pretty bad boy and how you've escaped State's prison I can hardly see. Now, you know I hate rum and tobacco, but as I think you are beyond all help I am going to give you this box of cigars that somebody sent me from Cuba, instead of burning it up."

Then he pushed into my hands a sizeable package in a hasty, furtive manner. I think he felt guilty.

"The Old Man must have recognized a kindred spirit in you!" declared Tody Hamilton later. "I'll swear that he never did such a thing in his life before. He came near firing me for chewing tobacco in one of his greenhouses."

As an outlet to my superabundant energy I wrote many a column, without pay,

for the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, on which clever Sam Chamberlain was a reporter until he became Bennett's private secretary. At Sam's suggestion I put in a bill one day. It was paid but they never accepted any more of my stuff. Then I encountered an Italian couple who were doing a colored chalk sketch act in a variety show, but were desolated by the lack of culture in an inhospitable land. They had dates as far West as Kansas City but were resolved to return to Europe. I bought their dates and good will, engraved a small handbill setting forth the merits of "Walter Diamond, the Carbon Caricaturist" and started in to fill their dates in company with a number of New York performers, among whom were Charles Bigelow, afterward a Broadway success in "We, Us and Co." a play of which I was co-author, and Lillian White, a strikingly beautiful woman who sang the songs of all nations, waving appropriate flags.

The variety house of those days was a stench in the nostrils of the refined and godly. It was dirty, disreputable and replete with rowdy, unrestrained pleasures of the lowest, coarsest sort. The only women present were street-walkers and actresses, both being ranked in the same grade by the average churchgoer of the time. The stage was merely an adjunct to a saloon and frequently to a gambling house and brothel. Drinks were served all over the house and smoking was universally permitted. The dressing-rooms were often in the cellar under the stage, ghastly, rat-infested, mouldy dungeons defying description, dark, unheated and unventilated. The general conditions back of the curtain would today produce an instant strike in a gang of sandhogs. Yet from such dives came Lillian Russell, Sadie Martinot, Nat Goodwin, Fay Templeton, Weber and Fields, and Dave Warfield. I sagely refrained from informing my family how deeply I had sunk under my scintillant alias until far away.

My yearning for this adventure was completely satiated when at last we reached

Kansas City, where I decided that Newark, after all, was a pretty good place to live in. I was never tempted back into vaudeville until an offer from Keith of \$500 a week lured me from my Atlantic City cottage in 1908. On my first return to Newark, however, I had to fill a date at Waldman's Variety Show. In my unpretentious but realistic act I appeared in the doorway of a grocery-store in patched juvenile attire and fell into a barrel of charcoal. Emerging with a hunk of coal in each hand, I proceeded to draw what to my uncultured audiences were startling portraits of General Grant, Peter Cooper, Ben Butler, Bill Tweed and other familiar characters.

In Newark I was apprehensive that I might be recognized and decided to do my act in blackface. Harry Shay, a very promising comedian who died before attaining the renown that less clever rivals gathered, offered to disguise me properly, but when he had blacked my face and hands he dumped the box of feathery burnt cork down my back. I left a smoke screen of soot behind me as I walked, but my discomfort turned to relief when I perceived two of my cousins in the first row. They never penetrated my disguise and years afterward one of them told me of a remarkably clever kid he had seen in a charcoal sketching act at Waldman's, and when I confessed he made me go over the whole thing before he was convinced that I was not spoofing him.

IV

In the early seventies Buffalo Bill came to visit Colonel Edmund Joy, who lived two doors from my home in High street, Newark. Cody had become famous as the hero of a series of lurid Western tales written by Ned Buntline for the New York *Weekly*, which every boy was reading. To be privileged to sit on Joy's stoop with the author and his hero was bliss, of course.

Buffalo Bill was then twenty-nine or thirty years old, slim, lean, erect, with long brown hair and rather pensive, mild brown eyes, not at all the grand and im-

posing figure known to the public a dozen years later. With Texas Jack, he was just about to enter the show business. A certain disillusionment resulted from overhearing him and Buntline doping out the weekly instalment of his romantic adventures; no boy could avoid detecting the fictional character of some of the details, nor, indeed, of the main plot. Thereafter I was the only boy East of the Delaware who did not yearn to go West and slay Indians. I harbored a clammy suspicion, indeed, that Buffalo Bill's sanguinary reputation was founded entirely on the clever author's invention and that it was possible there was no human blood upon his hands at all. Really, he did not appear a fifth as bloodthirsty as did the man who delivered charcoal at our house, who killed his wife and was hanged for the crime. I concluded that Bill was largely a fake. Texas Jack, on the other hand, had all the elemental qualifications of the bad man, being as hard-boiled and low-browed as any of our Seventh Ward Democrats or Morris Canallers. I was willing to believe that he had a bad heart without any proof whatever, but I've always had my suspicions of Bill.

Now, walking down the street in Kansas City I encountered him. It seems that he was not yet a colonel, however. In gratification at the sight of a familiar face I accosted him. He recalled me as soon as I mentioned Col. Joy and took me to his hotel to dinner. When I told him that I was deserting the footlights he suggested that I join his company and do my little act. Had I accepted his offer I might have anticipated Fred Remington's studies of Western life by ten years or so. The picturesque cowboy had not yet appeared and buffalo still swarmed on the plains, the hides selling for about a dollar. I bought for five dollars a magnificent bull's head mounted on a dark wood, but I think it cost me about thirty to get it home.

In Fort Leavenworth, whither I accompanied Cody's gang, I met Col. John Burke, a fat, genial desperado who wore long hair and did it up like a woman, and who

afterward was Cody's press agent and knew every newspaper man from San Francisco to Moscow. At his suggestion I painted my first portrait in oil—one of Buffalo Bill in his fringed buckskin costume. It was transferred from the lobby of the show-house to the hotel each day and parked at night in Cody's bedroom. He presented me with his own special saddle mounted in bearskin, which is still in my possession. Being the first hand-painted oil painting ever seen in Kansas City, my portrait placed me upon the eminence occupied by General Miles, Cody, Wild Bill Darrell and the James Brothers, and I soon received a commission to decorate the canvas side of a popular gambling hell with a still-life composition consisting of poker chips, champagne bottles, coins and playing cards. The picture was executed with house paint and was about eight feet square.

This masterpiece set the art-loving proprietor back a hundred and fifty silver dollars. Col. Pat Donan, the Silver-Tongued Orator of the Dakotas, told me at a Clover Club dinner twenty-five years afterward that it was then in his possession, and later on Gumshoe Bill Stone, afterward Senator from Missouri, assured me that it was still to be seen in a certain levee resort in St. Louis. But when I visited that city in the wake of the tornado in 1896 I was unable to locate the place. Perhaps the tornado gave it the air along with the picture.

V

Early in my first year on the *World* I suggested to the head of an engraving concern the utilization of an arc light for photographing at night, and the hint was promptly taken. They at once dubbed the plant the Electric Light Engraving Company, and yet, when its owner offered me a half interest, I was foolish enough to decline on the ground that I was too busy to go into business. In truth, such hard luck has often pursued me! My many charms had so endeared me to generous

Ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower that one day he informed me that he was carrying for me a block of Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock and a few weeks later he announced to my elation that there was a profit of thirty thousand dollars to my credit. I was jubilant but had too much Scotch blood to do any public rejoicing. He had similarly favored George Arnold, a bright, lovable reporter.

Returning from a fishing trip one noon, I found Park Row seething with the news of the collapse of B. R. T. and Flower's disastrous downfall. I promptly sought the Times Café, the resort of all salaried journalists, in order to submerge my grief. I found poor Arnold there amid a crowd of ribald mock-sympathizers, a human watering-pot, wetting down the marble floor with bitter tears as he loudly deplored the loss of his thirty thousand. Saddened but somewhat buoyed by the consoling thought that some of my own loss, had my hard luck been really acute, might have been in actual cash, I resolved to avoid Wall Street miracle workers thereafter. This pledge I kept until the dazzling Napoleon Ives rose to glory, when I occasionally borrowed his steam yacht and with Henry Guy Carleton, the playwright, chaperoned a party of simple chorus girls on a moonlit sail up the Hudson. Carleton once advised Ives, at the height of his spectacular career, to grab all the cash he could get hold of and sail for a South Sea island, but the infatuated man scorned the advice and in the end walked the plank in his B. V. D.'s.

Twenty-third street was well uptown then, Madison Square was the centre of town, and the Rialto was along Fourteenth street. The Eden Musée, a musty, red-plush chamber of horrors, was in Twenty-third street, and Koster and Bial's Music Hall, beneath the stage of which was a secret and select wine-room haunted by the sugar babies and stage-door Johnnies of that period, was in the next block. The Musée was ultra respectable and then some; the Music Hall was the subject of sermons and horri-

fied protests, with its living pictures of nude and voluptuous women (in warm woolen tights and very stiff, painful, but alluring poses). Koster and Bial girls frequently figured in the divorce courts. Some of them were merely beauties, but others, such as Dottie Neville and Della Fox, were talented. The place was a Western variety house gilded and carpeted.

In the Musée was a wonder. This was "Ajeeb the Mechanical Chess Player," inside which was concealed Pillsbury, afterward the great chess champion. The figure was wrapped in mystery and the belief that it was unbeatable was firmly established in the minds of all chess addicts. I remember Vice President Hendricks gloating over the fact that he had *almost* won a game from this "purely mechanical" effigy. I knew Pillsbury very well, and occasionally wasted my time playing in order to induce shy hayseeds to come forward and get something to brag about afterward. On one of these occasions I had him cornered, with but two moves, either of which, properly met, meant defeat. His wife used to stand beside the figure and remind slow players that even in the Eden Musée time had a habit of passing. She sourly cautioned me, as I pondered, that the rule was "a move a minute," although her husband behind the concealing wires had devoted several minutes to the previous move. In my exasperation I looked Ajeeb in the eyes and bleated out,

"See here, Pill, your wife keeps me down to the limit, but you took a nap over that last move! All I want is a square deal and only a little of that!"

Instantly all the bystanders fled from the room, convinced that I had gone crazy, thus enabling Mrs. Pillsbury to reprove me sharply for risking an exposure of the secret. I lost the game, which I have always believed was owing to her interference. Pillsbury confessed that I had him guessing and showed me how I could have beaten him. Coming that near to winning from the unbeaten champion has always been something to be proud of.

SAVING SOULS IN NEW YORK

BY STANLEY WALKER

THE first Methodist church in America was set up in New York City, and was the direct result of the meddling of a woman. This woman, Mrs. Barbara Heck by name and said to have been Irish by birth, discovered her brother, Paul Runckle, playing cards one afternoon in a hayloft down in the lower end of Manhattan Island. Barbara, so the story has it, upbraided him bitterly, burned his cards and declared boldly that unless something was done—and done quickly—New York would come to no good end. So she sent for her cousin, Philip Embury, who had been a local preacher in England, and prevailed upon him to organize a church.

If she could come back to imperial Manhattan today, she would find a Methodist church still in John street, the thoroughfare where the hayloft once stood. But she would also discover several very prosperous if illicit ginmills in the same street. She would see, too, jewelers selling diamonds to brokers for the adornment of their sweeties, and boys shooting dice on the sidewalks and using language such as her brother Paul never dreamed of. Also, she would see some bucket-shops.

It would, indeed, be nothing short of cruelty to let Barbara come back to New York today. It would break her heart. All its resident gentlemen of the cloth agree that it is the modern Babylon, the new Nineveh, Tyre and Sodom. They further agree (with Barbara) that unless something is done about it the harvest will be a deluge of molten brimstone, nothing less.

The Rev. Dr. Christian Fichtthorne Reisner, one of the leading Methodist clergymen of this new Gomorrah, is au-

thority for the statement that there are 800,000 school children in the city who have never seen a Bible, and 1,000,000 youths who have had no more religious education than if they had grown up in Paris or Africa. Dr. Reisner points out that there are thirty-six fewer Protestant churches in Manhattan than there were twenty-five years ago. New York gradually becomes heathen.

Nevertheless, as the churches lose ground, their onslaught upon sin becomes fiercer and fiercer. Year after year, the picked shock troops of God descend upon New York and wrestle with its wicked people. They spend an appalling amount of money. Yet they get, alas, nowhere. A year or so ago, when the controversy between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists broke out, many of the local clergy pretended to be gleeful, for they believed they saw the signs of a great religious revival. If people were once interested in religion, they argued, they would talk themselves into the churches. But now it appears that New York's interest in the feud was only the interest of rustics watching a dog fight. The people talked about the row, but they laughed at the preachers. Certainly not many of them gave up their sins.

In the business offices of the big New York churches—many of them run like trust companies—one may find efficiency experts poring over tables of figures, working out charts, plotting curves, and so seeking the true answer to the problem of saving the town. The souls of men and women, the saved and the damned, are tabulated with elaborate accuracy. The

head statistician of the New York Presbytery has worked out a graph which shows that the annual proportion of new converts in the Presbyterian Church is now but 5.6 per cent of the total membership—the lowest percentage in a hundred years. And all the other churches face the same decline.

There was a similar period of religious apathy in the seventies, when the Darwinian heresy first hit the people and Ingersoll was at his best. Now the serious thinkers of evangelism are debating the phenomena of that period: were Darwin or Ingersoll to blame, or was it merely a regularly recurring depression? If the latter, what is to be done about it today? At least one of the Protestant denominations in New York is so panicky over the outlook that it is not giving out any figures whatever. The faces of its clergy reflect their troubled minds. Will it do any good to spend more money? If so, where is it to come from?

An examination of the records shows that, during the last century, evangelism has steadily lost effectiveness in the town. Even the puissant Dr. Billy Sunday could not shake it, nor could John Alexander Dowie. It was not so in the old days. In 1837 the Rev. Dr. Finney set New York ablaze and saved nearly everybody worth saving. In the eighties even Dwight L. Moody was more effective than Sunday. What is the answer? Were the old-timers simply more powerful, or did their victims fall easier? Has the decline of the camp-meeting had anything to do with it? Or has the unholy element simply become impervious to exhortation? The clergy are beginning to fear that the last is the sad case.

Thus the city remains a citadel of the devil—a vast, colorful, enchanting Gehenna peopled with bootleggers, gamblers, kept women, flask-toting youths, red-lipped flappers, wastrels, chorus girls and all the melancholy varieties of infidels, scoffers and hellions. Hell itself, it must be manifest, can't be much worse.

II

How wistfully the practicing evangelists of New York must recall the delightful experience of Jonathan Edwards, who in 1735 converted every man, woman and child in Northampton, Mass., the home town of Calvin Coolidge! And the Rev. Jonathan did it with ease,—and at little expense. In saving souls today the overhead, as the statisticians say, has become a tremendous burden. The cost goes up and up as the harvest goes down and down.

A short time ago the Presbyterians met in Atlantic City—another grossly wicked place—and listened to a report by the Rev. C. J. Gulp, D.D., on foreign missions. What Dr. Gulp had to say gave the assembled ecclesiastics food for bitter thought. He reported that the cost of making converts in the foreign mission field—that is, among the Borneo head-hunters and South Sea cannibals—was but \$263 a head, whereas the average in this great Christian country was \$457! In New York itself the lowest cost fixed by the most optimistic statistician is now \$659. Other authorities place the figure much higher, all the way up to \$1,500. Indeed, it has soared so high that many thoughtful gentlemen have begun to ask themselves whether it is worth paying. The Presbyterians spent \$1,164,010 in New York last year, and made 1,764 converts—a cost of \$659.867/8 apiece. All the churches in New York raised, and spent, about \$16,608,763 last year. Did they save as many as 16,608 souls? If so the cost was \$1,000 apiece—truly a high price to pay even for immortal souls.

The high overhead helps to make the price so excessive. Every Baptist church in New York, for example, must build an expensive pool for total immersion, pay for the water used, and provide hip boots for the pastor. It is much simpler and cheaper in the backwoods, where the pastor simply goes out to the nearest creek, ducks the convert, and gives thanks to God, while the chorus on the banks lifts up its voices in a pæan of thanksgiving

under the blue canopy of heaven. One finds no such pretty scene in New York.

The New York churches, of course, are all rich—perhaps the richest in the world. Their property on Manhattan Island alone is valued at \$139,972,277, owned by 486 churches. Trinity Church, down at the head of Wall Street, is worth \$17,500,000 and has an annual income of more than \$1,250,000. All the church property of the Episcopalians in Manhattan is valued at about \$43,000,000, and that of the Catholics at about the same amount. The Jews claim \$11,331,000. The Methodists have more than \$6,000,000, the Baptists nearly \$8,000,000 and the Presbyterians \$12,567,000.

Roughly, New York is divided into three virtually equal groups—the Jews, the Catholics and the Protestants. (By Protestants is meant all those who are neither Jews nor Catholics.) The Jews now comprise about 30 per cent of the population, but within a short time they will make up the full third. The Protestants are losing about as rapidly as the Jews are gaining. The Catholics are losing too, but so slightly that the loss is almost negligible. Indeed, when the figures for 1924 are completed, it may be that the Catholics will show a gain.

The Protestants are engaged in three gigantic building enterprises: the effort of William, Bishop Manning, to raise \$15,000,000 for the completion of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; the bond-selling campaign of Dr. Reisner, the Methodist, for what he calls the Broadway Temple, and the still rather nebulous dream of the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, the Baptist pope of the town, to build a \$2,000,000 church and hotel on the present site of Calvary Baptist Church.

It appears likely that Bishop Manning will be successful in his project. He has enough wealthy men on his campaign committee to raise the required \$15,000,000 among themselves alone, if they ever yield to his eloquence. Moreover, he has, for the time at least, put down the more serious

bickerings among the clergy of his diocese, and so the faithful are not distracted from the main business—the completion of the cathedral. Meanwhile, the Rev. Dr. Straton, although he has suffered from the defection of several wealthy parishioners who disapprove of his more sensational pulpit utterances, will probably find ample support for his scheme, and Dr. Reisner, the Methodist, is making good progress with his \$4,000,000 24-story temple, which has been indorsed by 200 Methodist churches.

This temple is expected to accomplish all sorts of things—bring God back to Manhattan, revitalize the evangelical spirit, teach the youth of the town the fundamentals of Methodism, and cut down crime without the aid of the police. William B. Joyce of the National Surety Company, speaking at a recent bond-selling meeting of the Methodist brethren, said:

My experience leads me to believe that we need this temple, and three more like it, if we are to reestablish our standards of morals.

The edifice, as projected by Dr. Reisner, will house all manner of social activities—sewing classes, singing societies, motion picture shows and swimming pools. There will be dormitories for men, whether Christians or not, and apartments for married couples who want to be near the church. Indeed, if the good pastor's dream comes true, it will be possible for a lonely girl to go into the temple, be introduced to a young man in the courtship hall, be married at the pulpit, move into an apartment upstairs, buy all her clothing and food from the shops on the street floor, send her babies to the roof to play, and spend the whole of her life without once going out of the building.

III

The decline in the prestige of New York clergymen in the last generation has been amazing. When the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst rose in his pulpit and thundered his denunciations of graft and vice, the effect was instantaneous. Crooked police

captains paled, street-walkers scurried to cover and even Tammany was worried. And with good reason. The Lexow investigation, brought about by Parkhurst, sent many to jail. He was a mighty man.

In 1920, after he had been in the city a year, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton tried to do the same thing. But New York simply gave him a well-bred horse laugh and refused to be annoyed. Prohibition had been in effect then only a few months, and Dr. Straton, disguised as a worldling, went to the restaurant of one Peter and there bought a drink and tasted it. Then he swore out a warrant for the arrest of Peter and his waiter. A few days later, when the defendants were brought before the United States Commissioner for examination, Dr. Straton was asked what drink he had bought.

"A Scotch highball," he replied.

"Would you know the difference between a Scotch highball and any other drink?" he was asked.

Unluckily, he was forced to admit that he would not, and so Peter and his waiter went back to business.

Soon afterward the learned doctor began to denounce vice. The District Attorney said it was no news to him that there were many disorderly houses in New York. Nevertheless, the police obligingly conducted a series of raids over the head of Inspector Dominick Henry, whose district was said to contain more than ninety such houses. Henry was indicted, but acquitted. Now he is in charge of traffic—one of the best jobs in the New York Police Department.

In spite of this futility of his efforts, Pastor Straton is the best showman in any New York pulpit today. He is the bellwether of the Fundamentalists and their most vociferous mouthpiece. Adam's rib is as real to him as Ann Pennington's knees. He was born in Evansville, Indiana, and he has said publicly that as a youth he tasted the pleasures of the flesh. He was sinning, he relates, and what is more, he was enjoying it. Then one day he went into a Baptist church and everything was

spoiled for him. Soon he became a clergyman bent on preventing other men from sinning and enjoying it. Most of his earlier career was in the South, and it was there that he received what he calls his education.

In many of his discussions of worldly things it is easy to see that he is still not insensible to the dreadful charm of the naughty. When he returned from a trip to Europe he said that Berlin was the most wicked of all cities. Paris, he said, was also bad, adding that "somehow the French are able to make vice artistic." The doctor studied and taught oratory and expression in his younger days. What if he had continued as he started—indulging in sin and enjoying it? He has the manner and face of an actor, and it might have been that his old age would have found him working for Al Woods.

All is wicked to him now. The young couple on top of the bus that passes his church late at night are not in the throes of a pure and romantic love—likely as not it's some white slaver trying to ruin an innocent working girl. The painting in the art gallery on the other side of Fifty-seventh street is not the striving of an artist for beauty; it is simply the portrait of a naked woman, done by some lewd fellow who ought to be locked up. The dancing-school up the street a little way is not a place where the young improve the grace of their bodies and learn something of the beauty of movement and rhythm; it is only a dive where young hell-cats get together and disport themselves in sensuous postures.

So believing, Dr. Straton tilts heroically against the heresies and carnalities of the city. He delivers a series of sermons to prove that the whale actually did swallow Jonah, and that anyone who doubts it is headed for damnation. He takes Carl Akeley to task for his statue, "Man Emerging from the Gorilla." He visits the Museum of Natural History and brands an exhibit of skulls as "treason against Almighty God and a libel on the human race." Professor William Gregory, of the Museum,

tried to talk with the pastor, but gave it up in sadness.

"I found," relates the professor, "that there was a Vast Gulf between us."

Perhaps the most accurate measure of Dr. Straton may be found in his declaration that William Jennings Bryan is "the outstanding intellect of the age." His debates with the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, the Unitarian, although marred by his general bad humor, offered remarkable expositions of the Fundamentalist doctrine and mind. Also, they were very good shows. Straton sets himself up as a hard man. He cried for death for the slayers of the Franks boy in Chicago. He has a good word for the Mosaic Code. And he is fearless of wealth. He believes that the money of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is "probably doing more harm than good." He has denounced the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, Rockefeller's pastor, for his liberal tendencies. When some of his own flock protested against his methods and got out a pamphlet describing him as a menace, he promptly kicked the dissenters out. Nevertheless, for all his reputation as an exhorter, he finds it necessary to import a devil-chaser from out of town every year. His favorite is the Rev. Dr. J. Frank Norris, a two-gun performer from Texas. Straton predicted that there would be hell to pay when Norris first came to town. But New York merely yawned.

Second to Straton comes Dr. Reisner, the Methodist. This holy man, also from the Middle West, came to New York thirteen years ago. A careful perusal of his utterances reveals him as one who tries with great ingenuity to be popular. Indeed, he often contradicts himself. In the last campaign he backed young Theodore Roosevelt for Governor because, he said, the limber Teddy had given him a secret pledge to work for a State Prohibition enforcement law, but when Al Smith won Reisner came out with praises of him and attributed his success in politics to the fact that he had been reared in a Christian home—even though it was Catholic!

When Reisner first came to New York he expressed his hope in these words: "I find the people of New York responsive to the Gospel. People are tired of excitement. I am told that only two or three theatres made money last year." Yet as the years passed he began to praise the theatre, and now he plans to have vaudeville in his Broadway Temple. Many of his statements have a strange ring. Once he said that "New York is far from being a modern Sodom," and then he denounced women for saying "My God" in the subways. He doesn't think women ought to swear or paint, and yet he believes that the flapper is "a splendid person."

Reisner will give an opinion from his pulpit on any question. One night he stamped his foot and declared that it was an outrage that twenty-three men in Sing Sing's death-house saw a comedy on the eve of an execution. Such men, he said, needed religion, not comedy. He agrees with Commissioner Enright that the proper way in dealing with crooks is to "be hard." He once praised Enright as an enforcer of the law, only to have Enright tell Mayor Hylan in public a short time later that "personally, I don't believe in Prohibition." In the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy Reisner has remained vague. He refuses to be classified, insisting that there is nothing to quarrel over. However, he sees in the fight "a hopeful sign," believing that it will "advertise Christianity." Recently he has summoned his flock with a steam calliope. His new temple will have a 34-foot electric cross.

The Rev. Dr. Albert Edwin Keigwin, who was born in Clinton, Iowa, is pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church. He is notable for saying that he once saw Christ, for being the first to broadcast a communion service by radio, and for starting a singularly unsuccessful movement to have every business man in New York erect a tablet in his office with these words: "We believe that business principles should conform to the teachings of Christ."

After March 1 the city will be deprived

of the stimulating rhetorical exercises of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who has given his word of honor that he will not appear in the First Presbyterian Church for one year after that date. He has apparently lost the great three-cornered battle which arose from the fact that he, a Baptist, was preaching Modernist doctrines from a Presbyterian pulpit. Fosdick, it is generally agreed, is one of the most intelligent of all the New York ecclesiastics, but there is a strange Rotarian strain running through his sermons which often makes them very unconvincing. His books are "Twelve Tests of Character," "The Meaning of Service," "The Manhood of the Master" and so on. He will have none of hell and the Virgin Birth. So they have cast him out.

IV

William, Bishop Manning, was born in England. In 1919, when the Mayor appointed him to a committee to welcome the returning soldiers, he wrote that he could not serve, as he saw that the name of William Randolph Hearst was also on the list. Four times, while he was rector of Trinity, he was offered bishoprics in provincial dioceses. He rejected all such offers, for his eye was on New York. Then Bishop Burch died. The convention met to elect a new Bishop. It was conceded at the beginning that Manning had only a slight chance, since powerful elements and individuals opposed him. Then, like an angel in the hour of great need, came Hearst. His newspaper sent telegrams to the delegates, urging them to vote against Manning. There was an editorial asking the Episcopalians: "Do you want an English Bishop?" Three men distributed it at the door of the synod hall. From that time on Manning had a walkover.

Since his elevation he has joined the Fundamentalists and told his clergy that, if they can't honestly say the Apostles' Creed and live up to their original vows, they should get out of holy orders. He has said that he denies no man liberty of

thought and action—but if that liberty leads him out of the church, then he should go. Whatever may be said of the truth or falsity of the doctrines he favors, the Bishop has some logic on his side.

His most troublesome clergy have been the Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, the poet of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, and the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, the intellectual pink of the Church of the Ascension. It was the Rev. Percy who denied the Virgin Birth and the Apostles' Creed—almost—and who defied the Bishop—almost. When the Bishop called for an "unequivocal" statement, Grant gave him such an adroit answer that the Bishop decided to do nothing. Then the Rev. Percy lost his health, resigned his pulpit, and passed out of the controversy.

While he lasted—and he lasted a long time—Grant proved himself one of the ablest and most interesting of all the New York clergy. He was a man of rare charm. The public knew him as one who gave aid and comfort to persecuted radicals, and was not above going to the defense of a poor woman who had been lured into a hotel room by a detective. His long engagement to the wealthy divorcée with whom he finally broke also served to make him a romantic figure. When the Bishop refused to let them marry because the lady had obtained one of her divorces on grounds not sanctioned by Holy Church, and because both her previous husbands were still alive, the parishioners of Ascension denounced the Bishop as a mean old thing.

As for Dr. Guthrie of St. Mark's, his church has been for years the meeting place of poets, painters, music-lovers, free versifiers, radicals and other out of the ordinary persons. The good rector gave them strange music and colored lights, and went through Hindu, Egyptian and American Indian ceremonies. He might have got along with the Bishop, even so, if six young women had not double-crossed him by showing a bit of their bare hips in a thoroughly respectable dance at the observance of the Feast of the Annuncia-

tion. A reference to this got into the newspapers, and the Bishop had to do something. He "ceased his visitations" to St. Mark's—that is, until a Stuyvesant died. Then he went to the old church to conduct the service, for the Stuyvesants had given \$250,000 to the cathedral, and beside, old one-legged Peter lies buried at St. Mark's.

The Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland of St. George's, J. P. Morgan's church, holds unorthodox views, but so far there has been no complaint from the Bishop. Reiland has even said that all Bishops are more or less useless. He has a high place in the hearts of heathen New Yorkers because of this statement, exhumed from the distant past:

We've got to admit that the saloon is a necessity. It is the poor man's club. Make the saloon more livable, if you will, but don't abolish it. Parkhurst did more harm than good with his vice crusading. He cleaned up one place and made other spots dirtier.

But merely because of that honest and realistic statement, don't think that Dr. Reiland is not a 100% American. During the war he changed the name of his Connecticut Summer home, Heidelberg. He is also very refined. Once he saw a western Bishop, an uncouth lout, spit upon the sidewalk. He refused to let His Grace enter St. George's pulpit.

But to return to the excellent William, Bishop Manning. Here are some of his deathless utterances:

It is a fallacy that religion and science are opposed. . . .

If the Christian religion has any real meaning for us, and is to have a real power in our lives, it is because it is a Gospel divinely given—a supernatural revelation from God as the Church proclaims it. It is that, or it is a matter of very little interest to any of us. . . .

Christianity is the sole hope of civilization. I never was a Prohibitionist. But the question for us now is not what you or I think about Prohibition. The question is infinitely higher and more sacred than that. It is a question of what we think about obeying the law of the land. None of us can evade the law without doing harm to our country. . . .

I believe Prohibition will make for the sounder life and greater efficiency of the American people.

It is very regrettable that young people are carrying flasks, but I feel that they do it as bravado, in the spirit of adventure. The flask soon will be relegated to the trash heap. . . .

We must not listen to the sophistries of a false and foolish pacifism. . . .

We will never again tolerate that old unworthy anti-British feeling which had a place among us. The American people do not wish to see any limitation placed on the power of Britain on the sea. We do not wish to have such a thing even suggested. . . .

Anyone who talks about an invisible government in this country is mentally unbalanced. . . .

There is nothing in the Christian faith which conflicts with the theory of evolution.

When Rose Pastor Stokes was sentenced to ten years in prison under the espionage law in Kansas City in 1918, Manning said: "This is a just sentence. Nor do I feel that the term is one whit too long." That same year he said that Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, should not be allowed to play in Brooklyn.

Although long identified with the so-called Catholic party in the Episcopal Church, Manning has said that "there are elements in the Roman Catholic Church to which the rest of Christendom can never assent." Perhaps it is just as well. The Catholics in New York manage to worry along, although they frequently show signs of undignified panic, proving that the Ku Kluxers, after all, have succeeded in getting under their skins. Much has been said of the grasp of their church on New York's politics and government. The truth is that it has far less influence than the Baptists have in Texas. Nevertheless, it sometimes shows its power, or tries to.

When Patrick Cardinal Hayes got word that a group of ungodly ladies were going to hold a meeting for the discussion of Birth Control, he directed his secretary to direct the police to clamp down the lid. The police obeyed—but there was such a storm that Hayes doubtless wishes now that he had kept quiet. A short time later the ladies held their meeting without interference. Hayes' public utterances are not very striking. He is head of an administrative system, not an exhorter. A search through his opinions since he was made a Cardinal reveals these three profundities:

New York women are not dressing decently. . . .

Bobbed hair is not to be approved. . . .

It is not romantic for one man to steal another man's wife.

Among the Jews, Stephen, Rabbi Wise, the 100% American from Budapest, makes the most noise, although many of the old-time Jews will have none of him. He has a reputation as an orator, and his prayer at the Democratic National Convention last Summer was so fervent, so eloquent, and so loud that even the Southern Ku Kluxers began to wonder whether the God of the Jews might not be worth praying to after all. Wise's contemporaries—Harris, Silverman and Krass—are able, highly respected rabbis. In their railings against the evil tendencies of modern youth, and their yearnings for the return of the simple life of ancient Palestine, their sermons run along the same lines as those of their Catholic and Protestant brethren.

The chief problem of the Jews is to hold the younger generation, and they have become frantic at their failure to do so. When a Jewish boy makes a success as a prize fighter, a jazz-band player, a theatrical manager or a garment salesman, he usually forgets all about the God of his fathers. When such apostates mate with blonde Gentile damsels the rabbis tear their hair in fury. Worse, they see a constant stream of Jews going into the Christian Science Church to get relief from asthma or female weakness, and they have to fight the doings of that monstrous creature, the Young Intellectual. Yet worse, they lose many rich social pushers to the Episcopalians. St. Bartholomew's Church is full of these victims to ambition.

V

Occasionally a New York pastor says that, after all, New York is not such a wicked place. Don't believe him. Above all, don't give him any credit for sincerity. He will contradict himself the next Sunday. Most of his brethren never indulge in any such softness. They are always indignant.

The evangelical horde, indeed, always attacks. It is a motley army, and its members spread far more hatred than Christian charity. The shepherds, while going after

the stray sheep, try to bean each other from behind with their crooks. They spend vast fortunes seeking to save the devil's paradise. They send workers from house to house, they demand religious education in order to catch the victims while they are young and their resistance low, and they perfect great scientific machines—all to save New York. Yet the promised revival is always postponed. What then? The gentlemen of the cloth turn upon the city and revile it. They predict that it will go the way of all the wicked cities of antiquity. They describe its lovely ladies in the words of Juvenal: "lewd, drunken, reeling ripe with wine." And then they go after one another with poison gas and blackjacks.

Thus they fail to accomplish anything. Even old Parkhurst, mumbling in his senescence, says that the churches are getting weak. He prays for the return of a lusty voice. He, like all the Protestant brethren, believes that Prohibition is a good thing, that it will yet save New York. But drunkenness and crime increase. The surest barometer to drinking in New York is the number of alcoholic cases admitted to Bellevue—and the figures have risen steadily since 1920.

New York is tolerant, and never runs a preacher out of town. It pays all of them well, listens to them with courtesy, and then goes on trying to be happy. In no other city in America can a man pursue happiness today with as little interference. How to save it? There is a perfectly obvious way. Moreover, it is feasible, comparatively cheap and thoroughly in accord with Christian tradition. Here it is:

Let all the churches in New York sell their property, and use the money for the conversion of some warlike heathen nation. It can be done at a little more than \$200 a head. Then instruct these newborn souls in the mysteries of modern warfare, inflame them with Christian ardor, and send them on an armed crusade against New York. Then, and not before, will the devil's stronghold collapse.

SPECULATIONS ON HATRED

BY MAJOR GREENWOOD

THERE has never been a time, save short periods of hating one another too intensely to allow of any competitive emotion, when the articulate classes of the English population have not hated some breed of foreigners. France succeeded Spain as an object of hatred, Russia replaced France, and then anti-Russian emotion was absorbed in a far intenser bitterness towards Germany. Hatred of Germany has waned; thinking of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm or even of Ludendorff would, today, hardly raise the blood pressure of the oldest subscriber to the *London Morning Post*. One wonders whether an old racial habit has been finally broken or whether *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*—the same emotion with another object. Those who accept the latter alternative now ask themselves whether we hate the Bolsheviks or—the Yanks. There is no doubt that anti-Russian feeling is very widely expressed in England. References to Russia in the columns of the less disreputable English journals, such as the *Times*, remind one of Edmund Burke on the Jacobins, or perhaps of how Edmund Burke would have written if he had lost his style as well as his sense of proportion. References to America in *all* English journals are strictly polite, not to say obsequious. Yet one feels that there is a good deal not expressed which ought to be discussed.

In this paper, I shall try to describe the international position as it appears to one moderately intelligent Englishman wholly without special means of reaching the truth. My diagnosis may be quite false and *cannot* be more than partly true, for no man knows more *than* a little about the feelings

even of himself and his own intimate friends. But only by the collation of such testimonies, incomplete but honest, can a foreigner reach an approximation to the whole truth.

II

The American who thinks he understands the English or the Englishman who thinks he understands the Americans from first-hand knowledge is as rash an idealist as the youth of twenty whose ambition is to speak a foreign language like a native.

If one thinks over our past hatreds, the truth of the ordinary explanation that fear is the motive power of hate becomes manifest. The English attitude towards the Spaniards in the Sixteenth Century was precisely that of their descendants in the Twentieth Century towards the Germans. "They be verye wyse and politicke, and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the maners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe; whose mischievous maners a man shall never knowe untill he come under ther subjection: but then shall he perfectlye perceyve and fele them; which thyng I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untill they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." Macaulay thus commented upon this extract—from a memorial to Queen Mary Tudor: "It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in

intelligence." In other words, it is precisely the attitude of those famous English patriots, Mr. Leo Maxse and the late Viscount Northcliffe, towards the Germans; the parallel is rendered complete by the fact that both the Sixteenth and Twentieth Century English patriots were wrong in attributing superior power, intelligence and duplicity to the foe.

But the error was unimportant; there was quite enough evidence in favor of the hypothesis to justify their fear—the fear of the boy who has seen another boy thrash a third, suspects that he will quarrel with the victor and is doubtful of the issue. I need hardly labor this point. In the case of "Boney," the change over from contempt to furious hatred as fear was excited is beautifully shown in, for instance, the correspondence of Lord Grenville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1791 to 1801 and Prime Minister in 1806. Mr. Fitzpatrick writes: "There is nothing more noticeable in Lord Grenville's correspondence at this time (1799-1801) than the absence of any recognition of merit in Bonaparte. He is mentioned only to be depreciated. When he became First Consul, *Sa majesté très* *Corse* figures in letters between Grenville and his brothers as a ridiculous pretender. But when the victorious Consul had pulverized the coalition, he became to them all an object of virtuous hatred, an incarnation of evil."¹ There is really no doubt about it, the driving force of the old national animosities was certainly fear, and English hatred of Bolsheviks and American dislike of Japan are examples of the same class.

But if there *is* any hatred of America in England and if its driving force is fear, it cannot be the same kind of fear because the emotional attitude of Englishmen towards Americans is, in one particular, quite different from their attitude towards other nations.² In all the other cases the object of

hatred has been a nation with which war was emotionally credible. An Anglo-American war is not *emotionally* credible. It is intellectually credible, just as it is intellectually credible that the Speaker of the House of Commons might take the chair clad in running shorts and a sweater. One could give excellent intellectual reasons, based on the researches of Dr. Leonard Hill, why the Speaker should do this thing; indeed, perhaps it will actually be done. But until it *is* done, nobody will seriously believe it possible. Emotionally, a war with the Americans and a war with the Martians are in the same category. Fear of America, if there is fear, is not a fear of being blown to pieces with high explosives.

Let us consider another national habit. "Gold," said that wise man, Walter Bagehot, is "the obvious and natural idol of the Anglo-Saxon. He is always trying to make money; he reckons everything in coin; he bows down before a great heap and sneers as he passes a little heap. He has a 'natural instinctive admiration of wealth for its own sake.' And within good limits the feeling is quite right. So long as we play the game of industry vigorously and eagerly (and I hope we shall long play it, for we must be very different from what we are if we do anything better), we shall of necessity respect and admire those who play successfully, and a little despise those who play unsuccessfully. Whether this feeling be right or wrong, it is useless to discuss; to a certain degree, it is involuntary; it is not for mortals to settle whether we will have it or not; nature settles for us that, within moderate limits, we *must* have it."³

If this is as true as it was fifty years ago, and I believe it is, we are on the track of an explanation. The English feel that in the playing of this great game, the Americans are now not only their superiors but immeasurably their superiors. One easily reads between the lines of the newspapers that

¹ Dropmore Papers, vol. vi, p. 36 (Historical Manuscripts Commission).

² To avoid verbiage, I write here, and elsewhere, "English" for "A small sample of middle-class professional Englishmen with whom I mix."

³ "The English Constitution" (seventh edition), pp. 90-91.

the superiority of Americans in the small game of athletic sports⁴ and the like is galling; their superiority in the great game is much more galling. Once, the average Englishman of the middle classes, comforting himself with a delusion of superior culture, could sneer at the reported manners and customs of rich "Yanks"; their world did not touch his. *It does now.* Those rich Yanks can, and do, buy for themselves the people and things he values. If he belongs to the intellectual proletariat of scholarship, science, university teaching, he is coming to feel that his hope of an economically secure future depends on their patronage. He who figured himself one of the imperial race, bringing culture to the lesser breeds, is become part of the lesser breeds, anxious for the patronage of some American board of trustees, wishful of a call to a Yank university. If he is personally aloof from this struggle for security, he must still witness lines of research, devised by Englishmen, broadened and deepened in America, or, if in England, by American patronage.

The bitterness of this feeling is intensified by repression. He must, in public at least, keep a civil tongue in his head. His government and his newspapers must be properly grateful when the John P. Robinson Trustees endow a Department of Iatro-mythology in the Medical School of St. Barabbas' Hospital. Although this resentment is repressed, that fact, as any reader of a work on psychoanalysis knows—in other words, as every American reader knows—does not mean that it finds no way of expression. One recollects Mr. Merdle's butler in "Little Dorrit." It would be very unjust to say that Mr. Merdle (who was a swindling company promoter) was a typical American; it would not be at all unjust to say that the butler was a typical Englishman. "Sir, Mr. Merdle never was the gentleman, and no ungentlemanly act on Mr. Merdle's part would surprise me." Mr.

Merdle's butler was probably not a "public school man"; he was one of Nature's Etonians. The Eton manner, I believe, annoyed Americans when, as in the case of the butler, it merely expressed the calmly insolent contempt of ignorant indifference. As the vent, or, in Freudian terminology, the sublimation, of an impotent envy and sense of material inferiority, it may disseminate a good deal of psychologically poisonous gas. There is in the present relation of England to America something of the mutual feelings of Greeks and Romans under the first Emperors.

It does not, of course, need much intelligence to perceive that in attempting to crystallize a complex mixture into an epigram one has made an over-statement. English bitterness is not a mere compound of envy and priggish arrogance any more than American patronage is a mere ebullition of purse-proud ostentation. Nobler motives, a delicate sense of intellectual values, a real and generous enthusiasm for the making available of knowledge are involved. Honest misgiving whether the organization of scholarship may not kill scholarship, doubts whether it is not better to have no pupils than to bribe pupils to learn, are quite as influential, upon both sides of the Atlantic, as baser emotions. In both countries there are thousands of men and women whose youthful ideals, battered by age, poverty and disappointment, are still intact. Many of these, whom the events of the last six years have brought together, have learned and are learning by personal intercourse respect for one another, and by such contact generating enthusiasm to work for common ends.

III

But such persons, absolutely numerous, are yet relatively few, and part of a society more apt to acquire bad mental habits than good ones. Envy is much more contagious than altruism and it is quite easy to envy people the possession of things one doesn't want and still easier to take offense because some-

⁴ A ludicrous example is the chagrin of the English press over American victories at polo, a game about as familiar to 99.9% of Englishmen as combinatory analysis or hunting polar bears.

body has done something which does not concern one in the least. Envy—*l'envie est plus irréconciliable que la haine*—and a national pride on the watch for vicarious insults are quite promising materials to work up into a national animosity. In some respects they are more dangerous matter than the old ingredients. An important class of potential mischief makers is restrained by a direct material fear of consequences. That such or such a line of conduct might lead to war is not by any means an adequate restraining influence, but it is a powerful one. If the fear does not exist, neither does the restraint. Far more silly, insolent, provocative statements have been made by Englishmen with respect to Americans and by Americans with respect to Englishmen during the last fifty years than have been bandied between any other pair of nations. We usually say this is the habit of relations to speak their minds, which is only a re-statement of my last paragraph.

If I am right in concluding that there exists a serious amount of Anglo-American animosity, enough to harm very grievously the coöperation of the two peoples, it will be interesting to speculate on the means of abating the evil. An American friend, whose judgment I value far more than my own, has commented upon the annoyance caused in America by English inability to see persons and things, particularly persons, in right perspective. He says we have an incurable habit of accepting an American public man either at his own valuation or, what is worse, at some valuation of our own, with the result that the utterances of a person who, in America, has long ceased to count or never counted at all, are received in England as oracles of American opinion. Perhaps Americans make a similar but not identical mistake, that of confusing *intra*-national and international values. To make my point, I must enter upon a digression.

American universities lead the world in an important branch of industry; the manufacture of degree theses. I am told that the supply of one raw material of this indus-

try, wood pulp, is already giving rise to some anxiety. An immense range of human activities in England, from the bedding of a Tudor nobleman to the finances of a Parish Council, has now passed under the scrutiny of earnest young American graduates. I have only glanced at the titles of a few thousands of these conscientious treatises, merely touched the fringe of a great subject, so the suggestion I have to make has perhaps already been made and acted upon, *viz.*, that some doctor still in the womb of the faculty of arts should prepare a thesis on the History and Psychology of the Legal Adventurer in English Politics.

Throughout the modern period, the lawyer as an adventurer has played an important part in English political society. Jeffreys, Thurlow, Wedderburn (Lord Rosslyn), Law (Lord Ellenborough), and Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) are examples. From the use of the word "adventurer," which, quite improperly, has acquired a taint of depreciation, and by the inclusion of Jeffreys, who has the historical reputation of an ogre, I may seem to import prejudice. But I mean by adventurer "one who engages in hazardous enterprises; a soldier of fortune, or speculator," the first meaning given in my desk dictionary, not, at least, not necessarily, "one who pushes his fortune by equivocal means, as false pretences, etc.," the last definition it gives. I do not see anything intrinsically less honorable in being an adventurer than in being a duke, a cotton king or a bishop. As to Jeffreys, H. B. Irving proved that, although far from being a perfect gentleman, he was not what Macaulay told us he was.

I think a statistical study of successful legal adventurers would bring out two characteristics, one common to all the members of the class, the other found in a very large majority. Speaking of Jeffreys, his most vehement critic, Macaulay, wrote: "His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind. But he had one of those

happily constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry, and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point." These qualities, excepting the remark on extent of legal knowledge, which only an expert can judge, have characterized all the great legal adventurers. If one takes the advice of Lord Morley and reads, for amusement, old law cases, the quality of the judgments of the adventurer type strikes one instantly. Another characteristic, not universal, but common, is a code of morality, *political* morality, always slightly below the best average political morality of the time. It is hardly necessary to cite evidence of this in the case of Jeffreys; even less need, writing in an American journal, in those of Wedderburn and Thurlow. With regard to Lyndhurst, the words of Bagehot may be recalled: "Lord Lyndhurst had many great qualities: he had a splendid intellect—as great a faculty of finding truth as any one in his generation; but he had no love of truth. With this great faculty of finding truth, he was a believer in error—in what his own party now admit to be error—all his life through. He could have found the truth as a statesman just as he found it when a judge; but he never did find it. He never looked for it."⁵

Men of this type—very able and, in the main, somewhat unscrupulous men—have always played a very important secondary part in British politics. But they have hardly ever played a leading part. The reason is that they have always been despised by the really influential classes. Bagehot, in the work from which I have quoted, has amusingly explained the decadence of the House of Lords in the age when Lords were much the greatest people in England, precisely by that feeling, in a passage too long to quote.⁶ Another has said:

They are men used to argue upon both sides of a question, and if ordinary fees can inspire them

with very good reasons in a very ill cause, that faculty exercised in Parliaments, where it may be better encouraged, may prove very inconvenient to those that choose them. And therefore, without arraigning a profession that it would be scandalous not to honor, one may, by a suspicion which is the more excusable when it is in the behalf of the people, imagine that the habit of taking money for their opinion may create in some such a forgetfulness to distinguish that they may take it for their vote.⁷

The emotion which inspired that sneer of the Seventeenth Century aristocrat has not evaporated. To the controller of big business, Mr. Chaffanbrass, K. C., with his paltry earned income of £20,000, or even Viscount Chaffanbrass, Lord High Chancellor, with a salary of £10,000 is, when all is said, rather a second-rate adventurer. Neither an aristocratic nor a plutocratic society is ever likely to give primary power to a class of adventurers it despises. Yet it is only under an aristocracy or a plutocracy that the considerable abilities of the type, its powers to render important service to the state, are justly appreciated. The great legal adventurers are not popular successes; they have not always been even successful House of Commons orators; never, with the exception of Brougham, great *popular* orators. Some of our most brilliant *nisi prius* advocates, such as Erskine and Russell, had numerous contemporary superiors in the House of Commons.

If and when the control of policy passes into the hands of the suburban type (the English Babbitts), the lawyer adventurer might become very dangerous. That, however, is a remote contingency. At present it would be a fairly safe rule for a foreigner to adopt that the public utterances of any person who has been Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor have no more international significance than those of an Archbishop of Canterbury. The lawyer-adventurer is an important person in domestic affairs but *only* in domestic affairs.

⁷ "Some Cautions Offered to the Consideration of Those Who Are to Choose Members to Serve in the Ensuing Parliament," Foxcroft's Edition of "The Life and Works of 1st Marquis of Halifax," vol. ii, p. 480.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 123.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 95 *et seq.*

IV

The relevance of this intolerably long digression to my argument is direct. One of the necessary defects of the qualities of a lawyer adventurer is that he lives politically from hand to mouth; never having any primary responsibility, he can seldom resist the temptation to make a telling point. In a bad man—and I suppose we must say that Wedderburn, tried by any ordinary standard, *was* a bad man—this propensity exercised in the famous onslaught upon Benjamin Franklin and in the betrayal of Pitt's plans respecting the Catholics to George III, led to great national misfortunes. In men of ordinary morality, it has done a good deal of harm. More recent Prime Ministers than Pitt have possibly read the extremely able and witty speeches of their legal adventurers with very little amusement. Anglo-American relations—real mischief, meaning *war*, being unthinkable—could at any moment, to serve some fleeting purpose, to vex some political adversary or group, be made the subject of a diatribe which, unless its complete irresponsibility were thoroughly realized, might do great mischief. If, however, the essential irresponsibility of these orators is realized, their utterances will do not harm but good; they will increase the gaiety of two nations instead of one.

I was led into this digression by the interest of the subject and the hope that I might make my small contribution to Anglo-American friendship by giving a useful hint to a doctor of philosophy whose thesis is still unwritten. I am not suffering from the delusion that any professional politicians can make or mar international relations. The thoughts and feelings of us common, moderately educated, undistinguished folk who do read what our opposite numbers in the other country write are more important.

My American friends tell me that English insolence is very irritating and some of my English friends cannot away with Ameri-

can bragging. English insolence, which depends upon reasoning logically from the premise that whatever an Englishman says, does or thinks is right, is surely only irritating when the other fellow half accepts the premise himself. For instance, in the *Times* of November 12, 1924, there was a letter from Sir Sidney Lee printed under the caption (in large capitals), TRUTH IN HISTORY. Sir Sidney, it appears, thinks that "larger national issues than your valuable leading article quite suggests are raised by Lord Hardinge's welcome publication in your columns yesterday of his interesting report to the Foreign Office of his conversation with the Kaiser at Cronberg on August 11, 1908. Lord Hardinge tells your readers that he was moved to obtain from the Foreign Office the necessary permission for his communication by the misleading account of his interview with the Kaiser which appeared in your columns on October 24 last under the heading of 'Secret Papers of Tirpitz.'" Sir Sidney goes on to reveal the awful fact that an account of the interview identical with that in Tirpitz's private papers has been more than once published by German historians "who enjoy authority with the educated public of Germany and of America." He fears that the "incorrect German version," which enjoys authority on the Continent and in America, may be hard to replace with Lord Hardinge's "correct version," and enters a powerful plea for the "authentic English elucidation" of various matters.

In other words, when the question is what happened at a certain interview, confidential records of which, written by officials for the information of officials, exist, it is obvious that what the Englishman wrote is not only the truth but the whole truth. Surely this is only irritating to those idealists who believe in the strong, silent Englishman, the passionless recorder of absolute truth. To anybody else, to anybody who has taken an undergraduate course in elementary psychology, the notion that of *n* stories told by perfectly honest witnesses to or actors in a transaction more complex

than drinking a cup of tea anyone *could* be entirely "correct" and any other entirely "incorrect" is not matter for irritation but laughter.

The inference is, that the sting is gone from English insolence, so far as educated people are concerned. As for American bragging, it seems to me a myth, but probably what we really mean by bragging is a somewhat effusive display of material patronage. This *is* irritating and does create bad blood. When we were children we all detested the grown-ups who gave us not the presents we wanted but the presents they thought we ought to want, or, worse still, what our parents told them we ought to want. The very large benefactions made by the John P. Robinson's Trustees to European education are not received with anything like the rapture that our newspapers and politicians pretend. Naturally, however large the benefactions, those who get nothing will be more numerous than those who get something, and they will be angry. Unfortunately those who get something are also angry.

In both countries a class of scientific middlemen is growing up, organizers of research. They are very able people, some of them have even done a little research work themselves, but they tend to suffer from the idealism of that Simon whose unsuccessful attempt to organize psychological research in Jerusalem is described in the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. They are really very kind-hearted people and excellent at spotting winners. They can pick out able investigators without making a mistake more than, say, once in five times and are very keen to give the investigator a real chance to make good. Perhaps he has a miserable laboratory and an even more miserable salary. They will build him a fine new laboratory, pay him a much larger salary, hire some pupils for him and expect him to be busy in discovering great truths and happy to the end of his days. However—

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own,

as a good many people have found out already.

If Americans did not invent simony, they have at least put more money into the business than any other nation and will get all the credit for its failures. Here is another busy factory of international bad blood.

V

There is, I think, a cure for this but I have little hope that it will be tried. Simony is not wicked; it is silly. Not even the John P. Robinson Trustees could make scientific or literary research an attractive career for the able adventurer who wished to succeed in life, to have fame, wealth, power. The only scientific researchers who will ever discover important truths started on their quest because they really wanted to research, because it gave them pleasure. Their work may be helped by money but money cannot make them want to do the work. It is very difficult indeed to find out what they *do* want, they often do not know themselves. But if I were a foreign patron I should not seek information from my opposite number, the would-be patron, committee of ex-researchers, or state department in England. I should consult my own scientific countrymen. If I thought it would be a good thing to subsidize research into pantopragmatism in England, I should first get into touch with the best American pantopragmatists, ask *them* to get into touch with the best pantopragmatists in England, and then give the latter ample time to consider what, if anything, they wanted to be done. The very last people I should consult would be the very first people who always are consulted, *viz.*, the important people who sit on committees and will inevitably be grouped in full dress (with decorations) around his Majesty the King and the American Ambassador when the John P. Robinson Institute of Pantopragmatics is opened in state, years after pantopragmatics have been found to be no more than an imperfect and transitional form of some much better kind of activity.

The obvious truth of all this was realized long ago in creative art and literature. Nobody is now organizing the production of swans of Avon; sensible people realize that one can do good by making life easier for poets and painters whose works are not marketable and that one can do no more than that. One day the platitude that a scientific investigator is like a poet, born not made, now repeated in hundreds of after-dinner speeches, will be *believed*. When that time comes, the John P. Robinson Trustees will set to work on different lines.

Until then, educated people in the two countries can mitigate the evil by getting into touch, not at third, fourth or *n*th hand, through committees, reports of commissioners and the joy rides of travelling fellows, but more directly. Unless we common folk are really honest with each other, subsidizers and subsidized, Robinson Trustees and professors in Robinsonian Institutes, the former not receiving and the latter not supplying the spiritual goods promised *by a third party* must breed bad blood.

The conclusion I have reached is, after all, an extremely obvious one. That the two great English-speaking peoples should strive to understand one another is the staple of a thousand after-dinner speeches. The very words bring up a vision of white shirts and wine glasses, and one waits for the other *clichés*: "Anglo-Saxon races," "cousins," "blood is thicker than water." Just because it *is* an obvious platitude nobody either believes or acts upon it. We

don't talk frankly one to another, we *are* conscious of being, each to each, foreigners, and in attempting to be natural it is so easy to become merely glib and jaunty, to indulge in insincere flattery or manufacture cheap witticisms.

In reading what I have written, I discover, to my shame, that I have not escaped this danger. But, surely, if it is difficult it is not impossible to be natural. The cousin business and the viscosity of blood are silly enough, but a common speech *is* an enormous advantage and we have that advantage; jokes about our local slangs and idioms are not even funny. Those who make them only demonstrate that they have never made sufficient progress in the study of a really foreign tongue to enable them to realize the enormous barrier that separates him whose native tongue is English from him who first learned to think in French, German or Chinese.

We common, middle-class folk cannot meet often, and when we do, we are oppressed by external differences. Our intercourse must be largely through the written word. The exchange of university professors is a good thing, but it would be a still better thing if there were many more officially unimportant English contributors to American journals and many more officially unimportant American contributors to English journals. One wants to exchange the thoughts of unimportant people; what fools think matters, there are so many fools. This is why I have accepted the editor's invitation to play the fool outside my own house.

EDITORIAL

THAT Protestantism in this great Christian realm is down with a wasting disease must be obvious to every amateur of ghostly pathology. The denominational papers are full of alarming reports from its bedside, and all sorts of projects for the relief of the patient. One authority holds that only more money is needed to work a cure—that if the Christian exploiters and usurers of the country would but provide a sufficient slush fund, all the vacant pews could be filled, and the baptismal tanks with them. Another authority argues that the one way to save the churches of the Only True Faith is to close all other places of resort and amusement on the Sabbath, from delicatessen shops to road-houses, and from movie parlors to jazz palaces. Yet another proposes a mass attack by prayer, apparently in the hope of provoking a miracle. A fourth advocates a vast augmentation of so-called institutional effort, *i.e.*, the scheme of putting bowling alleys and courting cubicles into church cellars, and of giving over the rest of every sacred edifice to debates on the Single Tax, boxing matches, baby shows, mental hygiene clinics, lectures by converted actors, raffles, non-voluptuous dances, and evening classes in salesmanship, automobile repairing, birth control, interior decoration, and the art and mystery of the realtor. A fifth, borrowing a leaf from Big Business, maintains that consolidation and reorganization are what are needed—that the existence of half a dozen rival churches in every American village profits the devil a great deal more than it profits God. This last scheme seems to have won a great deal of support among the pious. At least a score of committees are now trying to draw up plans for concrete consolidations, and even the Southern and

Northern Methodists, who hate each other violently, are in peaceful but somewhat suspicious negotiation.

On the merits of these conflicting remedies I attempt no pronouncement, but I have been at some pains to look into the symptoms and nature of the disease. My report is that it seems to me to be analogous to that malady which afflicts a star in the heavens when it splits into halves and they go slambanging into space in opposite directions. That, in brief, is what appears to be the matter with Protestantism in the United States today. One half of it is moving, with slowly accelerating speed, in the direction of Rome; the other is sliding down into voodooism. The former carries the greater part of Protestant money with it; the latter carries the greater part of Protestant enthusiasm, or, as the word now is, pep. What remains in the middle may be likened to a torso without either brains to think with or legs to dance—in other words, something that begins to be professionally attractive to the mortician, though it still makes shift to breathe. There is no lack of life on the higher levels, where the more solvent Methodists and the like are gradually transmogrified into Episcopalians, and the Episcopalians gradually shin up the bastions of Holy Church, and there is no lack of life on the lower levels, where the rural Baptists, by the route of Fundamentalism, the Anti-Saloon League and the Ku Klux, rapidly descend to the dogmas and practises of the Congo jungle. But in the middle there is desiccation and decay. Here is where Protestantism was once strongest. Here is the region of the plain and godly man, fond of devotion but distrustful of every hint of orgy—the honest fellow who suffers dutifully on Sunday, pays his share,

and hopes for a few kind words from the pastor when his time comes to die. He stands today on a burning deck. It is no wonder that Sunday automobiling begins to get him in its clutches. If he is not staggered one day by his pastor's appearance in surplice and stole, he is staggered the day following by a file of Ku Kluxers marching up the aisle. So he tends to absent himself from pious exercises, and the news goes about that there is something the matter with the churches, and the denominational papers bristle with schemes to set it right, and many up-and-coming pastors, tiring of preaching and parish work, get excellent jobs as the executive secretaries of these schemes, and go about the country expounding them.

II

The extent to which Protestantism, in its upper reaches, has succumbed to the temptations of Rome seems to be but little apprehended by the majority of connoisseurs. I was myself unaware of the whole truth until last Christmas, when, in the pursuit of a quite unrelated inquiry, I employed agents to attend all the services held in the principal Protestant basilicas of an eminent American city.

The substance of their reports, in so far as they related to churches patronized by the well-to-do, was simple: they revealed a headlong movement to the Right, an almost precipitate flight into the arms of Rome. Six so-called Episcopal churches held midnight services on Christmas Eve in obvious imitation of Catholic midnight masses, and one of them actually called its service a "solemn high mass." Two invited the nobility and gentry to processions, and a third concealed a procession under the name of a pageant. One offered Gounod's St. Cecilia mass on Christmas morning, and another the Messe Solennelle by the same composer; three others, somewhat more timorous, contented themselves with parts of masses. One, throwing off all pretense and eu-

phemism, summoned the faithful to no less than three Christmas masses, naming them by name—two low and one high. All six had candles, and two employed incense.

But that was not the worst. Two Presbyterian churches and one Baptist church, not to mention five Lutheran churches of different synods, had choral services in the dawn of Christmas morning, and the service attended by the only one of my agents who got up early enough—it was in a Presbyterian church—was made gay with candles, and had a palpably Roman smack. Yet worse: a rich and conspicuous Methodist church, patronized by the leading Wesleyan wholesalers and money-lenders of the town, boldly offered a "medieval carol service." Medieval? What did that mean? The Middle Ages ended on July 16, 1453, at 12 o'clock meridian, and the Reformation was not launched by Luther until October 31, 1517, at 10.15 A.M. If medieval, in the sense in which it was here used, does not mean Roman Catholic, then I surely went to school in vain. My agent, born a Methodist, reported that the whole ceremony shocked him excessively. It began with trumpet blasts from the church spire and it ended with an "Ave Maria" by a vested choir! Candles rose up in glittering ranks behind the chancel rail, and above them glowed a shining electric star. God help us all, indeed! What next? Will the rev. pastor, on some near tomorrow, defy the lightnings of Jahveh by appearing in alb and dalmatic? Will he turn his back upon the faithful? Will he put in a telephone booth for auricular confession? I shudder to think of what old John Wesley would have said about that vested choir and that shining star. Or Bishop Francis Asbury.

Here, of course, I do not venture into the contumacy of criticizing; I merely marvel. A student of the sacred sciences all my life, I am well learned in the dogmas and ceremonials of the sects, and know what they affect and what they abhor. Does anyone argue that the use of candles in public worship would have had the

sanction of the *Ur*-Wesleyans, or that they would have consented to *Blasmusik* and a vested choir? If so, let the sciolist come forward. Down to fifty years ago, in fact, the Methodists prohibited Christmas services altogether, as Romish and heathen. But now we have ceremonies almost operatic, and the sweet masses of Gounod are just around the corner! As I have said, the Episcopalians—who, in most American cities, are largely ex-Methodists or ex-Presbyterians, or, in New York, ex-Jews—go still further. In three of the churches attended by my agents Holy Communion was almost indistinguishable from the Catholic mass. Two of these churches, according to information placed at my disposal by the police, are very fashionable; to get into one of them is almost as difficult as ordering a suit of clothes from Poole. But the richer the Episcopalian, the more eager he is to forget that he was once baptized by public outcry or total immersion. The Low Church rectors, in the main, struggle with poor congregations, born to the faith but deficient in buying power. As bank accounts increase the fear of the devil diminishes, and there arises a sense of beauty. This sense of beauty, in its practical effects, is identical with the work of the Paulist Fathers.

Now even the Methodists who remain Methodists begin to wobble. Tiring of the dreadful din that goes with the orthodox Wesleyan demonology, they take to ceremonies that grow more and more stately and voluptuous. The sermon ceases to be a cavalry charge and becomes soft and *pizzicato*. The choir abandons "Throw Out the Life-Line" and "Are You Ready for the Judgment Day?" and toys with Händel. The rev. pastor throws off the uniform of a bank cashier and puts on a gown. It is an evolution that has, viewed from a tree, a certain merit. The stock of nonsense in the world is sensibly diminished and the stock of beauty is augmented. But what would the old-time circuit-riders say of it, imagining them miraculously brought back from hell?

III

So much for the volatilization that is going on above the diaphragm. What is in progress below? All I can detect is a rapid descent to mere barbaric devil-chasing. In all those parts of the Republic where Beelzebub is still as real as Babe Ruth or Dr. Coolidge, and men drink raw fusel oil hot from the still—for example, in the rural sections of the Middle West and everywhere in the South save a few walled towns—the evangelical sects plunge into an abyss of malignant imbecility, and declare a holy war upon every decency that civilized men cherish. First the Anti-Saloon League and now the Ku Klux Klan have converted them into vast machines for pursuing and butchering unbelievers. They have thrown the New Testament overboard, and gone back to the Old, and particularly to the bloodiest parts of it. Their one aim seems to be to break heads, to spread terror, to propagate hatred. Everywhere they have set up enmities that will not die out for generations. Neighbor looks askance at neighbor, the land is filled with spies, every man of the slightest intelligence is suspect.

What is the effect of all this upon the Christian who retains some measure of sanity, the moderate and peaceable fellow—him called by William Graham Sumner the Forgotten Man? He is silent while the bombs burst and the stink bombs go off, but what is he thinking? I believe that he is thinking strange and dreadful thoughts—thoughts that would have frozen his own spine a dozen years ago. He is thinking, *imprimis*, that there must be something in this evolution heresy, after all, else Methodist bishops and other such foes to sense would not be so frantically against it. And he is thinking, secondly, that perhaps a civilized man, in the last analysis, would not be worse off if Sherman's march were repeated by the Papal Guard. Between these two thoughts Protestantism is being squeezed, so to speak, to death.

H. L. M.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE

OPEN to the frontispiece of Lonsbury's "Cooper," to that likeness caught with all the grim realism of the daguerreotype: an English county squire confronts you. The portly figure, the beefy face, the John Bull neck and chin: Squire Western looked like that. A choleric man who holds his opinions hard and tolerates no opposition; a man without humor save as Squire Western had humor; a man built solidly for this present world: for the management of acres and the directing of fox hunts and county fairs, and, if by chance he be thrown upon the sea, for the command of fighting armadas; a conservative man who loves old things—old conventions, old landmarks; a family man who would embody his idea of home in a feudal mansion with "table dormant" and portraited halls, in manorial acres with lawns and hedges and peacocks—a full, important squire of the old English type.

No Natty Bumpo, this broad-clothed Sir Roger, with the white gloves and the cane and the spectacles cord over the flowered waistcoat. No poet either, and no romancer with moth-wing soul, this solid man of beef and blood. And yet he is not English: he is American, a new-world aristocrat, one of those manorial lords of the Hudson in the early decades of the first century of the republic who were to the North what the slave-holding Cavaliers were to the South. He has been out of England for four generations and he is American to the bone, yet he cannot escape his ancestors. A Yankee American to the verge of phobia, and yet he is not a democrat—he abominates the mob. An aristocrat to his finger-tips, and yet he is

a republican—he will knock you down if you tread not softly about the Constitution. Strange paradoxes America has made of her Englishmen!

To understand the man you must begin with his father, Judge William Cooper, settler of forty thousand acres of virgin land in the heart of New York State just following the Revolution: "I have already settled more acres than any man in America," he wrote in justifiable pride, for he had started with nothing. He is robustly depicted in "The Pioneers," an epic figure—settler, manorial lord, legislator, judge, fighter, Homeric in body as in soul. He offered a farm of one hundred and fifty acres to any man on the whole frontier who could throw him in a wrestling match, and only once did he lose. Impetuous as a kaiser, self willed, arrogant, he was not to be crossed. A French nobleman, an officer, invited as a guest to "Mansion House," refused because he was away from his wardrobe, whereupon he was seized, borne by main force to Cooperstown, and compelled to grace the table at dinner in the judge's own ruffled shirt. It is a flash-light glimpse. At every point this primal Cooper's conceptions were baronial: he erected in his border village the most lordly mansion west of the Hudson and equipped it with a dining-hall feudal in its capacities, with a great organ, and paintings, and rich furnishings—"the window seats were filled with books."

In the words of "The Pioneers," he was "a great proprietor resident on his lands, and giving his name to, instead of receiving it from, his estates, as in Europe." He entertained with lavishness notable

travellers from abroad, among them Tallyrand, and always there were present distinguished guests from Albany, Philadelphia or New York. He was an orator of Rooseveltian virility and invective, a border politician, a congressman for more than one term, a local boss with feudal power in a day of the fiercest individualism, a fighter. He died from a blow struck from behind on the Capitol steps at Albany by an opponent who had been infuriated by his *ad hominem* invective. The Coopers ruled or ruined. And the iron sway of the king of Cooperstown included his own family. His wife, when the settlement was ready for its mistress, refused to leave her New Jersey home and her little social circle. The moving van was at the door with most of the furniture upon it, but she declared she would not go,—no force could make her leave her chair. Whereupon her lord and husband loaded her, chair and all, upon the wagon and hauled her serenely into Cooperstown, the future novelist, one year of age, in her arms.

To dwell on this epic father is to throw light upon the son who followed him. Note a letter like this, written to the novelist's elder brother when a student at Princeton:

I am anxious to hear of your advancement and calculate on your being the first of scholars, knowing that your abilities and memory are equal to any of your age; and you have everything to make you ambitious; here is a great country and no man has such an opportunity as yourself of being the first man in it. On your industry depends whether you are to be the greatly good and useful man—or nothing. I have it in contemplation to send you to Edinburgh or London for two or three years before you launch into life, and after you have the sanction of that first of schools, Princeton, to which you may, if you please, be an honor and make its tutors and governors proud to claim you as a product of that institution; and I will say it again—you have the ability and may if you will.

Here is not only the spirit of the Coopers, but the spirit of the New World.

II

To picture the boyhood of Cooper as spent in a remote settlement amid Indians and

deerslayers is to go wrong at the start. When the lad first awoke to a realization of his environment, Cooperstown was a hamlet of seventy families, centred about the Cooper mansion in feudal fashion, a town civilized and easily accessible from Albany and the Hudson.

The judge had founded early an "academy," and had imported as teacher a scholar of unusual attainments, "Master" Cory, whom the novelist afterward reckoned as one of the forces that had shaped his career. From the first, Cooper was thoroughly schooled. His environment was far from primitive. There were no Indians, save now and then a drunken straggler like the one depicted in "The Pioneers," no deerslayers save a squalid old man who sometimes came in with furs and venison, no wild animals save in the remoter forests. Until he was nine all the molding influences about the lad—his brilliant elder sister who had him in charge, a maid who had been wooed by Tallyrand and who in Philadelphia, as her father's social helper, had rejected no less a suitor than the young Lochinvar, William Henry Harrison; the notable visitors constantly present in his home; the rigorous training under Master Cory; the country freedom that made for health and sturdiness of soul, and, more than all else, the dominating presence and example of his father—everything tended to develop within him the personality and the view of life of the younger son of a feudal lord.

It must not be forgotten, too, that at nine he left Cooperstown, to return only infrequently as a visitor, and that during the four years that followed, the impressionable years between nine and thirteen, he was resident at St. Peter's rectory in Albany, under the tutelage of the Rev. Thomas Ellison, a High Church Englishman, who abominated democracy, and who threw about the lad an atmosphere of Old-World culture and prejudice, and fitted him for college as the sons of English gentlemen are fitted, grounding him thoroughly in Latin and Greek. He found

himself with the heirs of many notable men. Young William Jay, also fitting for college, became his closest friend and it was solely to be with Jay that he later entered Yale.

It is needless to say that the lad, even though brilliantly fitted, was not then ready for college. He was only thirteen. Especially was he out of place in the blue-law atmosphere of the New England Sparta. An adolescent of thirteen needs sturdy parental control, especially an adolescent son of a Judge William Cooper. Expulsion seems to have been a normal experience of the clan: the judge himself in early manhood had been thrown out of the Society of Friends for un-Quaker-like activities, the eldest son William had been expelled from Princeton charged with the offense of burning down the college, and there is a suspicion that another son also suffered a college severance. Now Yale was struggling with a Cooper cub. She was, at that very moment, successfully assimilating a John C. Calhoun, but she gave up Cooper after three years and threw him from her halls, not for viciousness but for high-spirited lawlessness, his last prank being the blowing up of a fellow-student's room with gunpowder—just for a joke. The lad was overjoyed. He wanted to go to sea, and the old father at Coopers-town was more than willing: "Good! Go, my son, and rule the sea. You are well able to do it."

No choice of profession could have been more felicitous. For an imperious soul like Cooper's, in the golden decade before the war of 1812, the navy offered a sure road to glory. His apprenticeship was a thorough one. A year on the Atlantic in a merchant ship taught him nautical technique; three years on naval vessels, one of them on the *Wasp* with Lawrence, fitted him for speedy promotion in the event of war. The stage for glory was set. In 1811, the year before the outburst that gave us our epic roll of naval heroes, Cooper was twenty-one and as ready for responsibility as his equals in age and experience, Decatur, Somers and Perry.

But the War of 1812 saw nothing of him, for he resigned from the navy—had he but known it!—at the one moment in American history when glory for him was certain. The cause is obvious: he had fallen in love with one seemingly as far above him as a duchess, the exquisite Susan DeLancey of Heathcote Hall, heiress of one of the most lordly estates on the Hudson. With true Cooperian impetuosity he forgot everything else in the world. "I loved her like a man and told her of it like a sailor." The DeLanceys had been Tories during the Revolution. The father had even been an officer in the King's army. They were strict adherents to the Church of England. Susan's brother later became Bishop of Western New York. They were rich and proud and exclusive, owners of slaves, anti-republican and anti-democratic to the bitterest extreme. But the headlong young sailor was irresistible: he took by storm the first outpost, the young lady herself, and then laid siege to the whole fortification, the DeLancey family. They capitulated with a single proviso: the Cooper clan, virulent Whigs, must make no objection. Whereupon Cooper wrote to his elder brother, head of the family: "Have you any objection that James Cooper shall at a future day marry Susan DeLancey? If any of them forbid the banns may the Lord forgive them—for I never will!"

But there was no dissent. The marriage came off grandly at Heathcote Hall. At the wish of his bride Cooper at once resigned from the navy and settled down on the DeLancey domain, and for the next ten years he was a landed proprietor, a country gentleman of the English type. This marriage was the pivotal event in his career: all the rest of his life was molded and colored and fixed by his DeLancey wife, petite, appealing, winsome, who ruled him by her very helplessness, and chained him fast to her tiny domain while his soul was winging fiercely over the frigate-haunted seas. "In general," wrote his daughter Susan, "his thoughts seemed to have turned

upon ships and the sea. . . . His interest in the navy never ceased. He knew intimately many of the principal officers, and the vessels they commanded." At his wife's country seat he would sit for hours at a time with a naval glass and examine the shipping as it passed down the river to the sea.

With how much of bitterness he witnessed the rise of his old companions we shall never know. In the fulness of his powers he was tied to the shore like a worthless hulk, while *Old Ironsides* and the other Yankee frigates were sweeping British shipping from the Atlantic. During all those great days he was taking his daily drives to the market town, superintending the DeLancey acres, and on Sunday driving his growing family to the little Heathcote chapel. He became a ruling spirit there and at the local fairs, and Governor Clinton added him to his staff with the rank of colonel. At thirty, in short, Cooper was an American Sir Roger, or, better, a Squire Bracebridge of an American Bracebridge Hall. And what he was at thirty there was no reason to believe that he would not be at forty and at fifty, —a life thwarted, a mill torrent turned into a cranberry bog.

III

At every turn in the Cooper biography we are confronted by this DeLancey wife. Once, mindful of his father's ambitions for him, the man sought to break from the Hudson environment and establish in his home domain an estate of his own. He too began a mansion house, "Fenimore Hall," overlooking the Otsego waters his father had loved. But in the words again of his daughter, "while it was in process of construction, his wife, anxious to be near her own family, persuaded him to go back to West Chester. 'Fenimore' stood unfinished and later was destroyed by fire." Clearly he had not inherited his father's manner with wives—or was this perhaps a different variety of wife? He

seems to have been constantly at her side. She was addicted to novels, sentimental tales of the Mrs. Opie variety, or what Cooper himself termed "old fashioned Lord Mortimer romances," and she made him, evening after evening, read them to her aloud. Imagine the son of Judge Cooper, while his country was at war on the sea, reading Lord Mortimer romances to his wife!

But even this domesticity had its limits. One night there came an overdose: the human stomach can be forced only so far. Cooper hurled the book from him (would that we knew its title) and roared that he could do a better one himself: ten superlatives could not have damned the book more completely. It was a mere impulse, but Mrs. Cooper took it with startled seriousness. Why not indeed? He must commence at once, and she ran eagerly to spread the news. The family tittered. "The idea," says Susan, "appeared the height of absurdity to his friends." James Cooper write a novel! It was like Natty Bumppo doing crochet. But that ridicule settled the matter: "The first book was written because I was told I could not." Cooper-like, indeed!

How much of Mrs. Cooper is in "Precaution" we shall never know, but the percentage is high. She planned it with her husband chapter by chapter; she had him read to her each section as it was completed; she discussed it with him at every point. Quickly he wearied of the job, but there was no escape. "After a few chapters were written," records the daughter, "he would have thrown it aside, but our dear mother encouraged him to persevere; why not finish it; why not print it?"

He did print it, and for two generations it has been the conventional thing to dismiss it as a feeble thing and a failure—without reading a word of it. As a matter of fact, Cooper did precisely what he set out to do: he surpassed his model. Moreover, he produced what in many respects is the best novel written in America before 1821. Were it republished today as a newly-

discovered early work by Jane Austen it would deceive most readers. That the British press received it—it was published anonymously and pirated in England with no thought that it was American—with high commendation, speaks well for the powers of the collaborators. Says Cairns: "[It is] one of the few American books that was reviewed exactly like an English book." It received more contemporary praise than any work of Jane Austen, and it deserved it. "How is it," continues Cairns, "that while the American visitor to-day is often perplexed over minor matters of rank and usage in the English social system, this inexperienced writer could manage his company of nobles, gentry, clergy and military men and make no blunder that would betray to Englishmen themselves his alien origin?" The answer unquestionably is Mrs. Cooper. Though resident all her life in America, she was completely English. It was long believed by many, indeed, that the novel had really been written by her brilliant Tory sister in England.

In America the book was illiterately printed and when it leaked out that it had been written by Cooper it was damned—damned unread. James Cooper write an English society novel! America even yet is not done laughing. But to be laughed at no Cooper ever endured. It aroused the man to wrath. The book had failed, but *he* had not failed. He would show them yet: "The second volume was written to see if I could not overcome this neglect of the reading world." His neighbor, John Jay, advised a more masculine subject: the story of a spy once in his employ, and again Cooper set his will to accomplish a work he hated. Again the DeLancey wife: "Every chapter of 'The Spy' was read to my mother as soon as it was written, and the details of the plot were talked over with her. From the very first months of authorship to the last years of his life my father generally read what he wrote to my mother." His namby-pamby "females" he drew after her pattern: these were her

conceptions of what a heroine should be. That the book ever was finished must be credited to her. Cooper himself hated it.

The instant success of the story filled him with grim satisfaction. He had done what he had set out to do: he had shown them that a Cooper was not to be laughed at, no matter what he might undertake. On every page of the volume the stamp of Mrs. Cooper was unmistakable, though, curiously enough, the early readers did not recognize it. It was a novel of the American aristocracy; all its major characters were Tories; even the leading patriotic figure was a Virginia aristocrat. Its intent was clearly to draw the sympathies of the reader from the American "mob" that was fighting the war to the real victims of the Revolution, the Loyalists, who were made in every way superior.

Cooper's literary life, he thought, was over: he had won his point. Even after "The Spy" was on all the book-stands he had no more thought of becoming a professional novelist than he had of entering the ministry. But the enormous success of the book could not be ignored. The *North American Review*, the inspired voice of Boston, reviewed it at great length and with unqualified praise. This praise now intoxicated Cooper—and his wife: when before had Boston ever praised a New York writer? Why not write something now for his own pleasure? He would try it. "The third novel has been written exclusively to please myself." He would write the Cooper epic, the story of his own father. He began it *con amore*.

"The Pioneers" is not really a novel; it is an American "Bracebridge Hall." Half of it is concerned with the Christmas festivities at Templeton Hall. Up as far even as Chapter XXVII it is mostly reminiscent sketching. Then suddenly, at the words, "It was cut with a knife," it bursts thrillingly into life. The last seventy pages mark the appearance of a new force in the fiction of the world. Hiram Doolittle, by that single stroke of his knife, has set free Natty Bumppo. The mere village "char-

acter" becomes at once an epic figure. The reader is hurried on to a climax unsurpassed in fiction. James Fenimore Cooper had arrived.

The success of this book turned him definitely to a literary career, and to pursue it to the fullest advantage he removed his family to New York City, where he soon became the leader of the city literati. He founded the Bread and Cheese Club with a remarkable membership, and ruled it as its Dr. Jonson. Not for a moment must it be overlooked that in every society he touched Cooper was a dominating force. He followed no leader, and he took no counsel. In later years, when he was engaged in a running fight, legal and literary, with the whole American press, he always conducted his own cases in court, measuring his powers with such trained barristers as Thurlow Weed, and invariably he won.

Sheer accident again directed him. He wrote "The Pilot" simply to show that he was right in an argument: a novel *could* be laid on the sea. Again he won and the success of the book amazed him: that success, indeed, surprises critics even today. From the artistic standpoint the book is a hodge-podge, one of the poorest of all his fictions, but all the same it is to be reckoned with as one of the most important volumes in the history of American fiction. Cooper again had blundered upon a new demesne of romance. The nautical adventure stirred the blood of a nautical race, the sailor technique was realistic and minute and true to salt water, and so the Atlantic seaboard, nursery of the sailors of the world, hailed the volume with shouts of delight. Cooper had opened the magic jar from which during a century there has poured a veritable cloud of pirates and sea-dogs, men of war and swashbuckling westward-ho adventurers.

There was no longer any question now: it had been forced upon Cooper that his trade was the novel, and he began to plan not only romances, but whole series of them. He would write "Legends of the Thirteen Republics"—a complete history

of the Revolution in thirteen volumes of fiction. He would begin where the struggle began, and accordingly he posted off in high excitement to Boston for materials. His plot he made of Boston quality, a *motif* of Hawthorne texture, a shuddery legend of the Province House, an old sin that had blighted three generations suddenly emergent. He was unable to handle it. So complete was the failure of the book that we hear no more of the other twelve that were to follow it.

And now we touch Cooper's fundamental weakness: he started too late. Up to the age of thirty-one he had never written a word or thought of writing a word. Irving and Hawthorne and Poe at thirty had been working for years and they had learned restraint, artistry, lightness of touch. Cooper, totally unpracticed, bore too hard; with almost no background of reading, save in the Lord Mortimer romances compelled by his wife, he had only the crudest literary habits. Like all badly educated people he confounded flowery and inflated circumlocution with beauty of style. His taste to the last was sophomoric. "She milked the cow," elevated to literature, must be made "She extracted from a favorite animal liberal portions of its nightly tribute to the dairy."

Again a mere accident rescued him. A chance visit to lake George called forth from one of the party the remark that no better background could be found for an Indian story. His imagination kindled instantly. Like Scott, he had a genius for topography: places and action stirred his creative powers rather than people. He went over the area with care, worked out a thread of action and then selected his characters. Again the *North American Review* gave him impetus. It had declared that the Indian was to be America's chief dependence in poetry and in romance, and mindful of this, Cooper resurrected the old drunken Indian of "The Pioneers" and the old backwoodsman, and depicted them in the scenes of youthful adventure hinted at

in the earlier volume—a flash of inspiration.

Cooper actually knew nothing of Indians: he had to get up his materials precisely as he had got up his revolutionary history for "Lionel Lincoln." He read Heckewelder as the *Review* had counselled, he went to Washington and studied a delegation of Indians that had come from the West, he visited the remnant of tribes in upper New York. The result we know: actual landscapes thrown back by imagination a century and peopled by a race of beings of his own manufacture. They are Heckewelder's Indians seen through Cooper's romantic temperament. The resulting "Last of the Mohicans" is Cooper's best story, but it is the best chiefly because it is straight narrative from start to finish.

The book was a tremendous success. Cooper's own countrymen for once were unanimous. At last an American classic, a novelist coördinate even with Scott! Cooper had satisfied his father's imperious dream: a son of old Judge William, in one realm at least, ruled America if not the world: he had made himself "the first man in it." When he set sail for Europe in 1826 he went as a master, as a dictator, as an American who could speak with authority. America expected from him now a series of Waverley novels and America should have them.

Accordingly, in Europe, he threw himself with all the Cooper confidence and abandon into the work expected of him. He wrote at once another Indian tale, "The Prairie," in which he followed the old hunter into the West after the time of his dramatic exit in "The Pioneers." By accident again he had blundered upon yet another uncharted realm of romance: "The Prairie" is the epic of the western march across the continent.

But now Cooper made a startling discovery: "The Last of the Mohicans" had made alarming inroads into his materials. The change of locality in the following volume had rendered possible a new background—the prairies with their bison stampedes and sweeping fires, and their

savage horse-riding tribes—but for the most part he had to repeat what he had already written. It was his first encounter with a fundamental law of fiction: that the novel is the epic of civilization, and needs the complexity of an old and elaborate social system. The crude Indian with his narrow round of life, the squalid, thinly-populated frontier, the dehumanized wilderness could furnish a few fascinating situations and types and backgrounds, but to remain long among them was but to repeat. He turned accordingly to the second field of his discovery, the ocean,—only to be confronted by the same difficulty. After "The Red Rover" and "The Water Witch," and "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," perhaps the first propaganda novel in American fiction, he paused disconcerted. He was making no headway. His novels more and more were failures.

IV

Cooper's literary life had three phases, each a decade. The first, the period of accident and experiment, was confined to the twenties, itself in the history of American literature a decade of accident and experiment. Irving in the twenties was a literary adventurer, Bryant was an eager prospector seeking everywhere for an opening, Poe was trying every literary form, and Cooper was blundering along without plan or goal. Without a thought of a literary career, he struck wholly by accident into one of the richest areas of romance. In half a dozen places he blundered upon virgin gold,—but for him it was placer gold. He had not the equipment or the patience to dig deep, and he was soon off to other fields.

The review of "The Red Rover" in the *North American Review* in 1828 exerted upon him a powerful influence. It confirmed his own views. The reviewer, reversing the judgment of the same review six years before, now took the ground that "it is a mistaken idea that to constitute an American novel either the scene must be

laid in the early wilderness of this country, or that events of so recent a date as those connected with our Revolution must occupy a prominent portion of its pages. It is the author, not his theatre or his matter, that nationalizes his work." This reviewer believed that Cooper had never yet produced a work worthy of being called a novel.

But he stood pledged, before America and the world, definitely to literature as a career, and, Cooper-like, he refused to recede from his stand, or, continuing fiction, to be anything less than "the first man in it." He would remain but he would work henceforth with what he considered adequate subjects. For a decade he abandoned American themes, and employed himself exclusively in what, from his new European standpoint, he conceived to be the higher ranges of literature. "The Bravo," a tale of early Venice, was his first venture, an elaborate romance into which he threw his best powers. He wrote it not, as the popular myth long has had it, with controversial intent, but with the deliberate design of making a masterpiece. In many ways he accomplished his object. From the standpoint of technique it is his strongest novel, and Cooper himself considered it his best. Strictly speaking, it has no purpose: it is pure tragedy. The English press was at first enthusiastic: it was by all odds the best thing that Cooper had done. Then the English reviewers began to discover the preface that Cooper had added by an impulse after the book was done and their praise immediately ceased. It damned the book: few have ever read beyond it. But if one reads only the novel itself, one finds, save perhaps in four paragraphs inserted by a temperamental impulse, no more to anger even the most sensitive of partisans than there is in Scott.

Cooper defended himself at length and without bitterness in the preface to his next volume, "The Heidenmauer." He had been misunderstood. He had written his book as Scott and as all other romancers

had written theirs,—with the single aim to entertain. "We profess to write only for the amusement—fortunate shall we be if instruction may be added—of our own countrymen." In vain! "The Heidenmauer" and "The Headsman" were received everywhere, not as novels, but as controversial documents. Could the untactful prefaces, added always by afterthought and in a moment of spleen, and half a dozen paragraphs thrown in here and there by seeming impulse, have been omitted and the novels read as Scott's were read, they would have been praised, for they deserved it, and Cooper undoubtedly would have gone on to stronger and stronger work.

But always his main difficulty was lack of tact. Reared in the atmosphere of his father's border individualism and indoctrinated with aristocratic ideas by his years among the DeLanceys, he held himself, especially after his triumphant entry into world dominion as a novelist, in the attitude of a leader and even a dictator and reformer. It was in his blood. To educate Europe and America he wrote, in all sincerity of purpose, "Notions of the Americans" in two volumes, and then "Democracy" and "A Letter to His Countrymen," both sizable books. They were sneered at on both sides of the water. Stung by the condescensions of foreigners, he let himself go in explosive criticism and his literary fame gave swift wing to his words. He fell into a controversy in France as to the expense of republican government as compared with monarchical, and characteristically he wrote a book to prove that he was right. In every case he always *was* completely right, but always he seemed brutal, always he affected those he criticized as his father had affected the opponent who had murdered him. Europe classified him as a bumptious American of the most intolerable type, and soon fair treatment of anything he might write was impossible. Even his really distinctive travel sketches, of which he published ten volumes, were reviewed only in the

light of certain offensive passages which a careful search had revealed.

Legitimateromancehavingfailed,Cooper now tried another line of attack. "The Monikins" is a satire as bitter as "Gulliver," a satire on the human race. It records a visit to a land ruled by monkeys, who poured their contempt on the Yahoo race of human beings, dwelling most caustically upon the worthlessness of New England Yankees, a specimen of which they had in captivity. The book ends with fifty-two observations which constitute the book of wisdom of the Monikin savants. Even Mark Twain in his latest phase was not more bitter. "Every man loves liberty for his own sake," it begins, and there is similar wisdom for every week in the year.

America did not stand by Cooper in his crusade for American rights, and to him it seemed like the basest ingratitude. He wanted praise and shouts of "Hit 'em again!" and they ordered him to keep silence. His advice to his countrymen was sneered at, and his travel sketches made no impression, whereas N. P. Willis's, which he knew were inferior to his own, were greeted everywhere with enthusiasm. His elaborately wrought romances of European life, which he had hoped to make the crown of his career, called forth only impatience and caustic advice. He was ordered back into the flea-infested narrowness of Indian fiction. It filled him with rage. He wrote "Home as Found," the first American "Babbitt" novel: satire can hardly be more caustic. D. L. Lawrence is inclined to view it as Cooper's supreme achievement. It presents most graphically those pictures of American society which are so pleasing to British readers.

Again he tried a new literary field: he wrote a history of the American navy, throwing himself with enthusiasm into the work. He produced what undoubtedly must be classed as the best of American naval histories, but all in vain. Again a tempest of criticism was upon him. He had not been tactful, he had taken positive

sides, he had declared that not Perry but another had won the battle of Lake Erie. Undoubtedly he was right, but he defended himself in a way that made his enemies eager for murder. Everything he wrote now was scanned for the fight that was in it, and Cooper was always ready. His wrath, which had been added to by private quarrels at Cooperstown, burst beyond all bounds. He charged like a bull upon every rag that waved. His lawsuits for libel mounted into the dozens. Usually he was right and usually he won, but he lost completely the American people. His name became a synonym for mere bump-tiousness, rebuked and turned into litigious wrath.

V

His last phase, covering the decade of the forties, need not detain us: it may be denominated the period of propaganda. During its ten years he wrote eighteen novels, all of them save "The Deerslayer," "The Pathfinder" and one or two others produced with the avowed purpose of combating and destroying some false belief or iniquitous system, or, as in the case of "The Crater," describing some new Utopia in order to contrast with it the rottenness of the modern world. All this work has perished; it is worthless save as it throws light upon the man who wrote it.

The similarity between the Cooper of this period and the later Mark Twain is startling. Both began as border-educated individualists, parochial-minded, intoxicated with American provincial idealism; both by travel and by wide contacts with urban pessimism were educated into blasé cosmopolitanism; both ended as fiery fighters against oppression, against the upper dog no matter what the upper dog might stand for, and both went out at last in utter misanthropy, Cooper forbidding any biography of himself, Mark Twain dictating an autobiography which by his first intention was to be so caustic that it could not be published for a hundred years. It is an American evolution!

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

RULES posted in the bed chambers of the McNeil Hotel, the principal hostelry of the rising town of Miami:

MCNEIL HOTEL RULES Miami, Arizona

No man, men or male persons are allowed in a room which is occupied by a lady or ladies or female person or persons.

No lady, ladies or female person or persons are allowed in a room which is occupied by a man, men or male person or persons, unless they are registered as man and wife.

No man, men or male person or persons, or no lady, ladies or female person or persons shall occupy a room or a bed with another person, without first consulting the management of the hotel and registering on the date of beginning of occupancy of the room.

I will call your attention to Chapter 62, House Bill No. 4, against lewdness, assignation, prostitution or nuisance which was voted on the fifteenth day of November, 1918, and the same became a State law.

J. P. McNEIL, *Proprietor*.

ARKANSAS

PROFESSOR A. M. HARDING, director of the General Extension Division at the University of Arkansas, on the public value of the radio broadcasting station maintained at the University by the learned brethren of the natural philosophy faculty:

I do not believe all the members of our faculties appreciate the value of this broadcasting station to the University. The very fact that a man in some town in Arkansas is listening to one of our University professors is worth a great deal to the University, even if the man does not understand what the professor is talking about.

CALIFORNIA

COUNTER measures against the carnival of sin at Hollywood, as reported by the Hon. W. R. Hearst's great Christian paper, the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Los Angeles has been a centre of continuous prayer every moment for the past twenty-two months. Since the dedication of Angelus Temple nearly two years ago, from the dark hours of midnight, through the dawn, on to midday and

round the clock again there has been a steady outpouring of prayer to God that has brought down showers of blessing upon thousands and thousands of persons. Up in the Watch Tower of the temple, night or day, prayer never ceases. It is a sacred enclosure, a quiet, peaceful room, where the workers, women in the day time and men at night, in two-hour periods, pray for the spiritual illumination of the people of all nations.

TREASONABLE but plausible remarks of a citizen of Los Angeles in *Bob Shuler's Magazine*, a favorite local publication:

Los Angeles is world-famous for three things: First, as a city where more suckers are stung and more wallets are extracted than in any other city of like size in America. Second, as a city where the marriage relation is made ridiculous and where sex-stimulation is at the maximum. Third, as a city where there are more religious vagaries, more cults and isms, more psychic manifestations and delusions, more commercialized miracles and more flagrant deceptions in the name of the gentle child, Jesus, than in any other city possibly in the entire world. Los Angeles is fertile soil for every kind of impostor that the face of the earth has been cursed by. The suckers all come here sooner or later and the whole twelve months is open season.

PRESS dispatch from the same city, the capital of New Thought and 100% Americanism:

Fatigued after hours of futile study over a baffling cross-word puzzle, W. E. Carruthers stretched his mouth in such a prodigious yawn that he dislocated his jaw.

COLORADO

CONTRIBUTION to Law Enforcement by the Hon. Sam E. Thomas, sheriff of Pueblo, as reported by the *Pueblo Chieftain*:

The sheriff is considering steps to frustrate the imbibing of spirits who pours all the evidence down his throat, smashes the bottle and then laughs at the officers. Raiding officers will have, in addition to their side artillery, a stomach pump. The purpose of this instrument will not be to revive the victims. Its application will be the recovery of hastily gulped evidence, and if the object of the assault survives he will be confronted with a charge of illegal possession.

From the letter-head of the forward-looking and highly institutionalized Liberal Church of Denver:

DEPARTMENT OF BIBLE LITERATURE
FRED B. KEELER, *Chairman*
MOTHERS' CULTURE CLUB
DR. L. MARY MORGAN, M.D., *Instructor*
FATHERS' CULTURE CLUB
ELWOOD HILLIS, *Instructor*
WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT
MRS. A. C. STEVENS
DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE
HON. BARNEY HAUGHEY, D.U.R.
CLYDE ROBINSON, M.R.S.
DR. JIM MEYERS, D.U.R.
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS
DR. E. M. RYMAN, M.D.
JOHN GRATTAN, R.D.D.
LEGAL COMMITTEE
HON. BERT MARTIN
HON. C. M. BICE
HON. TOM HERRINGTON
HON. BARNEY HAUGHEY
HON. EDWIN N. BURDICK
DEPARTMENT OF ANCIENT HISTORY
FRANK MUNROE
DEPARTMENT OF AMERICANIZATION
WILLIAM A. CLOUD, *Chairman*
DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUAL EDUCATION
DR. E. C. PORTER, D.U.R., *Chairman*
CUSTODIAN OF SACRAMENTS
O. L. SMITH
CUSTODIAN OF CHURCH HALL
ED. BEYERS
DEPARTMENT OF AMUSEMENTS
H. E. ELLISON
BEN KETCHUM
DEPARTMENT OF BASEBALL
PAUL R. FELIX
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENTIFIC DIET
GRACE BONNET, D.U.R., *Chairman*
DEPARTMENT OF CREATIVE CHEMISTRY
HENRY HEFTY, *Chairman*
DEPARTMENT OF METAPHYSICS
PROF. FRANK D. HINES, *Chairman*
DEPARTMENT OF DANCING
PROFESSOR PETERSEN
DEPARTMENT OF NEW SCIENCES
DR. B. STOSIK, D.C., *Chairman*
DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY
WILLIAM ACKERMAN, *Chairman*
DEPARTMENT OF TAX ADJUSTMENT
J. STONE, *Chairman*
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT (GIRLS)
MISS MARGARET J. GIBSON, M.R.R.
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT (BOYS)
HON. J. WALTER WYNN
DEPARTMENT OF LOGIC
W. E. LANDAU, D.U.R.
DEPARTMENT ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS
SAM GREENE, SR.
DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY
HON. HALSEY M. RHODES
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
HON. J. F. BIXBY
DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING

E. C. WALKER
CHARLES HARRISON
DEPARTMENT OF CONSTRUCTION
A. G. GRISSAM
DEPARTMENT OF REAL ESTATE
VICTOR R. OLMSTEAD
DEPARTMENT OF "TRUTH-SEEKER"
GARRIE P. BISHOP
DEPARTMENT OF ORIGIN THEOSOPHY
MINNIE MAY BIXLER

CONNECTICUT

DISPATCH from Middletown, seat of Berkeley Divinity School, the State Hospital for the Insane, the State Industrial School for Girls, and Wesleyan University:

Asserting that there is technically no such thing as a highball, Professor Karl P. Harrington, head of the Latin department at Wesleyan, has asked for the suppression of the college song, "Drink a Highball at Nightfall."

FROM an address by the Rev. Frederick W. Adams, D.D., of Springfield, Mass., to the Hartford Rotary Club:

If Mark Twain were alive today he would be a Rotarian.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FIRST fruits of Education Week in Washington, from an address to the students of the Eastern High School by Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, national chairman of the Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations:

I am a Democrat and I voted for Davis, but I thank God President Coolidge was reelected and I want to pledge every girl in this school never to let a word of criticism of Mr. Coolidge or of the government pass her lips during the four years he will be in office.

FROM a dispatch from the same city to the eminent New York *World*:

Two factions of the District of Columbia Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy almost reached the hair-pulling stage in Memorial Confederate Hall, near the Department of Justice, this afternoon. Shrieks rent the air in that fashionable neighborhood and some one called the police. Private Baxter, a Negro, responded. His appearance caused a fresh outbreak, and the irate women turned on him and ordered a quick retreat. He escaped.

FLORIDA

Good works of a soulless corporation in the wilds of Florida, as reported by the *Clermont Press*:

Solicited by E. C. Pemberton for aid in the building of the new Baptist church, the Standard Oil representative stated that they had no

funds for that purpose, but would see what they could do. This week there arrived at the depot, freight prepaid, a three-burner oil stove and a heater, compliments of the company. The Baptist people appreciate very much this gift.

GEORGIA

FROM a parishioner's tribute to the Rev. Dr. R. H. Singleton, deceased, late pastor of Big Bethel African M. E. Church, Atlanta:

He was a splendid educator and a pulpit orator, if you please. To comment from all sources, he was thrilled with the spirit and the Holy Fire. In spite of the handicaps he delivered the goods so plain that a child could understand his illustration. He solved the problem of the human soul, sadly, not knowing on that sad Sunday morning that he was preaching his own funeral from one of the dearest appeals sent out into the heart of man and illustrations that ever fell from the lips of human being since the Christian world. Awakened on the following Monday morning early, before the break of day, everybody was spell-bound and shocked to pieces to know the voice of our race ambassador had stilled forever. Exclusively he was a spokesman of his people and a friend to the widows and poor orphan children. To excuse none, he has made a record; no man can write the history for the uplift of fallen humanity. He planned church coöperations, put ideals over where other men failed and made ends meet in the circle of worth-while. He brought wonders to pass. To magnify the peace and good will among men on earth, he was a charming hero, a dying statesman with a bright determination to go ahead and face the crisis. In spite of the appointments and disappointments he advanced and stood his ground upon a platform and was unshaken by man. He taught the people the power of having faith in God. He was an American one hundred per cent and citizen of the world whose popularity had won greater influence among the leading citizens of the city than any one had ever thought to dream for. Not only was he a soldier in the Christian warfare but he was a conqueror and leader of men who need no introduction. He was known by his good works, a son of the family and wonderful progress of activities. He demonstrated that true liberty under race men's influence might be understood the world over. But to honor him, we give credit to a Christian gentleman, the ambassador gifted from God, the honest leader in public affairs, who served his people and dealt with the currents on a fifty-fifty basis. As a majority he was a masterpiece of an extraordinary reputation, backed up with a wholesome culture and keen humor and merit the world will live long to forget.

IDAHO

THE marvels of science in rural Idaho, as reported by the eminent Teton Valley *News*:

Dr. Martin informs us that he has invested in a horoscope for the X-ray machine at the County Hospital. This enables the surgeon to look directly at the part of the body operated on.

ILLINOIS

THE gaudy life of a Chicago banker in the Coolidge Golden Age, as reported in a circular describing the new director's room of the Illinois Merchants Trust Company:

The damask hangings are of two sorts, the narrow panels have stripes of gold upon every seam and the wide panels have no gold on center seam. The narrow panels are from a Roman Palace of the Seventeenth Century. The wide panels are also Roman and contain the coat of arms of the Chigi family. . . . The coat of arms consists of three hills surmounted by an eight pointed star. . . . The table on the left is Roman of the Sixteenth Century. . . . It is a very magnificent Renaissance. On the table is an interesting clock of the French Empire and also two gilded miniatures of the famous columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, in Rome. The directors' table has an inlaid design of the same pattern as that in the rug, both of which were made especially for this room.

PROGRESS of Law Enforcement in Chicago, as reported by the distinguished *American*:

A fifteen-year-old boy was shot and killed by a traffic officer in an alley near Wabash Avenue and Harrison Street today. The boy was shooting craps with playmates and the officer sought to arrest him. He ran and the officer fired, killing him.

FROM the programme of an organ recital at the University of Illinois:

Marche Slave means Slavic or Slavonic march, and not the march of the slaves, as people sometimes guess from the title. Slavic is a general term for the Russians, Poles, Serbs, and kindred races.

KENTUCKY

THE Higher Learning in the Blue Grass, as described in a current press dispatch:

A course in cross-word puzzles has been added to the curriculum at the college of engineering, University of Kentucky, it was announced Sunday by Dean F. Paul Anderson. Dean Anderson believes cross-word puzzles are educational, scientific, instructive and mentally stimulative, as well as entertaining. His senior students, therefore, will hereafter spend part of their study periods in attempting to solve the squares.

EXULTANT gloat of the boosters of Louisville:

If eight men started from their respective homes in New Orleans, Dallas, Omaha, Minneapolis,

Toronto, New York City, Charleston and Jacksonville, and traveled by the shortest and quickest routes until they met, they would shake hands sixteen and one-half yards north of the Customs House on Fourth street, Louisville, on a sewer cap midway between a trolley pole and a fire plug.

LOUISIANA

REASSURING news from New Orleans in the enterprising *Boston Telegram*:

Bourbon is the only scarce thing in the way of liquor here.

MAINE

CONTRIBUTION to historical science by the preëminent Portland *Press-Herald*:

An implicit trust in God and its fulfillment rank among the many recorded facts of history.

MORAL progress in the new Occupied Territory of the Ku Klux, as reported by a press dispatch from Waterville:

Women students at Colby College who smoke will be expelled immediately from the institution, it was announced by Miss Nettie N. M. Runnels, Dean of the Woman's Division, in letters sent last night to the parents of all girls enrolled in the school.

MARYLAND

MEDICAL miracle in the shadow of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, described by Uncle Jim Keeler, of 3706 Thirty-second street, Mt. Rainier:

My stomach was in such a bad fix for fourteen years that I couldn't eat anything fried, or fatty, not even butter. In fact, I could eat scarcely anything and my stomach would puff and swell to twice its normal size. I would have terrible pains in the stomach and back and also frightful dizzy spells. The truth is, my condition was so deplorable for those fourteen years that I was unable to work at all. Finally I was attracted to Tanlac by a testimonial of an old G. A. R. comrade of mine, who testified that he felt twenty years younger after taking Tanlac. I knew him to be a truthful man, so I lost no time in getting some Tanlac. After finishing the first bottle I noticed the puffing and swelling was not so bad. So I kept taking Tanlac for about five months and all my distress and pains left me. I now eat and digest everything and they can't get the food too fat for me. I am now eighty years old.

MASSACHUSETTS

LITERARY note from the enlightened *Daily Press* of Newburyport:

During his discourse Mr. Rogers quoted selections from poems by Kipling and other great thinkers.

PATRIOTIC reflections of the eminent chief editorial writer of the *Boston Post*:

It may be said with certainty that golf and tennis, baseball and football, and all the other virile sports so extraordinarily popular among Americans and Britons, are chiefly responsible for the rarity of degeneracy in this country and in the British Isles as contrasted with much of Europe. Golf is just beginning to win popularity in Germany. If it can continue to win adherents there and to spread into Austria and the neighboring lands, it will do more to check abnormal depravities than all the researches of Freud and his followers.

CARRYING on the Emerson tradition in the shadow of Harvard, as described by the historic *Boston Globe*:

The greatest tribute which any man could possibly receive was paid yesterday to John B. Lantyne, a Boston attorney recently chosen supreme chancellor of the Knights of Pythias. In his honor and in recognition of the fact that he is the first Massachusetts man to attain this office in the organization, nearly fifteen thousand members of the order paraded for more than two hours through the streets of Boston, with twenty bands and fifty-two floats of extraordinary beauty, and ended their march at Mechanic's Building, where the celebration of "Our John's" election was continued throughout the evening with elaborate festivities.

ITEM of church news from Roxbury in the public prints of a recent date:

While the pastor of the Church of God, colored, was in the midst of his sermon Sunday he was suddenly interrupted by the screams of a woman in the rear of the building. Investigation disclosed that Mary W. Willis, who says she is ninety-six years old, had become so engrossed in the sermon that she had unwittingly backed up and sat down on a red hot stove. She arose quickly, but her burns will inconvenience her for several weeks.

MICHIGAN

SPECIMEN of literary criticism by the eminent chief editorial writer of the *Detroit Free Press*:

The true mission of the novel is to entertain in hours of weariness or in time of recreation, and when writers try to make it do something else, they become a good deal of a nuisance.

MINNESOTA

WARNING to amorous motorists on a police sign at Lake Johanna:

Side curtains not permitted unless it is raining.

PICTURE of the Nordic Blond paradise drawn by a contributor to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association:

I have lived in Minnesota, the land of Magnus Johnson, for thirteen years, a western Scandinavia where the birds sing in Swedish, the wind sighs its lullabies in Norwegian, and the snow and rain beat against the windows to the tune of a Danish dirge.

MISSISSIPPI

FROM an address to the Kiwanis Club of Columbus, a rising town on the Tombigbee river, by the Rev. W. F. Powell, a gifted exhorter of those parts:

God was the first Kiwanian.

MISSOURI

RURAL Missouri's contribution to the theory and practice of the New Journalism, as reported in a dispatch from St. Joe:

Announcement of the consolidation of the Andrew County *Democrat* and the Savannah *Reporter* (Republican), both published at Savannah, Missouri, was made recently. Of opposite political faiths, both papers have been published weekly for many years. Hereafter the *Democrat-Reporter* will be published semi-weekly, one issue to advocate Democratic principles and the other to advance Republican principles.

LETTER received, according to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, by the editor of a St. Louis health column:

Dear Sir: Kindly give initials and address of a reliable physician who performs abortions in the *Globe-Democrat* medical column. I am a busy woman and cannot afford to raise a family. Thanks for any information.

NEBRASKA

PROUD boast of the Hon. Edgar Howard, LL.B., Representative in Congress from the third Nebraska district:

No man or woman in our Nebraska has ever read in a Nebraska newspaper the published statement that any Nebraska woman was getting ready for the visit of the stork. In our clean Nebraska atmosphere such a publication as that would be regarded as unclean.

CONTRIBUTION to the American language by the eminent Plattsmouth *Journal*:

Miss Mia and Barbara Gering very pleasantly entertained on Saturday evening at a *dinnering*.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE passing of a New Hampshire worthy, as reported by the learned *Express*, of Portland, Maine:

James Somers died suddenly while attending mass at St. Mary's Catholic Church yesterday morning. Mr. Somers conducted a barber shop on Central avenue twenty-five years. He was the man who shaved Harry K. Thaw when the latter was in New Hampshire as a fugitive from the Matteawan Asylum.

NEW JERSEY

CONTRIBUTION to the Higher Jurisprudence by the learned Porter, J., of the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Essex county, as reported in a current news dispatch:

The dying words of an atheist or an unbeliever are inadmissible as evidence in court in New Jersey. On the strength of a precedent established in 1857, Judge Porter refused to admit the testimony of Detective Sergeant Carbally, of Newark, concerning a conversation he had with Thomas R. Loan while Loan was being taken to a hospital after having been shot. "I asked Loan if he wanted a priest or a minister," Carbally said on the stand. "He said he was an atheist and did not want any religious assistance."

NEW YORK

LUGUBRIOUS conclusions of the Rev. John Roach Straton, D.D., the Baptist Pope of New York, as reported by the world-famous *Times*:

Vice and crime are increasing day by day. Sensualism rules supreme on stage and screen. Many magazines and best sellers are putrid with moral iniquity. The popular dance has descended to the lowest depths of degradation. Churches on every side are lukewarm and spiritually paralyzed, and blatant infidelity is proclaiming its untruths in college halls and even from many pulpits of the land. The marriage vow is becoming a scrap of paper. The foundations of the home have all been destroyed by commercialized amusements and a money-mad, pleasure-crazed race is rushing on toward the precipice!

FROM a public bull by E. F. Albee, the eminent vaudeville magnate:

Vaudeville has accepted Christ's teachings. For the past eight years they have been lived up to by the managers and artists in this branch of the theatrical profession.

NORTH CAROLINA

EFFECTS of the war for democracy among the Tar Heels, as reported in a dispatch from Goldsboro:

Allen Moses and his wife, wealthy Negroes, left here in Pullman berths tonight for Washington and New York. This is the first time in the history of this city that Negroes have "had the nerve," as one citizen expressed it, to

buy sleeper tickets here. White citizens are aroused, and it is said the Ku Klux Klan will be asked to give Moses a warm reception on his return.

OHIO

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in the domain of Daugherty and the Anti-Saloon League, as described in a current press dispatch from Columbus:

A letter received by Vernon M. Riegel, state director of education, has been added to the "conscience section" of his department. The letter is from a school teacher who admits that during his service he has never given the amount of time required by law to the teaching of hygiene, thrift, and fire prevention. "I have written this because I have promised God to make right everything in my life which is not or has not been right, as near as possible," the letter says.

PRINTED card hanging in the bedrooms of a leading hotel in the same city:

When entertaining guests of the opposite sex in one's bedroom, it is customary to leave the door open at least six inches.

OKLAHOMA

CONTRIBUTION to the New Toxicology by the Muskogee correspondent of the *Oklahoma City News*:

Miss Allie Henderson, the Braggs school girl whom J. H. Davis, piano tuner, is alleged to have kidnaped October 21, took the witness stand here in the trial of Davis and testified that Davis gave her chewing gum that dazed her.

PENNSYLVANIA

PATRIOTIC protest in the eminent Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

Sir: Just a word relative to the cross-word puzzles of the *Bulletin*. It is very tantalizing to me, and I am sure to others also, to complete the entire puzzle except some word in a foreign language. I am purely American and, of course, delight in things American. The cross-word puzzles if confined to English will enlighten me and enlarge my vocabulary, but if the foreign element is injected, I fear I will get disgusted and quit, thereby losing the effect which cross-word problems are supposed to exercise. I know no foreign languages and there are many in my class. I have only a dictionary and it does not tell who are the Greek gods, what the Latin is for so-and-so, who was the Roman Emperor 300 B. C. or the Arcadian God of Shepherds. Please do not consider me intelligent when I make the assertion that I master the English section every night, because I am only one of the many products of public schools.

We see the foreign element stuck into everything today, so try to keep the cross-words purely American.

B. P.

PROGRESS of connoisseurship among the Philadelphia Babbitts, as reported by the same *papier*:

Watkins Glen, New York, renowned throughout the world for its beauty, has been reproduced in paraffine and mutton suet by John Gysling, chef at the Union League. Last night the Glen was unveiled and viewed by members of the League.

RHODE ISLAND

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning at Brown University, as reported by the *New Student*:

At Brown a Junior Kiwanis Club is being organized. The organization will include "men on the campus interested in boosting the name of Brown."

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE moral equivalent of the Monday Opera Club in the Baptist reaches of rural South Carolina, as described by a Blackville dispatch to the Columbia papers:

One of the most unique, unusual and important events of the season occurred here Tuesday evening, when Miss Martha Abigail Sanders and Mr. Ulysses Sill were united in marriage in the Baptist church. The symbols and color scheme of the Ku Klux Klan made beautiful decorations. The lights of the church were turned out, and the fiery cross, illuminated by many tiny electric lights, threw a lovely glow over the scene. It is estimated that there were 1,100 people present; 300 could not be seated. Promptly at 8 o'clock the wedding march began. Preceding the bridal party Klansmen began to march down both aisles, single file, turning near the rostrum and lining themselves against both side walls of the large auditorium, the lines almost filling both walls of the building. Next came the bridal party, consisting of eight Klansmen and eight bridesmaids. The bride, who was never more lovely than in the robe of the order, carrying a beautiful bouquet of bride roses, entered with the dame of honor. They were met on the rostrum by the groom and the officiating minister, a Klansman. All who took part in the wedding were robed, and all were masked except the bride and groom and dame of honor.

SOUTH DAKOTA

THE development of ecclesiastical ranks and dignities in the former haunts of the buffalo and the coyote, as revealed by the signatures to a petition presented to Congress by the Federation Council of the Churches of Christ in South Dakota.

THE REV. DAVIS J. PERRIN, D.D.

First Vice Superintendent of the Congregational Churches of South Dakota.

THE REV. A. PIERCE WALTZ

Second Vice Pastor of the Baptist Church at Ipswich, S. Dak.

THE REV. G. E. BOHNER

Third Vice Superintendent of the Evangelical Churches of South Dakota.

THE REV. D. M. BUTT

Fourth Vice Retired Former Superintendent of the Aberdeen District of the Presbyterian Church.

TEXAS

EXULTANT gloat of the great Christian journal, the eminent *Express* of San Antonio:

More Methodists are reading the daily newspapers today than ever before, and more Methodists are editors, publishers and writers of the newspapers than ever in the history of the church.

GLEANED from an Associated Press dispatch from the same town:

Beethoven Hall, headquarters of the San Antonio Ku Klux Klan . . .

VIRGINIA

NARROW victory of civic evolution in the foothills of the Little Walker mountains, as reported by a dispatch from Pulaski to the celebrated Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

Cows were banished from Pulaski streets in a referendum election today by a majority of two. There were 417 votes against and 415 for.

WASHINGTON

LAW ENFORCEMENT in rural Washington, as reported in a dispatch from Seattle to the Curtis papers:

About 225 members of the I. W. W. were loaded into six automobile trucks near Concrete, Wash., by Sheriff Conn of Skagit county and taken to the Snohomish county line, unloaded and told to keep going. The sheriff and twenty-two deputies marched upon a bridge over the Baker river leading to a hydroelectric plant, where a strike was on, and seized 150 men.

WISCONSIN

SINISTER notice on the magazine table in the public library at Madison, seat of the University of Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, and the State Hospital for the Insane:

NOTICE!

Help us to find the person who steals each week
The Nation

He sneaks it away and then sneaks it back again.

WYOMING

PROGRESS of science in the foothills of the Table Mountains, as revealed by an advertisement in the Green River *Star*:

I will remove tonsils and adenoids at your own home, eliminating the expense of hospital, which is much better for the patient by not being out in the atmosphere and avoiding the contracting of pneumonia. I have one of the best trained nurses to assist me.

THE CAREER OF AN ARTIST

BY ALVIN F. HARLOW

IN the matter of plain and fancy misrepresentation, politicians, press agents, newspaper reporters and medicine men have little, so to speak, on me. The plush-coat clique would be apt to refer to me as a mere draftsman; but in the prideful technology of the advertising business, I am a commercial artist; and it is the function of the commercial artist and the photo-engraver, when dealing with advertisers and publicity-seekers, to represent things, not as they are, but as they ought to be or as the client wishes they were.

There has been much improvement in advertising veracity during the twenty-five years which measure my career, but bunk still prevails to an extent which few realize, even with the evidences spread before every eye. Consider, for example, one of the milder forms of gentlemanly hokum still in vogue, namely, the Bird's Eye View, or as it is now more generally called, the Airplane View. No manufacturing plant is complete without its airplane view. Its principal function is to scintillate on the letterheads and advertising matter of the concern, but I've known manufacturers who had airplane views of their factories made at an expense of several hundred dollars, and then simply framed the drawings and hung them in the office—nothing more; when you could have stepped outside the office door and seen the plant itself, gratis and *au naturel*. There is an interesting psychological reason for this. You have, of course, seen the photograph in which Cousin Clarence or mayhap Aunt Jessie is so unbelievably dolled up, posed with such a dulcet smirk

and finished with such an obliteration of wrinkles, moles, warts and facial deformities that one could not swear that the picture did not represent Rudolph Valentino or Rubye De Remer. All bird's eye views are made after the same principle, save that as a flatterer the commercial artist is miles in advance of the portrait photographer. If any have ever been made any other way—and accepted by the customer—I haven't seen them.

The first inviolable rule in making a bird's eye view is that the plant shall appear much larger than it is. If the factory is a tolerably long one, it appears in the drawing as stretching out almost to the crack of doom. If there are twenty windows in the side of a building, they increase to at least thirty. An additional story, too, often appears. Many a two-story structure magically grows to three stories; and patent medicine factories have been known to add two or more stories and even to increase the number of buildings. By the same token, little ten-by-twelve tool houses may appear in the picture to be important units in the factory. Railroad tracks around and through the plant are increased in mileage, and there must be at least four or five switch engines trying to keep up with the task of moving the factory's colossal output and to supply its apparently insatiable maw with empty cars. The natty appearance of the buildings must be seen in the artist's drawing to be appreciated. Their walls and roofs are so free from any roughness or imperfection as positively to glitter. These drawings are in most cases made with the air brush, which imparts an almost ethereal softness

and smoothness to everything it pictures. If the factory is located in a city, the streets around it appear to be paved with plate glass; yet on this polished surface hordes of trucks and pedestrians go daringly to and fro about the company's business. The street is usually bordered with marvelously symmetrical shade trees, all of the same size and shape.

If the factory is located in a village or on the outskirts of town, no matter how ugly its surroundings may be, it is represented as being in the midst of a smiling landscape unsurpassed in beauty even by Moore's Sweet Vale of Avoca. I have seen factories whose environs were unkempt in the extreme—weeds as high as your head, junk thrown about everywhere, hillocks of earth and stone left by the excavators when the building was begun, piles of factory refuse—and yet in the picture the buildings appeared as set in beautifully parked grounds with rows of shade trees, velvety lawns—one could roller-skate on the lawns—flower beds, possibly even a fountain. I have seen a little muddy, odorous creek, covered with oil or green scum, metamorphosed by the hand of the artist into a sparkling river with steamboats going to and fro upon its bosom. And the funniest point of all is that this solemn bunk circulates right in the home town, where everybody knows the factory as it really is. Yet nobody laughs at it or condemns it; hokum has been common for so long that it is regarded as the regular and inevitable thing.

II

One of the boldest bits of faking that I ever saw was that of the proprietor of a business college in a certain middle western city several years ago. His school occupied the third floor of an old-fashioned office building down town, but at his behest we drew for him a picture of his institution, representing it as an extensive establishment located in the midst of a large campus whereon swarms of students disported themselves at baseball, football,

tennis and other pastimes. He used this in advertising all over the country. How he explained the discrepancy to students who came to his college I don't know; perhaps his excuse was that the picture represented a projected plant or one under construction somewhere in the city. I don't know what else he could have said. But think of the clear, cold, crystalline gall required to do that sort of thing, magnificently disregardful of consequences!

A similar fake was that of Doctors Q. J. and L. Z. Pyke, the well-known cancer specialists, who were later so extensively muck-raked by certain magazines. The Doctors Pyke had their offices and sanitarium in an old-fashioned residence at the edge of the downtown district. The building stood on a fifty-foot lot, other residences rubbing elbows with it. The doctors didn't need any more elaborate plant; they were coining money where they were. But for advertising purposes they employed us to draw a picture of their sanitarium, representing it as somewhere near the size of the State Capitol and located in a great park full of trees, shrubbery, fountains and winding drives. And then after achieving this triumph of art, we had to threaten suit before we could collect for it!

Three of mankind's greatest cravings are for money, for some sort of worship and for relief from pain; and on these three, therefore, the majority of swindlers build their fortunes. Some of the greatest fakery ever practiced with the aid of the artist and photo-engraver has been perpetrated by quack doctors and cure-all compounders. When I began my career, the quack and the patent medicine shark were in their prime. They still flourish, but they are not quite so numerous according to population, and their work must be cleverer, and a bit more discreetly done than in former days; for now there are laws!

Engravers today are still making before-and-after-taking pictures and fac-similes of testimonial letters. How and where the quacks get all these photographs and let-

ters it would take too long to explain. Many of the letters are plain fakes, of course, but some of them are written by poor boobs who actually believe that they have been benefited. They feel that they "can never sufficiently repay you," they "pray that God may bless you in your noble work," and so on. How they get that way it is hard to tell, though the artificial stimulation of the alcohol in the medicine may have something to do with it.

But my experience with illustrative work has convinced me that about nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of these before-and-after-taking pictures are partly or entirely spurious. Some of them are purely imaginary, the whole portrait having been drawn in water color by the commercial artist. Then a name is invented by the "doctor" or one of his staff and given to the supposed patient, and the address attached is either a town or a street which does not exist. Sometimes photographs of people long dead are used; in other cases an actual photograph of a living person is used and the subject is paid a modest stipend by the doctor to pose as a cure. But in any case, it's a thousand to one that the before-and-after appearance has been produced by the combined skill of the artist and engraver.

To begin with, no man or woman who is run down and emaciated from disease is apt to have a picture taken; so genuine before-taking photographs must be extremely hard to find. I myself have aided in the making of hundreds of fake ones. A touch of shadow under each cheek bone, a bit of darkening around the eyes to make them appear hollow, a little drawing down of the corners of the mouth, perhaps even a slight dishevelling of the hair, and there you have a sick man. We have even painted tumors, boils, pimples, scrofula, eczema and dozens of other afflictions on pictures of tolerably sound-looking faces and bodies. Then, after the cut is made, the retouching is washed off the photograph and it is glorified a bit—

wrinkles are painted out, sparkle is put into the eyes, the corners of the mouth perhaps twitched up in just the suggestion of a smile, and there is your sound, healthy, contented man who has been made over and inducted into a new life by six bottles of Liquozone or Kickapoo Indian Sagwa.

Some of the most artistic of these ante-and-post jobs have been done on the supposed pupils of direct-by-mail physical culture instructors. Put a man of average physical development into the hands of an expert commercial photographer, and miracles can be worked with him. He must have two bust photographs made, bare to the waist. In the first he folds his arms loosely or lets them hang dejectedly by his side, lets his shoulders slump forward, and assumes a woe-begone expression. The artist now takes charge of the print, puts the touches about the face that make it thin, and adds a number of light strokes across the trunk to indicate the position of every rib, thereby making the subject look like a famine sufferer. The outline of the arm muscles can even be reduced by a skilful retoucher. This done, we have before us a weak, anemic individual who, before he began taking daily exercises, was without ambition and without hope; who had scarcely strength to drag himself to the table, and when he got there, dared eat nothing heavier than milk toast, because of his poor digestion.

But now the subject poses again—not only on the same day, but perhaps within five minutes of the time of making the other picture. He folds his arms tightly across his chest so as to bulge the biceps upward and throws his shoulders back in a peacock strut, meanwhile assuming a proud, confident, self-satisfied expression. Or he may extend his arms outward from the shoulder and bend the forearms upward in a sort of square-cornered letter U; the fists are clenched tightly to swell the arm and shoulder muscles, and as he is photographed against a dark background, the artist finds it easy to enlarge these muscles by the clever use of a little white

paint. The finished job represents Mr. Anthony Heckenspeck, of No. 999 East 136th street, New York City, before and after indulging in Professor Hercules Milo's physical culture correspondence course of twenty weekly lessons. The photographs are accompanied by a testimonial letter from Mr. Heckenspeck, in which he declares that the benefits obtained have been so great that if the course had cost him ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) he would say that it was money well spent.

I have seen a number of cancer quacks during my career, but in that midwestern city of ours we used to have some of the best in the business—and by best I mean the nerviest and least conscientious. The Drs. Pyke, for example, were pretty good, but they were excelled by two others whom I shall call Drs. Jinks and Jimmison. The Drs. J. and J. flashed upon the town one day in the cyclonic fashion popular with such grafters, leased a suite of offices, began spreading quarter- and half-page advertisements through the newspapers, and within a week had patients fighting for admission to their consulting-rooms.

Our engraving house reaped a rich harvest from those fellows. Every two or three days their representative came over to our place with a batch of photographs. Among them were pictures of people afflicted with some of the most dreadful tumors that anyone ever saw. I think it probable that the doctors had photographs made of all the worst cases that came to them and used them only in cities where they did business thereafter. Certainly, unless the subjects were bribed, it would require more nerve even than the average quack possesses to sponsor, right in the home town of a patient, what they next ordered us to do; and that was to paint out the tumors entirely, and put in smooth, healthy, velvety skin. The resulting engravings were supposed to represent the patients after taking treatment from Drs. J. and J.

But the worst is yet to come. They brought us also numerous cabinet photo-

graphs which they had gathered somewhere and somehow, mostly of rather rustic or ignorant looking folk, but apparently in excellent health. These represented the subjects after being treated by the world-famous specialists; now we must show them as they looked before. Accordingly, we were instructed to paint upon every photograph some horrific growth! Even with years of experience behind me, I felt somewhat like a yellow dog while perpetrating this stuff; but M., another artist of rather more callous temperament, who had begun his career as a painter and letterer of railroad cars, rather enjoyed, I think, the thrill of achieving something peculiarly nauseating.

"Look here, Bill!" he would exclaim, hurrying to my table with a shocking example in his hand and his face aglow with honest pride, "I think I've done a humdinger on this one!" and usually he had! His productions gave the Drs. Jinks and Jimmison entire satisfaction.

III

There was in that city (and may be yet) an old chap calling himself Dr. Q. who manufactured a cure-all which he called Brazilian Balm—most of the ingredients being Roots and Herbs Procured at Enormous Expense and Hazard from the Uttermost Depths of the Great Tropical Forests whence flow the Mighty Tributaries of the Amazon. Dr. Q. concocted his stuff in a little building fronting on an alley out in a cheap residence district of the city and had not over a dozen employés, but his advertising would have led you to believe that his plant was as large as the Gary steel works; and incidentally, that little shack was yielding him a substantial income.

At the time when America was just learning that there is such an affliction as "la grippe"—doctors call it influenza now—Dr. Q. announced to a gratified world that Brazilian Balm was the greatest, nay, the only specific yet discovered for the new

disease; and on that theory, he sold tons of it. The doctor, who was a solemn, wizened little old chap with a gray chin beard, was his own advertising manager. He came to me one day when the gripe epidemic was just getting under way and said, "I want you to draw me a picture of a gripe germ."

"Have you had one photographed?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, ignoring my flippant tone.

"Then what am I to work from, Doctor?" I asked. "I don't recall ever having seen a gripe germ in my life, nor a picture of one."

He dismissed this objection with a wave of the hand.

"That doesn't matter," he said. "Just draw an egg-shaped thing with one eye on the smaller end and a lot of long, wriggly legs"—he illustrated with sinuous movements of his arms,—“like cuttlefish tentacles, you know. That's the way a gripe germ looks. But be sure to make it horrible looking."

With some misgivings I set to work to evolve a Dantean conception of the desired microbe from my imagination, and made a pencil sketch of it. The doctor declared that it was remarkably lifelike, and only needed a few more legs to make it perfect. If I would judiciously distribute about half a dozen here and there, the thing would be just right. I did so, and he was delighted. That cut appeared in his advertising for years afterwards under the caption, "Gripe Germ From a Photograph. Magnified 1,600 Diameters."

Another group of charlatans came to our fair city—and this hasn't been so very many years ago, either—and engaged a whole floor in our largest and newest office building. The newspaper advertising of this aggregation (sometimes running to full pages) had been done by only one man, Dr. Telfourd Tomson, but there must have been at least half a dozen of the "Doctors." I saw that many myself. One who couldn't have begun to handle the volume of busi-

ness which their display advertising quickly worked up. Clients were soon sitting around their reception-room four deep, impatiently awaiting consultation. Perhaps each one of these poor dupes was made to believe that he was being treated by the real and only Doctor Tomson—when, as a matter of fact, there may not have been a single one of the gang who legitimately bore that name. As I recall his advertising, Dr. Tomson magnificently agreed to cure all diseases.

Our engraving shop had acquired a high reputation among the quacks, and we got all of Dr. Tomson's business. The particular specialist who conducted all negotiations with us was a smug, sedate gentleman with glistening black hair and shaven lips but impressive side whiskers. Under his direction we prepared numerous before-and-after photographs, but we went farther than this and made a number of entirely original drawings of persons bent double by rheumatism, children with rickets, shocking cases of scrofula and various skin troubles, also diseased organs, such as hearts, livers, lungs and kidneys, all of which we represented as being in desperate case, indeed. Each and every one of these creations was advertised as having been made from an actual photograph showing the condition of a bona fide patient just before Dr. Telfourd Tomson took hold of the apparently hopeless case. The name of the sufferer was delicately withheld from the advertising, but anyone desiring to check up on the matter would be given the name by Dr. Tomson upon private inquiry. I doubt whether anyone ever made such an inquiry; sufferers from disease were too eager to believe and others were too busy with their own affairs to care; but if you had inquired, you would probably have learned that such-and-such a picture was an actual photograph of the late widow of Mrs. Camelia Higgins, of No. 2483 Colorado Circle avenue, La Juana, Cal., just before Dr. Telfourd Tomson received it to retouch and thereby saved the life of its owner. The brutal truth that

I, a hack draughtsman, had evolved the thing from an old medical text-book and suggestions by the solemn emissary of Dr. Tomson, if revealed to you, might have destroyed your faith in mankind. I say it might have; but the probabilities are that after a brief period of cynicism you would have fallen for the very next plausible quack that came along. After years of observation of human reactions to advertising, I venture to say that Tia Juana was so far away from our town and most of our suffering citizens would have been so overwhelmed by the polysyllabic proof offered, that not one of them would have gone so far as to ascertain whether Mrs. Gwendolen Pipgras did exist or ever had existed.† And of course there may have been a real Mrs. Pipgras on the pay-roll of Dr. Tomson, ready to admit having been cured by him of any and all diseases known to the medical profession.

IV

Many middle-aged folk will remember the furor created a quarter of a century ago by Francis Schlatter, the divine healer, who arose in the West and drew so many disciples to him and seemed to be making such a good thing of it that, as in all cases of business success, an imitator presently appeared. This imitator's name was Schafer, or at least he so called himself, hoping, perhaps, by the similarity of names to confuse the ignorant and delude them into believing him the original healer.

I was working late at the office on a rush job one Summer Saturday afternoon. Everyone else had departed when I heard a step outside my pen, and turning, saw a strange vision. A man clad in a long, monkish brown robe, corded at the waist and reaching nearly to the floor, stood before me. He was bareheaded, his long brown hair fell to his shoulders, and he wore a forked, wavy beard. It was a great make-up. His brown eyes might have been called gentle had they not had something shifty and hang-dog about them.

"Good evening!" said I.

"Good evening!" he responded, and then introduced himself; "I am Schafer."

Evidently he didn't think it necessary to explain Schafer, and at that period it wasn't. I had heard of him.

"I want to see about having a cut made of myself," said he. "An engraving, you know."

He didn't explain how the cut was to be used, but I supposed that he must be judiciously using printed publicity; perhaps he had a press agent. I quoted prices on halftones.

"Have you a photograph from which we can make the cut?" I asked.

"Well, no," he confessed, hesitatingly. "I sort of thought maybe you'd have something—"

He broke off and left me befogged as to his meaning. I sat looking at him inquiringly.

"I thought perhaps," he went on, his glance shifting from mine to the walls or the floor at every other word, "that you had some picture of Christ's head that could be used for mine. You see, people think I look a great deal like Christ, and so—"

I stared at him, amazed at his impudence. His make-up was obviously planned to copy the traditional appearance of Jesus; but the thought occurred to me that the lowly Nazarene, meek as He was, could hardly have worn the look and manner of a sheep-killing dog, as did my prospective customer.

We made a halftone plate of Jesus for him, and he used it regularly thereafter as a portrait of himself!

Oh, yes, we commercial artists help all the healers and cults to prove their doctrines! I am not sure that religious charlatans have not taken as much money from gullible humankind as either stock swindlers or quack doctors—perhaps more.

There is a certain old gentleman for whom we occasionally engrave a cut which has to do with spiritualism. He brought us a picture one day which he said had

been painted by spirits in less than ten minutes, and asked us to make a halftone from it. It was the portrait of a young woman (at least, we took it that she was intended to be young) done on a plaque about the size of a large dinner plate. I had always supposed that anything performed by denizens of the spirit world must necessarily be of a quality so far surpassing human achievement as to appear perfection in our eyes; but this painting was so crude that we would have been apt to suspect that the spirits had not given even five minutes to it had it not been for the evidences of slow and painfully laborious work in the execution of it. The brush strokes were faltering and amateurish in the extreme, and some parts had been painted over and over again. There were plenty of pupils in our Manual Training School who could have done better work. And down at the lower edge of the plaque, where the paint was thin, we used a magnifying glass and made an interesting discovery—namely, that the spirits had found it necessary to outline the drawing in pencil before applying the paint—just like ordinary amateur artists!

The old man who brought us the painting was so sincere and seemed to believe in it so implicitly that I am constrained to believe he himself was one of the dupes. That crude, unlovely thing—with some of its rawness softened and concealed, it is true, by the reduction in size and the imperfect rendering of the black and white print—appeared in a magazine devoted to such things, and no doubt was regarded with open-mouthed awe by the devotees as a genuine psychic phenomenon.

Not long ago I met a rather unique type of religious promoter. Mrs. X. was a plump woman in the thirties whose face would have been prepossessing had it been more highly illumined from within by the light of intelligence. She expressed much uneasiness at being compelled to come to our office in person on her errand, because she said she was so well known by the public that the stares whenever she went

out caused her continual embarrassment. Our own organization, however, had to confess itself so far behind the times that we had never heard of her.

Mrs. X. claimed that she was the rightful head of a certain great religious cult—in fact, she admitted that she had been divinely chosen for the job—but said she was being kept out of her rights by a band of grafters who were holding control of the organization for the money there was in it. The whole movement was thereby being split into factions and its very life endangered. So bitter had been the opposition to her that she had been compelled to flee from the city where the headquarters of the cult were located to avoid assassination, and even now she was in constant danger of being poisoned.

She had, however, written a book which (if she could raise the money to pay for its publication) would be the means of placing her in her proper position at the head of the church. The whole country was clamoring for this work and awaiting its publication, one might say, with bated breath. The contents of the book had been divinely revealed to her. As a paragraph in her prospectus said:

When very close to death, living alone in a store-room, left there alone to die or be killed by immigrants who had access to the building by day and by night, she, while in this condition (a modern Daniel in the lion's den) heard a voice from out the silence say to her, "You must write a book." She answered, "I cannot." The voice said: "You cannot, but God can through you." The voice from that hour dictated so continuously to her that it required four secretaries to receive the message from her which she received from God. She dictated six hundred pages in twenty-nine days and nights.

Just why immigrants should be so inimical to her I do not know. There appeared to be—mind, I merely say that there *appeared* to be—slight inconsistencies here and there in her various statements. Why she was so brutally flung into this store-room to die and by whom, were other facts which she did not reveal to me. But in another place she stated that the wonderful revelation came to her in the soli-

rudes of the Great Smoky Mountains, in Tennessee, whither she had gone to regain her strength "after a surgical operation so severe that the doctors had held out absolutely no hope of recovery or even continued life." Now, anyone who is familiar with the Smoky Mountains will agree with me that they are not infested with immigrants, either of the harmless or murderous species. Furthermore, it is rather difficult to get good secretaries at a moment's notice down there—but perhaps the revelation was thoughtfully held up until Mrs. X. could procure her quota of stenographers from the nearest employment agency.

Anyhow, I made a drawing of the revelation, to be used in her literature. It was rather difficult (from my point of view, at least) to harmonize the various elements in her description of the scene and make it appear logical, but I dare say her followers swallowed my picture whole, without a grain of salt. I showed her lying on a bed of straw in the corner of a rough, bare room, while above her, from the midst of a golden cloud, the light of inspiration was breaking, to stream down through roof and ceiling upon her. Near her the four stenographers (who had contrived to supply themselves with typewriters and tables, even in that remote spot) were laboring at top speed to keep pace with the disquisition which flowed from the seer's lips. (I suppose all four of the stenographers worked continuously during the twenty-nine days and nights.) In the semi-darkness of an adjoining room the man-eating immigrants, hideous of mien but deterred from entering by fear of the divine radiance, growled and gnashed their teeth impotently. Truly a thrilling scene and one probably never duplicated elsewhere in the world's history. The mere feat of dictating to four stenographers at once and keeping them all busy is doubtless unique.

But that woman was able to convince a sufficient number of people with her twaddle to earn a good living. When I last

heard of her she was running a "Life Center" in New York City, and no doubt she is surrounded by devotees who believe that she is, as she says, a great leader unjustly deprived of her rights. She asserts that she has "healed many of the worst forms of sin," as well as "about every known disease of importance; also has solved a great number of business problems. She has successfully, through spiritual understanding, saved million dollar companies from failure." This is not surprising when you learn that in one section of her book she gives "full instruction in salesmanship, detective system, the great problems of Presidents of Companies. The understanding of how to stop strikes."

What can be said in favor of the so-called human race, when so amateurish a humbug can gain approval, testimonial letters and financial support from supposedly rational people?

V

I've wrested the truth for sharks in other lines, too. I've drawn pictures of mining operations in full blast and taking out quantities of valuable ore, when the truth of the matter was, as I suspected in some cases and learned for a certainty in others, that the promoters owned nothing but a piece of blank ground with no ore in it. I've drawn pictures of supposedly large and flourishing but in reality almost non-existent towns adjacent to great water-power projects. I've depicted suburban real estate with paved streets, rows of shade trees and a pretty home dotted here and there as bait, when as a matter of fact, neither the paving nor the trees nor the homes were on the ground, and in a few cases they never got there.

Partly by drawing and partly by retouching, patching and otherwise juggling photographs, I have placed persons, animals and buildings in environments highly misleading to the observer, to say the best of it; but the finished job looked so much like a real photograph that multitudes of

folk unacquainted with the technique of the engraving shop have believed the yarn told by the picture, often to their great financial loss. Those fairy pictures, for example, over which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle became so enthusiastic—"actual" photographs of fairies taken in sylvan spots with a human being also in the picture to give scale to the tiny elves—the production of such pictures would be a simple job in any photo-engraving shop.

Even legitimate businesses have certain little genteel prevarications (those bird's eye views, for example) which are known as such by most people who see them, and yet which are tacitly accepted as the natural thing. In fact, we who look at them prefer the exaggeration or idealization to the truth. Nobody save the very small boy believes that we shall actually see in the circus one-fifth of what the circus posters promise; and yet those posters are so firmly established in our minds as the legitimate and normal method of circus advertising that if one of the big shows should come along, picturing its acts and attractions as they really are, we would refuse to patronize it—we would be unable to believe that it was any more than a third-rate aggregation.

By the same token we look tolerantly upon the railroad map which would have us believe that the company's line between here and there is as straight as a steel rule, when the truth is that it is as devious as the trail of a snake crawling over a stone-

heap. We are accustomed to the fiction and do not complain of it. Likewise, when the booster literature of our own city claims for it the largest glue factory in the world, the greatest assortment of manufactured articles in the world and sundry other supremacies, we regard such propaganda as being quite legitimate, even though we have a secret suspicion that certain other cities may logically challenge some of the statements.

The 1,400-pound hog (was there ever a hog as heavy as that?) which was brought up entirely on Marvelo Stock Food I still picture with a back as broad and flat as the side of a packing case, a heavily bulging brow and a mere button of a nose. I never saw a hog like that, but it's the conventional way of picturing prize swine, and we must conform to it or lose the business. Stock are still represented as forsaking all other food for Dr. Squankum's Medicated Salt Brick, and the manufacturer of a medicine for children still has the nerve, even in this advanced and moral age, to represent it as so delectable in taste that children cry for it.

Kipling in one of his poems looks forward yearningly to that happy hereafter when each of us artists "shall paint the thing as he sees it." If I were suddenly called to that sphere at this moment, I'm afraid I'd have to practice a bit before I could draw things as my physical eye sees them—I've done so little of it in my career!

PLAY A WALTZ

BY DAVID MERRILL ANDERSON

SEATED at one of the open windows, with his legs stretched out, Walker wondered why he was there. Why a cheap dance hall on a Summer evening, when he could have gone up to the Park, or to a concert in the Stadium, or to bed? Why come to revel at a place that was raw and tawdry through and through, from the dingy pink crêpe festooned around posts even dingier, to the couples that some vast and tormenting urge had driven here, to send them milling about, milling about, rhythmic cattle in twos?

The warm air was charged with unhappy perfumes that fought each other like phantom reptiles. At the corners of the hall the Japanese lanterns would no doubt have been very cheering if they had been lighted. Here and there along the edge a youthful exhibitionist was displaying to a group of semi-tolerant friends some new steps which he had snatched from vaudeville. Near the entrance stood an amateur soda counter where pop awaited the thirsty. "Oh, what pop!" Walker reflected.

Not that he in the least regretted being in this place. No. He was placidly enjoying himself, perched there at the window with a breeze of sorts on his back. There was nowhere else that he especially wanted to be. He merely wondered. Why, for example, if he hankered for a public dance hall, couldn't he have gone to one of the places uptown like Melodyland or Dance Paradise, where there was at least good jazz and a certain kind of checkered, vest beauty? Here, four pieces and pretty bad ones at that—usually one of the orchestra talking to his light o' love and leaving the

tune to the mercies of the other three, which meant that they tore their instruments apart to keep up the requisite volume of noise. It was for just such reasons, Walker decided, that he came here, instead of to Melodyland.

He would probably have admitted a certain feeling of superiority. Here was he, Christopher Walker, graduate of the University of Michigan and credit investigator for the Union-American Trust Company, gazing on the yokels. Not quite so bad as that, of course. In fact, he was getting ready to ask one of the lady-yokels for a dance. He still felt a certain hesitation, not exactly shyness, about asking a girl whom he didn't know to dance with him. They were sometimes strangely aloof in dance halls of this sort.

The woman he had mentally picked out to dance with was a creature with a good deal of grace. That was all, to be sure. He could see that in other ways she was hopeless. Curious how such little tricks—a certain way of nodding the head or shrugging the shoulder—could betray her as utterly as the more obvious tricks of chewing gum or screaming occasionally in conversation—which were tricks she possessed also. But she was very slender, almost too slender. Around her throat she had wound a colored scarf. Her dress was of black lace, ending briefly about fawn-colored, lustrous stockings that flowed about the hall. Of her face Walker noticed little except that it was what one commonly found here in the way of prettiness,—and that her eyebrows were tweezed to a pencil line.

She had the peculiar knack of seeming

to dance beautifully with good and bad dancers alike.

As she sat down at the end of the dance, her partner, a masterpiece of commonplaceness with varnished hair and corset lines, crossed the floor to find someone else. Walker was about to ask the girl to dance with him when a sturdy, purposeful figure bobbed in ahead. Walker glanced and smiled. It was a perfect college sophomore. He could not be a freshman, a junior or senior. He was very correct, very self-conscious and earnest in what he was about. He bowed to the girl, smiled manfully and said: "May I have this dance with you, please?"

She scarcely glanced at him. It was apparent that she had already looked him over to her satisfaction and had put him down as a bore.

She shook her head languidly.

"Sorry," she murmured, and went on chewing her gum. The sophomore hesitated, then retreated unhappily. Walker knew that his spirit was broken for the rest of the evening. As for Walker himself, it put him on his mettle. He sat where he was during the remainder of the dance, but at the beginning of the next he ambled over to the seat beside the girl.

"Dancing?" he asked.

She turned her head and faced him with a certain skeptical air.

"Maybe."

He stood up.

"Come on, then."

They danced. The girl really could dance, he acknowledged approvingly. That instinctive, effortless following of a partner,—that was the only thing which counted in a woman's dancing, and she had it. They did not talk, for neither had anything to say to the other and they did not feel the need of talk. They were there to dance. Dance, then. Once in a while he would make some remark about the floor, the orchestra, or the quarrel which the buxom woman who ran the place was having with one of her more demonstrative patrons.

"Don't you want a bottle of pop?" asked Walker at length, and then, even before she had a chance to shake her head, "Look!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that pathetic!"

He saw something that he knew would amuse the girl, because it meant laughing at somebody else's expense. She was that kind. They were just passing a man of fifty, some five-feet-three in height, well along toward baldness, who was plodding like a ploughman about the floor with a woman considerably larger than himself. It was not that he was older than anyone else there, or a "stout stub," as his tailor no doubt classified him, that made him seem so incongruous. It was a combination of two things. First there was a terrific earnestness in the man's face—rather a fine face, Walker reflected, which would have interested him under any circumstances. Then there was his utter lack of the things that make people dance. There was no joy, no grace, no sense of rhythm, and above all, no lightness. Heavy, heavy, heavy! The lowing herd . . .

"Oh!" said the girl with something that was not quite contempt. "Him! He's always here."

Then she added, as they stopped with the music, "Whenever I am, anyway. He's kind o' crazy 'bout me. He's my boss."

Walker nodded. He sensed that if he did more than that, if he showed the slightest direct interest in her affairs or in this veteran tugging about the hall, she would turn into silence itself.

"He wants me to stop working and marry him," she went on, reflectively. "All the girls at the office are jealous because he's so crazy about me. They say he's lettin' the business go to smash. Yeah, he wants me to marry him, but I won't. Can you see me married to him?"

Walker shook his head with a sympathetic grin. The sympathy was not, perhaps, for her, but it served.

"That's why he comes here. He wants to learn to dance, so he's taking lessons. I won't dance with him. That woman you

"Well, you see now it's like this," she explained absently. "If I went to the Palais Rouge I'd have to dance with him, and I couldn't do that. Maybe you saw that feller I had the dance with before you. He's a swell dancer. Oh, swe-e-ell! He comes here all the time, too. We usually win the five dollars in the prize one-step contests here on Thursday nights, him and me. Mr. Novak—that's my boss—doesn't like him. I says to Mr. Novak, 'If you don't like my friends, that's your tough luck. I go with the people I like, and if you don't like Gus Kaiser, you don't have to watch me dance with him, but you could learn something if you did.' Course that gets him mad, but he never really acts mad and shoots his mouth off, or hits you. He just gets weepy-like. That makes me sore, when he goes around with his mouth like he was going to burst. Sometimes he says he'll go down and get me, but he never does. I tell him that if you do, I wouldn't be down with him."

Gus had beckoned and she was gone, leaving a disgruntled Walker—a Walker full of strangely sophomoric emotions.

II

Walker recovered his seat on the windowsill and resumed his reflections. His interest centred now chiefly on the round man who was leaning against the chimney brackets and smoking, some of whom were occasionally smoking, started through his mind and he thought of the man who owned his own chimney, barrel.

Mr. Novak was not missing a dance. The moment the orchestra broke out into its pungent cacophony, he encircled the green gown of his mentor and resumed his appointed rounds. Occasionally he would trip, or they would get so mired in clashing rhythms that they would have to come to a full stop. But this affected things not at all, and he was apparently quite oblivious of the smiles that sprang up around the edge of the hall as they passed.

At the end of that dance Mr. Novak, left standing near Walker's window, twisted a little uncomfortably in his warm, tight coat and sat down.

"Good music here," he said presently.

As Walker nodded, he had the feeling that the man wanted to talk to him. He watched him and waited. There was a certain masculine innocence about the man that aroused his curiosity. His cheeks were very smooth, his mouth rather large and kindly, and in his eyes was something strangely unhardened, considering that he was so very much of Manhattan.

"I bet his clipping bureau is inefficient as the devil," thought Walker. "When you order them to watch the newspapers for any space given to Lincoln Overcoats, they send you clippings about the Lincoln Memorial and Lincoln, Nebraska. Especially if that dizzy girl of his is doing the work."

"Some good dancers, too," said Mr. Novak.

Again Walker nodded.

"That girl in the black dress, now," ventured Mr. Novak. "I happened to see you dancing with her. She's a good dancer."

"Indeed she is," said Walker, enthusiastically.

"She's about the best on the floor," said Mr. Novak.

"Easily."

"She's a pretty girl, too."

"Yes indeed she is."

The conversation lagged.

"She's a friend of mine," said Mr. Novak at length. "We come up here pretty often. I can't dance like she can, though."

"Most people can't."

"No, they can't, can they? I'm learning, though. I'm taking lessons. Maybe you noticed the lady in the green dress I was dancing the last dance with? She's an instructor. She says that I will know all the steps before very long. I'm not so sure, though. It seems to me I get along a lot better with a waltz than anything else. It isn't so darn fast, you don't get your feet tangled. But I wouldn't think of asking that girl to even waltz with me—that girl you had the last dance with. Not till I know how to dance real good. Then I will. I asked *her* if she didn't think I waltzed better than I used to, from looking at me, and she said she did. But some of the young girls don't like waltzes so well.

"You know, this girl has got brains, too, for all she's so pretty," Mr. Novak went on, his conversation impelled by the same magnetic force that lured his eyes again and again to a slim figure in black lace on the dance floor. "You don't expect a pretty girl to be smart—but *she* is. And she's a good girl, too. I know a man that's made enough money to buy her everything she wants and he's wild to marry her. . . . But she won't. . . . Not yet, anyway. . . . Say, I'd like to know what you think . . ."

He pointed quickly and furtively at Gus and the girl as they slithered past.

"What do you think of him? Is he such a wonderful dancer? I mean, there's plenty of others just as good, aren't there? If, for instance, you or me was to take a good many lessons, we could dance as good as he can, now couldn't we?"

He was peering at Walker anxiously. Though he hated himself for doing it, Walker could not help nodding his head with conviction. The man brightened.

"I guess I'll let this dance go by," he said, as the music pounded forth. "I've done every one so far, and it's a good idea to sit one out once in a while. I can't talk with most of these young fellows and girls, though, very well. They always seem to

have some clever new stuff that I haven't quite got on to.

"Say," he went on, in a lower tone. "Did you notice when you danced with that girl how nice she looked in the pearl necklace? That's just right for her. And with the black dress, too. It stands off just right. Tell you something: I gave her that necklace. Once in a while I give her a little something. Nothing very much, you know. That necklace isn't real. It's a good imitation, though, don't you think? They say that even the rich society ladies are wearing imitation pearls more and more, because they're afraid of having their real ones stolen. What do you think, huh? Sometimes I give her little things like that, and she always looks wonderful in them. Those stockings, now. I got her those. I like to see her dance in them. She comes up here about four evenings a week, and I come up too, so I can learn to dance. I hate it, but I want to learn. And then I like to be up here where I can keep an eye on what kind of fellers this girl is dancing with. (I'm a friend of hers, I told you.) Now some men, like you, it's all right for her to dance with. But there's a lot of these others . . . well, I don't say anything to her about it, but I kind of like to be here, so . . . well, so as if anything should happen.

"I suppose that's the next dance. Is it a waltz, can you tell? I guess I'd better get to work. A waltz is what I do best."

He rose reluctantly and started to cross the floor. Then he turned impulsively toward Walker, who detected in his face a

suppressed excitement. Walker saw that he was in a mood for confession, for the sharing of his inmost secret.

"Tell you something," faltered Mr. Novak, as his eyes roved away from Walker's again and fastened on a slender design in black, toying along the opposite end of the hall.

"Tell you something," he repeated. "I'm sweet on that girl." Then, catching Walker's encouraging smile, he faced about suddenly and sought his amazon. She, at least, would dance with him then and there. It came to Walker for the first time, as Mr. Novak resumed his adventurous course about the floor, that his waltz was a fox trot.

Walker felt rather sick mentally. He liked Mr. Novak. He tried to blame the girl, but could not make it fit. She was obeying instinct in strict military fashion.

As the dance number thundered out its final chord, Walker tossed his cigarette out the window and made his way toward the door. Gus and girl were fused in one of those earnest, inaudible conversations which are achieved only after long practice in the company of the curious. Mr. Novak, clapping vigorously for an encore, smiled cavalierly at Walker as he passed. The formidable instructress, an unlikable woman in a bad mood, had deserted Mr. Novak momentarily.

"Play a waltz, Mike," she was imploring the man at the piano in an angry whisper. "Another fox'll put me on crutches. Fer the luvvagawd play a waltz!"

CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

On Illusions.—The world respects the man who smashes its philosophical illusions, but it despises the man who smashes its emotional ones.

The Master Illusion.—The chief merit of democracy is seldom mentioned by its advocates: it is, by long odds, the most *charming* of all forms of government. I use charming in its most literal sense, as meaning capable of producing an agreeable illusion. The illusion here is to the effect that the people rule. All enlightened men, of course, know that this is not true—but not the people themselves. The sham battle of the campaign, the grotesque mouthing of unintelligible issues, the solemn hocus-pocus of voting, counting the vote, guarding against fraud—all this takes them in quite easily. They get out of their participation in it a sense of power—which is what makes judges, gang bosses, city editors of newspapers, archbishops and police sergeants happy. They get out of it, too, a feeling that they are wise, that their opinions are consulted, that their verdicts have a mystical sapience—which is what makes United States Senators, fortune tellers and young intellectuals happy. They get out of it, finally, a conviction that they have done their duty—which is what makes hangmen, husbands and chiropractors happy.

I have many theoretical objections to democracy, and sometimes urge them with such heat that it probably goes beyond the bounds of sound taste, but I am thoroughly convinced, nevertheless, that the democratic nations are happier than any other. The United States today, indeed, is probably the happiest the world has ever seen. Taxes are high, but they are still well

within the means of the taxpayer: he could pay twice as much and yet survive. The laws are innumerable and idiotic, but only prisoners in the penitentiaries and persons under religious vows ever obey them. The country is governed by rogues, but there is no general dislike of rogues: on the contrary, they are esteemed and envied. Best of all, the people have the pleasant feeling that they can make improvements at any time they want to—that if things ever become unbearable they can elect Dr. La Follette, Gene Debs or some other such necromancer to the presidency, and so get relief at one crack. Why don't they do it now? Simply because they do not think things *are* unbearable. On the contrary, they believe that things are very agreeable. In other words, they are happy. Democrats are always happy. Democracy is a sort of laughing gas. It will not cure anything, perhaps, but it unquestionably stops the pain.

There is another merit of democracy that is heard of only to be derided: its tendency to make the inferior man think well of himself, even to strut a bit. This greatly outrages the sort of persons who join restaurant Opera Clubs, and grovel before visiting grand duchesses. That is to say, it outrages bounders. I have never heard of any man of genuine dignity who objected to dignity in his inferiors; on the contrary, all such men that I know encourage it. They are polite to menials, make no display of their special privileges, and are not above discussing politics with the ice-man. Democracy, true enough, does not promote the multiplication of such persons, but it at least discourages servility in the ranks below. The only good that England has got out of the late war, perhaps, is this:

that English servants are no longer the dreadful crawlers that they used to be. Before the war it was positively painful to have truck with them: their slimy bowings, scrapings and "Thank yous" were almost nauseating. Now they have stiffer necks—and all the more recent gentry of the realm are greatly perturbed. In America servants are seldom servile, and when they are they are almost always foreigners—and their masters are Episcopalians who were hard-shell Baptists until 1917. When I go into a house, and the door-opener inquires affably how my rheumatism is coming along and tells me what his sister's husband's aunt took for hers, I am always certain, at least, of one thing: that the mistress of the mansion was born a lady. When the fellow cringes I never mention anything, at dinner, that happened before the year 1900. Nor do I venture to discuss Methodism, cabbage or the pants business.

Experience and Imagination.—Actual experience is often the foe and vanquisher of imagination. What soldier has written of battle as Stephen Crane wrote? What Negro or other Southerner has composed a song of the Southland like Stephen Foster's? What god has ever fashioned an angel as beautiful as one of Raphael's?

Number One.—Much sentimental mush is written about a man's first sweetheart. Take, for example, your own case. Try, if you will, to think of her name! A man's first sweetheart is generally less a subject for the poets than for Havlock Ellis.

Politics.—Politics is a peep-show the particular low humor of which is derived from the circumstance that the performers have their eyes glued to the other end of the same keyhole that is used by the onlooking customers.

The Metamorphosis of American Romance.—The old live romance of America, so infinitely brilliant and exciting, has been slowly put through the sausage machine of

commercialism and moral prosaicism and come out a dead thing. The Indian has been converted from a flaming red arrow of the forests into a dime sideshow exhibit at Coney Island and a ham in Wild West shows. The train robber of the plains has become a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the hobo of the railroad ties has been transformed into an autobiographer and popular magazine poet. The three card monte and shell game professors of yesteryear are now oil stock salesmen; the old river-boat gamblers are rich bootleggers and members of respectable society, with ringside tables at the best night clubs and houses at Palm Beach. The American sailor has become a member of the Y. M. C. A. and a follower of Pola Negri, Monte Blue and Norma Talmadge. The cowboy reads the *Adventure* magazine by day and sits in a movie theatre at night. The old romantic swindlers of Wall Street, those giants of venturesomeness and audacity twenty and thirty years ago, have reformed, have bought pews in the swell local churches and have become chairmen of membership committees in golf clubs. . . . Let us draw out our handkerchiefs and shed a tear. Gone is the America of our boyhood!

Masse-Mensch.—It has been said that whenever a man encounters a woman in a mood he doesn't understand, he wants to know if she is tired. Similarly, when a man encounters a woman who is sad, he invariably believes that her sadness can only have some association with love.

The White Shirts.—The charge that the Ku Klux Klan is devoted to murder and other violence, heard so often in its first days, is now heard no more. There is, indeed, no direct evidence that the Klan, as such, has ever bumped off a single victim; and whatever the number, the New York Central Railroad, during the past five years, has certainly killed at least a hundred times as many. Now and then, perhaps, individual members of the Klan, operating

under the constitutions of Georgia, Alabama or Texas, have butchered a black-moor or tarred a loose woman, but to blame the organization for their doings is as absurd as to blame the Freemasons for the adulteries of the late King Edward VII, a grand master of their order. So far as I can make out, all the open battles that the Klan has engaged in have been started by its enemies. This was certainly true of the slaughters in Illinois and Pennsylvania. In both cases Klansmen assembling peacefully to pay their devotions to God, John Wesley and the Imperial Wizard were set upon by armed opponents, and had to fight for their lives. No one alleges that they had any designs upon the lives or persons of their neighbors. They came together simply to hear their pastors denounce the Jews and the Pope. I believe that American citizens have an inalienable right to assemble for such a purpose when the spirit moves them, and that they are justified in resisting by force when anyone tries to stop them.

The fact that such denunciations of the Jews and the Pope are commonly false has nothing whatever to do with it. Who knows positively, indeed, that they are false? And if they are, what are the odds? Lying about one's neighbors is surely nothing new in America. The Jews, often enough, ranted about German spies during the late war, especially those who had German competitors in business, and the Catholics have surely not been backward in raising the mob against the Socialists. How can any Catholic with a sense of humor, after Cardinal Hayes' effort to drive the birth controllers out of New York, object to the Ku Kluxers' effort to drive the Pope out of the Republic? A complainant must come into court with clean hands. It is my contention that none of the opponents of the Klan have clean hands. They have all shown a complete willingness, when there was any advantage in it for them, to invade the common rights of their fellow-citizens. Most of them, even now, demand that the Klan be put down

by law. In making that demand, it seems to me, they justify by their example every demand the Klan makes itself.

Personally, I am outside the Klan fold. On account of the Eighteenth Amendment, it is impossible for me to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. I dislike Protestants, and especially their pastors. I greatly prefer the society of foreigners to that of Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock. Though I am a Nordic Blond myself, it is my conviction that Nordic Blonds in general are very stupid—surely more stupid than, say, the Jews. The Klan is thus against me, and I am against the Klan. But to denounce it as un-American seems to me to be a ridiculous folly, a gross and idiotic misuse of words. The Klan is actually as thoroughly American as Rotary or the Moose. Its childish mummery is American, its highfalutin bombast is American, and its fundamental philosophy is American. The very essence of Americanism is the doctrine that the other fellow, if he happens to be in a minority, has absolutely no rights—that enough is done for him when he is allowed to live at all. This doctrine has made itself manifest from the first days of the Republic, at every time of strong public feeling. The Loyalists were its first victims; the Jews and Catholics simply happen to be its last. It was set forth plainly and beautifully by Cardinal Hayes when he sent his ecclesiastical catch-polls to set the police upon the birth controllers. That was Ku Kluxery pure and simple, and it was also Americanism pure and simple.

The Ku Kluxers, I believe, have a clear right to battle for their ideas in the national manner. So long as they confine themselves to purely rhetorical demonstrations and orderly political action, there is nothing whatever to be said against them. If, in the South and Middle West, the shoe were on the other foot—that is, if the Catholics were in an overwhelming majority, and Methodist and Baptist evangelists were busy among the people, building churches and proposing to set up sepa-

rate schools—what would be happening? If you want to know what would be happening simply look into what happened in Rome when the Methodists began to erect a vast bull-ring for chasing the devil in full view of the Vatican.

Dawn of Wisdom.—As I grow older, I notice that the word "perhaps" begins to appear more and more often in my critical writings. I am perhaps not so sure of the truth of what I believe as I once was.

Tactic.—Nothing vanquishes one so quickly as generosity on the part of one's enemy.

The Moral Day.—Of all the days in the year, there is at least one regarding which the moralists need have no concern. That day is the thirtieth of December. A study of statistics for the last twenty-two years shows that on this particular day the morals of the community are higher than on any other day of the calendar: there are fewer crimes, fewer arrests, fewer wife-beatings, fewer bawdy divertissements, and fewer cases of alcoholism. It is on this day that the Americano takes a rest from sin in preparation for the grand and glorious New Year's Eve debauch due the following night. It is on this day, of all days, that he holds himself in check and stores up energy

for the imminent exploration of the vices, excitements and tipples of Sodom, Gomorrah, Milwaukee and points West.

It is said that in the entire city of New York not more than fifteen cocktails are consumed on the thirtieth of December. Bartenders have always regarded the day as a holiday to be spent at home with their wives and children. Taxicabs go into their garages at midnight; the streets are deserted a few minutes later; there is no call for them. Ladies of joy retire at quarter of nine for their annual beauty sleep. The cabarets and honkatonks write down losses of thousands of dollars, and the Chinatown sight-seeing busses, those migratory yoshiwara, are left empty at the street corners. The most brilliant and dazzling red nose gets back a tittle of its old, natural color, and the old rheumatic pain in the left leg lets up a trifle. There are no arguments, no fist fights; and the bellhops in the clubs take a snooze on the divans in the deserted libraries and esoteric upstairs bib-rooms. The air is silent; the world waits. Twenty-four hours of moral grace before hell breaks loose again.

In Memoriam.—Another year has gone since they laid Jim Huneker in his grave. Another year has gone since they laid in the same grave the most dazzling conversation that America has known.

STRANGE NEWS FROM TEXAS

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

ALTHOUGH I was reared in Texas, I reached manhood without knowing a great deal more about the State than a traffic cop stationed in front of the Metropolitan Opera House might be expected to know about the music dramas of Wagner. My boyhood was spent in San Antonio, the largest city in the State, and a community which had not a great deal more in common with the rest of Texas, up to that time, than, say, Stuttgart in Germany, or Florence in Italy. With regard to San Antonio I was, and am, sentimental. Later it was my unhappy experience to become intimately acquainted with all of Texas. Few living men have visited every county in that vast commonwealth; I am one of the few. I can sum up the effect of this experience by saying that in the year 1919 I resigned a salary much higher than that received by the Governor of the State and left Texas in order to save my sanity. I had no plans for earning a living elsewhere, nor, until I reached the railway station, did I determine where I would go. Nothing mattered, at the moment, save that I must find an atmosphere less polluted by Baptists and Methodists.

This necessity did not grow out of any injustices I had myself suffered at their hands. Oddly enough, my decision to leave was the result of an irrepressible resentment against the cruelties they inflicted upon each other, especially their adolescent children. I felt that I was living among people not far removed from Cotton Mather, Torquemada, and the cannibals. If New York City had offered me nothing more than a shovel during a snow storm I should still have felt that the migration

was a complete success. My position was precisely that of the Negro who said: "It ain't whah I'm a-gwi'n; it's whah I'm a-comin' away from."

During the intervening years I have never concealed from any person, least of all from Texans, my feeling about the low state of civilization prevailing there. As a result I have astounded and shocked scores of them who came into my presence innocently believing that a glow of happiness would suffuse my cheeks as they chortled: "Home boy makes good." Home boy hell! Except in San Antonio as I knew it in about the year 1905, I was an alien.

Recently, however, I returned to Texas to visit my father and mother. There were some six or seven other persons whom I desired to see and many thousands whom I did not desire to see. My personal acquaintance there is certainly not under ten thousand and may, for all I know, extend to fifteen thousand. I thought, of course, that a little over five years would not make a great deal of difference in Texas civilization and it was my firm determination not to brush against it to any greater extent than became absolutely necessary. Even in hotels I either registered under an assumed name or not at all. Nevertheless, I soon came into contact with acquaintances, and began to see the larger cities. Now I make my report. Texas has changed. Indeed, the extent of the change is staggering. I would never have believed that so much evolution could have taken place in five years. Nor would I now trust even my own testimony but for the fact that other observers bring more or less similar reports. I would not be so rash as to say that civilization has sud-

denly triumphed in Texas, for obviously it has not, but the impression made upon me by my recent visit is inadequately characterized by any mere adjective that now comes to mind. At the time I left Texas there was not a germ of civilization visible. Today it would be only moderately difficult for an educated, liberal, philosophical man or woman to live there. He or she would find a tolerance for personal liberty, book-stores, well-stocked magazine stands, and—most miraculous of all—little groups of congenial souls with sense enough to close the cotton gin in the afternoon and talk about something beside strict middling prices after dinner. Such persons, of course, are not in the majority anywhere, so far as I have ever heard (certainly they are not in New York City), and in Texas they still represent a very tiny minority, but when I recall the Texas that I abandoned in 1919, it seems incredible that these people now exist at all—and still more incredible that they are not molested by the constabulary. They are, of course, denounced from a thousand pulpits, but they only smile. When I left Texas very few such dared to smile. Either they dissembled or recanted and conformed, or lost their jobs, or landed in the *juzgado*. That they now live in comfortable defiance of the majority is sufficiently amazing, but where, I ask myself in vain, did they come from? While no one, I make bold to assert, can answer the question, here and there I picked up a few clues.

II

By way of preface it may be advisable to give specific facts in support of three general statements I have already made. First, I must give an impression of the San Antonio in which I spent my boyhood. Next, I must tell in detail just what I found abominable in the remainder of Texas. And, third, I must give the facts upon which I base the statement that Texas has changed. It will then be in order to offer opinion and surmise as to causes.

In 1905 San Antonio was one of the most

cosmopolitan communities on this continent. There was a small but delightful Italian colony, for the most part retail merchants and manufacturers. There was a smaller French colony, also about one thousand English people. Germans, counting their American-born children, must have been nearly half as numerous as the native Americans. They were manufacturers, bankers, brewers, merchants, farmers, ranchmen, and artisans. Mexicans performed most of the tasks calling for unskilled labor, but there was also a considerable number of what the Americans called high-class Mexicans. The Spanish colony was quite small, but still large enough to make itself felt in a city of 70,000 inhabitants. Gaudy gambling houses opened their doors on the principal streets. Chili queens dispensed smiles and indigestion on the plazas. The number of saloons was commented upon by tourists. The red-light district was enormous, and generally regarded as an important business asset. The theatre prospered; good music was appreciated and demanded by far more than half the populace. Holidays and fiestas were greeted with acclaim. Life was very gay.

All of the churches in San Antonio could not have accommodated one-fourth of the population, if indeed one-tenth. Roman Catholics were the most numerous, and in this country they seldom specialize on taking the joy out of life. Now and then one would meet a Prohibitionist, but he was regarded as a nut, and even the Methodist and Baptist pastors in San Antonio usually evaded that topic. The city would vote about ten to one against any Prohibitionist for any office. However, while life was gay, business was also extremely active. San Antonio not only prospered, but at that time was growing more rapidly than any other large city in the State. Most of the San Antonio Germans came to this country after the upheaval of 1848; they brought with them not only culture but considerable cash. Except for the Mexican laborers, San Antonio had no foreigners of the type that suggests Ellis Island. On the contrary,

they were the most civilized people in the community. San Antonio was a school town as well as a market for cattle, cotton, wool and hides.

The first time I went to North Texas I learned that Bexar County (of which San Antonio was the county seat) was called Beer County in those regions, and several country boys asked me if the people there spoke English. One of these young men later arrived in San Antonio with a Spanish-English dictionary in his pocket. For a short time, he and I lived in the same house. One night I called him because I was suffering severely from indigestion, having eaten a heavy meal about midnight. I asked him to bring me a glass of hot water. He was about to do it but stopped suddenly, midway across the room, and asked: "Have you been drinking?" I answered "Yes. I always drink when I eat." He walked out of the room. It was contrary to his principles to aid any person who drank. He probably thought the bottle of beer I had consumed with my dinner was then performing according to Texas Baptist lore; namely, that I would soon be writhing in delirium tremens and cursing Jehovah.

More than two-thirds of the area and population of Texas were then supposed to be dry as a result of local option. Venturing into various parts of this hinterland I learned that support of Prohibition was a test of orthodox Christianity in the churches. It was a fundamental of faith, like belief in the Virgin Birth. Children were taught in Sunday-schools—and still are—that the wine of the Cana feast contained no alcohol. (Printed Sunday-school lessons asserting this are still obtainable at the present moment.) In nearly all the rural communities dancing ranked as a sort of first cousin to adultery. Nevertheless, the boys and girls would occasionally get together and dance (I have no idea how they learned), whereupon there would ensue such scandal as one can scarcely imagine. Weeping children would be publicly banished from their pews; it was called being "churched." Possession of a deck of playing cards was mon-

strous sin. (Even today playing cards in a public place in Texas is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment.) In Stamford, Jones county, I was admitted by the back door to the comfortable, beautiful, happy home of a friend of mine where five sinners beside myself had gathered to play dominoes. We drank nothing but coffee; ate nothing but sandwiches, and every man present except myself was accompanied by his wife; nevertheless, the shades were drawn so that not a gleam of light showed, and we understood that this session was never to be mentioned subsequently. We did not gamble nor were there even prizes. Oddly enough, dominoes could be exhibited in public and it was considered decent to play a game called "forty-two" with them even in a hotel lobby. But the regular game was low and vile.

Out in the hinterland my inherited love of music would sometimes assert itself with such force that I suffered greatly. On one of these occasions I ordered by mail several Victrola records and dared to play them in a country hotel. The hotel manager politely requested me to desist, explaining that his innocent little children could not avoid hearing the music. These were opera records and therefore vile. Later I met in the same town a son of Satan who possessed a phonograph concealed in a cellar. There we played the records and became such intimate friends that he invited three other lepers to join us. One of these brought a bottle of Wine of Cardui, which we opened. They drank it. I wanted to, but couldn't get it down. Conversation was stimulated by this popular elixir, and presently I heard a reference to Confucius, coupled with a question. Oriental religions and philosophies have always interested me, so I was eager to answer the question at some length. While I talked the others moved farther and farther away. Later our host explained their reason. Conversation of this sort was widely known to provoke lightning bolts and it was their purpose to give me and Jehovah plenty of room in which to manœuvre.

III

Time after time I was fool enough, because of my loneliness, to accept invitations from alleged jolly good fellows. As a result I came into contact with a form of entertainment that is probably unknown except in the Baptist-Methodist belt. This entertainment consists of telling stories—but the stories have no point. Each person present simply tries to tell something nauseatingly filthy. And each story is greeted with guffaws. At first I thought I was missing the points, but finally I caught the idea—there weren't any points; unless, of course, someone's stomach revolted, as it sometimes did. Then the evening was a complete success. In these rural communities the local boards of education stipulated that school-teachers were not to attend any motion picture show during their periods of employment. It was also customary in some places to put them under contract not to keep company with any young man during the school term. Neither were they permitted to dance. Sometimes these regulations were merely understood, but in many places they were written in the contract. It was also customary to make inquiry about the religious affiliation of a prospective teacher and to let her know that she would be expected to attend church regularly while in the community. Violations of these provisions not only cost the teacher her position but sent her away under a cloud that would seriously interfere with future contracts. I knew a high-school principal twenty-eight years old who drove forty miles to attend a dance in another county. He thought this was legal, but he was mistaken. The board discharged him very promptly on learning of the offence.

From time to time little towns of three hundred to two thousand population would suddenly boom as a result of new industries, the discovery of oil, or some other such development. Men from elsewhere would open offices and summon the usual clerical help from the nearest cities. Such men were very

lucky if it was not generally believed within a few weeks that their stenographers and file clerks were in reality their harems. Scores of these young women had to return to the cities whence they came because the natives would not rent living quarters to them. In a dozen little towns I saw enacted a certain tragedy which I shall describe in general terms because the details seldom varied. A boy and girl would be engaged to marry, and one day it would develop that "they had let their foot slip"—this was the phrase generally used. The girl's papa would then take Old Betsy down from behind the door and go gunning for the young man. No matter how honorable his intentions, the boy had to flee for his life. The whole matter became public and the girl was "ruined." In only a few instances did the boy manage to induce the girl to join him later so that they might be married. As a rule the girl was afraid of him by that time. Tradition told her the young man now wished to sell her to a Chinese white slaver.

Not even in the cities—except San Antonio—did I ever find a well-stocked book-store. Second-hand book-stores dealt almost exclusively in school textbooks. News-stands carried from three to twelve publications, always the cheapest. Not once in a month of steady travelling would you find a man or woman on a train reading a book. The first copy of Balzac that I saw after leaving San Antonio was the property of a shyster lawyer who had narrowly escaped disbarment a few years previous, and even he kept the book concealed in an old ice-box. He showed it to me with a gleeful leer and confessed that he liked nasty books.

For a few years I edited a newspaper in Austin, the State capital and seat of the State university. Its campus was surrounded by church spires like a picket fence and never a year passed without the faculty declaring before God and man that they were not teaching Socialism and atheism. Time after time these charges were hurled at the institution, usually by rural

legislators. In consequence the professors whom I met were very frightened men. Some of them were reported to be delightful company if only you could win their confidence, but it was my impression that this feat would require not less than three years, and I doubted whether the reward would justify the effort. Conversation at the one faculty luncheon I attended would have been just as appropriate for a session of a home missionary society. The only spontaneous, delightful human being I met was a young professor named Stark Young, who talked with great enthusiasm about the drama and was planning to produce several plays. Later he did so with modest success. His confidence—in view of all I then knew about the dreary Texas towns from which his pupils came—repelled me because I felt sorry for him. I could not honestly offer him encouragement, and that was what he wanted. I knew he wouldn't remain long—and he didn't.

Most discouraging of all were the numerous groups of men who considered themselves highbrows. Invariably they produced and lauded interminably a certain type of hero. This paragon could quote reams of Shakespeare, along with Kipling, and perhaps something from two or three other poets. Another type of hero had been educated for the ministry and would deliver discourses on the higher criticism. He was generally more orthodox than the preachers. There was also the great constitutional lawyer who knew something of the biography of John Marshall. Surpassing all of these in glory was the former officer of the Confederacy who still maintained that right and justice rested with the Secessionists. These constituted the stars of the illuminati.

Women had religion and literature so muddled that they considered even Shakespeare a sort of lay bishop. Most of them were insufferably dull, but the keener disappointment awaited any man misled by an occasional spark of spontaneity. He would usually find such a spark generated by a low form of lawlessness, an innate

tendency towards promiscuity, the primitive female desirous of kicking convention in the face in order to show her pretty legs—which was fair enough because as a rule she had little else that might be shown to her advantage. Her revolt ended with desire; in short, most of these women were what the boys called teasers. Occasionally one would become outrageously Bohemian and take a drink. If it produced the desired effect she might tell a story that you had heard in high-school. But she wouldn't smoke, because women who smoked were prostitutes.

When not engaged with their unprofitable politics or their Neanderthal religion the people were intent upon making money. The latter activity had my enthusiastic sympathy. I saw romance in the winning of that last frontier. I believe in work and prosperity. What I couldn't understand was their stern objection to happiness, at least in the evening. Their business activities seemed to me the only sane ones in which they engaged. I had been brought up among people who worked just as hard and just as capably, but at the same time lived. These people didn't seem to know what to do with wealth even when they had it. Their houses were atrocious and their social activities, they frankly admitted, brought no joy. The men insisted upon the women being just what they were, yet they couldn't stand their company.

This was the Texas I abandoned in 1919. Now for my recent visit.

IV

In every city I found not one but three or four excellent book-stores on the principal streets. I was informed that smaller establishments are doing business in nearly every town of five thousand. Every city has its group of adolescent poets and I met three who are producing verses of merit. In 1919 they would have been lucky to escape the alienists; now people merely laugh at them. I encountered dozens of news-stands offering more than one hundred publications.

Men interested in the applied sciences, philosophy, sociology, music and many other subjects have formed their little groups.

I talked with Ku Kluxers who laughed with Olympian delight at the antics of their fellow-members. I met Rotarians and others of their ilk who confessed that they winked at one another across the festive board while singing the newest booster songs. When I left Texas in 1919 they would have taken no such chance. I found the loudest-mouthed Baptist Fundamentalist preacher in the State discredited and having trouble with his general conference or whatever it is called because they no longer appreciate his clowning. When I abandoned Texas he was a demi-god. I found the boldest and most flippant newspapers gaining circulation and the owl-eyed, solemn publications losing readers at an amazing rate. Shortly after I arrived in Dallas there had been some sort of festival at Southern Methodist University and many of the participants got drunk. Dallas laughed, and the Methodists smiled. There was a mild scandal, but no one was kicked out. If such a thing had happened at the University of Texas in 1917, when I last resided in Austin, it is more than probable that a special session of the legislature would have been convened to investigate—unless the Board of Regents had beat them to it.

The decent drinking of intoxicants is now quite general all over Texas, according to report. My own testimony must be confined to what I saw in the cities. There one telephones one's bootlegger and the bottles are delivered by automobile within fifteen minutes, day or night. Six or eight friends—for the most part young married couples—gather at someone's home and during the evening other acquaintances may drop in. A strange face does not cause a panic. They dance and talk, and most of the women smoke. I found their conversation sprightly and often clever. I found fathers and mothers, aged fifty and upward, enjoying these social gatherings. Some of them, I can testify, have been ardent Prohibitionists all their lives. I met one group of six young

women who had gathered because one of their number had just returned from New York and they were eager to hear about the new plays. Her report on them was delightful. The girls sipped highballs and smoked. Never have I seen women less self-conscious, though to five of them I was a stranger. I am willing to risk the assertion that at the time I left Texas such a thing had never happened in the history of the State—outside of San Antonio, or possibly Galveston. I nearly tumbled out of my chair when one of these young women said she would "simply have to read" a certain novel because "everyone is talking about it."

On all sides I heard jokes about the Governor, the Ku Klux and various prominent preachers, or jibes at hackneyed shibboleths of State pride and the issues of the recent political campaign. There was a time when such things simply were not done because it wasn't decent. Neither was it patriotic, but in Texas the inhibitions were even more intense; it wasn't decent.

I found the little theatre movement prospering, and numerous groups of youngsters struggling with really good music. Many of these little theatre folk are Baptists or Methodists. How they get away with it I do not know, but I learned the source of the musical inspiration. It is—of all places—the motion picture palace with its orchestra. Scoff, if you wish, you who live within reach of a symphony orchestra, but the fact remains that Herr Ludwig Something-or-other, now rechristened Mr. Liberty, offers the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" just before Marion Davies flickers into view, and the people like it.

In the smoking compartment of a Pullman car I met a man who is drilling an oil well near a small town in West Texas. He was on his way East to visit relatives.

"How do you like it out there?" I asked.

"Well," he began, "it certainly hasn't been dull."

I primed him with a few questions, and reassured him with the information that I was a citizen of New Jersey.

"First," he said, "the natives made an awful yell about my stenographers. They wouldn't rent them rooms and they threatened me if the girls lived in the hotel. I asked the girls how they felt about it and they said they'd take a chance if I'd get them pistols. I talked to the sheriff and we all got pistols. There were some school-teachers living in the hotel and the school board ordered them to move. They refused. One day some of the men on my staff took the school-teachers out riding and the board warned them that if this happened again they would all be fired. One of the teachers told the board to take a long running jump, that she would go riding whenever she pleased, so they fired her. But they didn't make it stick. I don't know just what happened, but anyway they didn't make it stick. Every now and then we'd get some kind of a message from the Ku Klux but nothing ever happened. They're a queer lot, and I can't say that I care much for them, but I think they're improving."

I stared at this man utterly dumfounded. According to all I once knew about Texas, he ought now to be a corpse. I wanted to lean over and pinch him to make sure.

In another smoking compartment I met a surgeon. He was on his way to lecture before the medical college of an endowed church school.

"You'd better be careful at that place," I said, jokingly, "because comparative anatomy so often leads on to evolution and they may burn you for a he-male witch."

"Oh, they make their bluff," he laughed, "but we teach evolution pure and undefiled in the medical school. It's only now and then, when someone in the other departments is indiscreet, that a scandal results. The men higher up aren't as bad as you might suppose. They do the best they can. You'd be surprised to know how many of them have the numbers of the pulpit ballyhoo artists. But they have to play a neat game because the money comes from the Fundamentalists. One thing you can be sure of: the kids aren't fooled."

"Well, well," said I.

V

And so, eventually, I reached tentative conclusions about these numerous changes in Texas. They are not final conclusions, nor do I insist upon anyone accepting them. But there must be causes and one who witnesses such phenomena may surmise.

First of all, I take into consideration the fact that Texas went very close to stark insanity when the country entered the World War; consequently, the backward swing of the pendulum must have described quite an arc. Scarcely any propaganda of the George Creel variety was needed in Texas; those people have always been ready to respond to the call of their country. Even the Germans were not very pro-German. But under the lashings of the press bureau Nordic Texas dutifully frothed at the mouth. The populace was honestly convinced that even a patriot who kept his shirt on should be viewed with suspicion. All sorts of crazy notions were rampant. On one occasion I heard a Baptist minister deliver a patriotic oration in which he solemnly declared that President Wilson had entered upon a holy crusade to make the whole world Baptist. On another occasion I heard a group of previously sane men counselling with each other on the advisability of doing something to a small settlement of Swede farmers living nearby. These patriots didn't clearly understand the words alien enemies and thought they might possibly be a description of Swedish owners of Liberty bonds.

That a State with the traditions of Texas and a white population more than 80 per cent Nordic, engaged for the most part in farming and ranching, would naturally produce good soldiers no one in his right mind, I take it, would deny, but Texas boys were subjected to verbal bombardments obviously designed to fire the flabby ones. In effect they were told that the Germans fried and ate their captured wounded enemies. "Well," was the Texas boys' unspoken response. "What of it? We ain't scared. If they want to fight that way it

suits us." Later many of these Texas boys were furious because they said some of their comrades needlessly sacrificed their lives rather than be captured when slightly wounded.

Along about 1919 there must have been a current of revolt running deep underground in Texas that I knew nothing about; it was confined at that time to the younger generation. Only a half dozen years, or at most ten, separated me from those kids, but I remained, like most older persons, incredibly ignorant on the subject of what the war had done to them. In the East the younger generation was already recognized as a new problem, but more time was required on the plains of Texas.

Along with the shell shock of war, and the stampede of the younger generation, other forces were at work. Texas had voted itself into the Prohibition column, and given the vote to women shortly in advance of the two Federal constitutional amendments on these subjects. The immediate result was the banishment of anti-Prohibitionists and sinners from public office. Not less than half the populace had sincerely believed during at least a quarter of a century that this would inaugurate the millenium. At first it seemed to be doing so. They got a Baptist Governor and in 1920 they got a Baptist President. In short, they got just about everything they had been praying for. Political preachers were in the saddle, the Ladies' Aid Society became a power in the land, and on all sides Virtue had triumphed over Vice. And then nothing came of it but disillusion! Already they have installed as Governor the wife of an anti-Prohibitionist Ku Klux baiter whom they impeached in 1917.

But I am running ahead of my story. After leaving Texas in 1919, it seemed to me that each letter or newspaper indicated new drives by the witch-burners. First there came the Ku Klux Klan, with outrages that have not been equalled by that organization anywhere else. Then a lot of new and utterly silly and fearfully drastic morality laws were proposed—in the legis-

lature, in the city councils, and in the church disciplines. Sunday automobile riding was to be stopped. An effort was made to banish from the faculty of the University of Texas everyone who wasn't orthodox. From time to time, as these reports reached me, I meditated thus: "It was terrible in my day, but it seems to be growing worse every hour. I don't see how human life can remain endurable there, even for Baptists, if this keeps up much longer."

Not until my recent visit did I catch a ray of the light of truth. The plain fact of the case is that Texas didn't need a Ku Klux Klan during the years I lived there because no one was challenging the basic principles of that cult. The Texas Christians didn't have to chase unbelievers from posts of honor and profit because there weren't any there. They didn't have to howl about the sacred cause of Prohibition because even the drinking men had been driven to going into back doors. They didn't have to yowl that every Texas female was chemically pure,—and, due to the climate, purer than virgins residing elsewhere—for everyone believed it. Now that I think of it I don't recall ever having doubted that one myself.

But Texas folk-lore got such a terrific wallop after the war that the old guard was forced to fight—and did. Probably few commonwealths on earth have ever made such a right about face. Examine, for instance, the vote they gave Dr. Harding as a penance—and he a nigger-loving Ohio Republican! Consider the fact that real whiskey, which often sold for thirty to forty dollars a quart in local option territory, now brings only ten dollars a quart, with doubtful stuff much cheaper. The simple truth of the matter is that the Fundamentalists and the more rabid Puritans and most of the other extreme types of devil-mongers are already licked in Texas. That's what all the noise is about. A battle of such proportions does not close with sunset. It may go on for ten or twelve years. But the crisis must have passed along about 1922.

THE FOUNTAIN OF SPIRITUALISM

BY PATRICK KEARNEY

DURING the last century the United States gave three so-called religions to the world. One of these, Mormonism, has never reached a large public, but has always been confined to a small but hearty group in a restricted area. The success of the second, Christian Science, has been great in America, but not very noticeable anywhere else. It is only the third that has reached a world-wide popularity, and that popularity is unique in modern religious history in that not a few men of science, presumably sane and intelligent, have succumbed. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, is one such. Sir Oliver Lodge is another. The late Sir William Crookes was a third. And then there are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the late Prof. Hyslop, and Henry Holt, the publisher. Even Havelock Ellis has become convinced of the existence of auras and ectoplasm, and Sir Gilbert Murray is said to be hovering on the edge with his conversion to a belief in mental telepathy.

This wide acceptance of the new revelation among educated men is all the more charming when we recall that its origins were extremely lowly. Its messiahs, in fact, were two small and ignorant country girls, Margaret and Catherine Fox, and they launched it in 1848 in a little farmhouse in Wayne county, New York. If you walk into any Spiritualist church in America today you will see somewhere on the walls a framed parchment, the official license from the National Spiritualists' Association. This license bears the great seal of the association, and that seal shows a drawing of a little house,

and the words "Fox Home, 1848." Thus all true believers give constant testimony to their reverence for the founders of their faith and for the place of its birth. The house itself was until a few years ago located near the village of Arcadia, in New York State, but in 1916, through the generosity of B. F. Bartlett, a wealthy spiritualist of Camden, N. J., it was taken down and removed, by "pious, reverent hands," as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says, to Lily Dale, New York, the national centre of spiritualism, where it was restored and is now used as a museum.

"The Fox home will always be a sacred shrine to spiritualists," says M. E. Cadwallader, an ecstatic believer, "because in that humble home it first became manifested that the dead return and communicate with us." Indeed, it is more than a local shrine; it is, according to another writer, W. J. Colville, "one of the glories of the mighty Empire State and of Lily Dale that this old historic cottage, restored from the ravages of almost seventy years, stands in a sheltered nook, surrounded by trees, in one of the loveliest districts of the land. And thither many repair, seeking, and not in vain, ever-continuing proofs of that undying verity which so humbly and unexpectedly was revealed to an incredulous but hungry multitude, in the pioneer days of that great spiritual revelation which is now dispersing the last lingering shades of incredulity." These quotations are from a book called "Hydesville in History," an official spiritualist publication, written by pious hands.

There is no doubt that Hydesville and the Fox sisters have a place in history.

The true story of the house, indeed, constitutes an important chapter in the history of human credulity, and offers many hints to the student of religious delusion. For the beginnings of spiritualism are not, like the origins of so many other religions, shrouded in mystery. The whole story, from beginning to end, is available in the form of unquestionable documents and full and accurate contemporary reports. Margaret Fox's own confession, corroborated by her sister Catherine, her public recantation and exposure of her methods, and the entire life story of the two (written by another, but officially approved by them) are easily accessible. These documents, of course, are never referred to in the writings of the spiritualists. Hydesville and the Fox sisters are revered, but the confessions are not discussed. The following account, therefore, based on the authentic documents, may serve to fill a gap in the contemporary accounts of spiritualism.

II

In the year 1848 the little frame house known locally as "Hydesville" was occupied by a well-to-do farmer, J. D. Fox, and his family. The two younger children, Margaret, aged eight, and Catherine, at this time six and a half, were merry and mischievous and delighted in jokes on their elders. Their nurse, Elizabeth, was the particular butt of their humor, and much childish ingenuity went into teasing her. One of their favorite games was to jump out of bed as soon as she had left the room, make a great deal of noise, and then get back before she could catch them. Of course, they denied having made the noises. But finally she caught them, and the deception had to end.

The children soon discovered a new device. They tied apples to strings and concealed them under the bed-clothes. As soon as the nurse turned her back they dropped the apples out on the far side of the bed. Then, when she went to look for what had dropped, they pulled them back under the

covers. All the time, of course, they pretended to be asleep. This trick baffled the honest nurse, whom future hagiographers of the religion will perhaps honor as the patron saint of the later scientific investigation committees. She reported to Mrs. Fox that she had heard inexplicable noises in the room. So the mother came to investigate, and the children, delighting in being able to tease their elders, gave an excellent performance. It was so successful, in fact, that they decided to invent new and more ingenious devices. Very soon, sure enough, they made the discovery that was to make religious history. They found that by manipulating the joints of their fingers, in contact with the wooden bedstead, they could produce loud noises without apparently moving their hands. And, says Margaret, "from trying it with our fingers we went on to trying it with our feet, and soon learned that with practice we could make even louder raps in this way."

Then came the historic night of March 31, 1848. Mrs. Fox was awakened at midnight by loud noises coming from the children's room. There were raps, resonant, loud, persistent, rhythmic. She came to investigate. The raps continued, the children concealing their wickedness under innocent faces. Mrs. Fox was puzzled, then frightened. She asked: "Are these raps made by a human being? Rap twice for No, three times for Yes." Clear and distinct came the answer: "Rap—rap!" "Are you a disembodied spirit?" asked Mrs. Fox, nearly frightened to death, and the answer came "Yes!" Margaret relates that "until mother first suggested it, we had no thought of spirits. We were too young and too innocent to imagine such a thing." But once suggested, the idea amused them, and when the questions came "Are you the spirit of a murdered man? Were you murdered in this house?" the answers came "Yes."

Mrs. Fox rushed from the house and called in the neighbors. Within a few hours every yokel within miles had arrived. The

children enjoyed this uproar but began to be frightened by it—and didn't know how to stop it. One of the visitors invented the idea of spelling out words by raps corresponding to the letters of the alphabet, and the children, led step by step into something they had never planned, spelled out in reply the story of a pedlar who was supposed to have been killed by a local peasant named Bell. The next day everyone started digging in the cellar for the pedlar's bones, and poor Bell was looked on with such suspicion that he had to leave town. "Of course they didn't find any bones," said Margaret in telling the story. "There weren't any. We just answered whatever came into our heads."

Before a week had passed the Fox home was nationally famous. The local celebrities, doctors, lawyers and merchants, saw the manifestations and made out affidavits that they were genuine, and the newspapers flashed the news around the world. "It had gone so far before we realized it," said Margaret, "that we couldn't confess without making many people very angry." And now the comedy was put on a commercial basis by the arrival of an older sister, Leah, twenty-three years Margaret's senior, who rushed home as soon as she heard of her family's celebrity. Leah, with a shrewd eye for business, saw a fortune in the two children. She locked herself up with them in the bedroom and made them show her how they produced the raps, and tried to learn herself. Years later Margaret, with touching professional pride, reported that Leah never did get very good at the rapping, because she hadn't started young enough.

Leah took the girls to Rochester, hired the largest hall there and gave a demonstration. It made a sensation, and it was followed by private sittings, at which they took in two hundred dollars a night. Spiritualism had caught on. In a few weeks it was heard of in Europe. For the world was waiting a new revelation at that time. Mesmerism, the rage of the decade preceding, had begun to fade, and everywhere

there were mesmerists out of jobs. One and all, they promptly turned mediums. Spirit circles were formed everywhere. Ministers of the gospel became eager converts, and began preaching the new revelation from the pulpits; the country was flooded with pamphlets. Rappers appeared on all hands, and soon an improvement was made in England by the discovery of table-tipping. "Clairopathy"—the spirit healing of disease—also sprang up, and immediately became enormously lucrative. From the advertisements of the day I discover that five dollars was the fee for a "clairopathic diagnosis and treatment, given by the finest mediums." And interest in the movement was not confined to the vulgar. Some of the most distinguished men and women of the day, including Fenimore Cooper, Horace Greeley, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, became regular attendants at sittings.

Other mediums appeared with more astonishing manifestations than the Fox children could produce, but none was so popular as they were, for no one disputed their claim to have originated what had almost immediately become a new and organized religion. In 1851 came the first scientific investigation of its miracles. The University of Buffalo appointed a committee from the medical faculty, composed of Doctors Austin Flint, Charles Lee, and C. B. Coventry. With a degree of common sense seldom met with in later investigations, the doctors promptly reported that the rappings were produced by muscular movements of the legs and feet. They proved their point by putting pillows under the girls' feet, when of course there were no raps. A little later the Boston *Courier* conducted another investigation, appointing a committee of which Professor Agassiz was the head, and this committee made the same report.

But the Fox sisters were too firmly established in public fame, and the new religion was now too popular, for the craze to be affected by an exposure. So little effect did these investigations have, in fact, that in

1854 a petition was presented to the United States Senate, bearing 15,000 signatures, requesting that the government take official recognition of the new discovery. The motion was tabled.

And so the Fox sisters went on until 1855, when there occurred a romantic turning point in their lives.

III

One night Horace Greeley took his friend Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, to see the sisters. At this time they were fifteen and thirteen, and charming and lovely. Both Greeley and Kane were captivated. Greeley was especially interested in Catherine and he offered to send her away to school. In spite of Leah's attempts to stop her, Catherine accepted, and so left the profession. Later she married and never returned to it.

Kane, who was in his early thirties, handsome and distinguished, found that the long Arctic nights had not cooled his warm heart. He fell in love with Margaret, and immediately conceived the project of removing her from her present life and educating her to be his wife. But she was not easily persuaded. Kane, who knew from the first that the rappings were fraudulent, pleaded with her to give them up. First, he pointed out to her, it was wicked to deceive; second, she was sure to be found out soon or late. After some months of argument he departed on a polar expedition, and Margaret continued her rappings. But Kane found a way to reach her heart. Out amid the ice-bergs he wrote a series of poems which were intended to lead her to repent. They were entitled "Thoughts That Ought to be Those of Maggie Fox." A quotation will make it obvious that even the Founder of Spiritualism could not long resist such a lover:

So long my secret I have kept
I can't forsake it now.
It festers in my bosom,
It cankers in my heart;
Thrice cursed is the slave fast chained to a
deceitful art!

With the poems were letters filled with pleading. "You were not meant for a life of deception. Give it up, Maggie, before you are lost forever. . . . You are too good for the life you are leading. You have deceived thousands of people." He described seances he had attended in which people fainted with horror, and he pointed out to her that she, and she alone, was responsible. When he returned from his expedition Margaret was penitent. She made a solemn compact with him to give up rapping, and though for reasons which are not now discoverable Kane did not go through a public legal ceremony, they entered into a common law marriage in the presence of her mother and father. A few weeks afterwards Kane sailed for England, intending to send for Margaret soon afterward. But hardly had he arrived there when a cable came telling of his sudden death.

Margaret struggled on in rectitude for some time, but she was left without means of support, and soon she was encumbered with a son for whom she had to provide. Finally, against her conscience and under pressure from Leah, who had never learned to rap very well and was having small success, she returned to mediumship. The son, too, was drawn into the profession: Leah would give him a piece of paper, and a little later spirit messages would be found written on it.

Years passed, and during them Margaret was haunted by a real ghost, the memory of her adored Captain Kane, whose accusing eyes were always before her. Her conscience tortured her; she began to drink heavily, but could find no solace. Finally, wasted and disheartened by this inner struggle, she broke with Leah, retired from spiritualism, and entered the Roman Catholic Church. But all around her, all over the world, were the evidences of her guilt. In all innocence, as a little child, she had started the spiritualist deception, and now it mocked her on every side. Though she was now undergoing desperate poverty for her convictions, she came to

feel more and more keenly that she could atone only by undoing what she had done. She decided to strike a death-blow at spiritualism. She would make a full public confession, expose spiritualism for good and all, and restore men to their senses once again. Only by doing this could she find peace.

Those who have read George Moore's "The Brook Kerith" remember the scene in which Jesus tries to convince Paul that his beliefs are founded on a lie. Jesus assures him that He did not die on the cross nor rise from the dead; He shows him the marks of the nails and pleads with him to renounce a religion founded on a falsehood. Paul denounces Him and goes on. The psychological truth of Moore's artistic fiction is strikingly illustrated in what follows, for from now on Margaret's story exactly parallels it.

IV

On September 24, 1888, Margaret gave an interview to the New York *Herald* announcing her intention to expose spiritualism. She blamed the whole deception on her sister Leah:

She made me do it. She is my damnable enemy. I hate her! My God, I could poison her. No, I wouldn't, but I'll lash her with my tongue. I loathe the thing I have done. I was too honest to remain a medium. I am very poor, but I am going into this as a holy war. I intend to expose spiritualism as my sacred duty. If I can't do it, who can?—I, who started it? I am living only for the time when I can show the world by personal demonstration that all spiritualism is a delusion. It is a branch of legerdemain, but it has to be studied to gain perfection. No one but a young child could do it as well as we did. I have seen so much deception. When I wake up I brood on it. That is why I want to prove that it is all fraud of the worst description.

Catherine was also interviewed, and though she had long ago retired, she said she was happy that Margaret was at last going to expose it. "I regard it as one of the greatest curses the world has ever known. Spiritualism is a humbug from beginning to end. We started it as little children when we didn't know any better.

We got started and others made us keep it up." On the night of October 21, 1888, Margaret appeared at the Academy of Music, New York, before a crowded hall. Spiritualists in the audience made attempts at heckling, but they were subdued by the police. Margaret, broken in health, weeping, almost unable to speak, sobbed out her confession:

There are many here tonight who will scorn me for the depths to which I have descended, yet did they know the true history of my unhappy past, the living agony and shame it has been to me, they would pity and not reproach me.

The imposture I have so long maintained began in my childhood when I was too young to know right from wrong. I repented in my youth. I have lived through years of silence, of intimidation, concealing as best I could my guilt. Now, thanks to God, I am at last able to reveal the truth.

I am here tonight as the founder of spiritualism to denounce it as an absolute falsehood from beginning to end, as the flimsiest of superstitions, the most wicked blasphemy known to the world.

The rappings are simply the result of perfect control of the muscles below the knee, which govern the tendons of the foot and allow an action of toe and ankle bones that is not generally known. . . .

I hope that this statement, coming solemnly from the first and most successful in this deception, will break the rapid growth of spiritualism and prove it all a fraud and delusion.

Margaret then invited committees on the stage, and demonstrated how the raps were produced. She allowed physicians to hold her ankles while she rapped out spirit messages on a small table. On the day after the demonstration she gave to the newspapers a signed statement containing the full story of her life from the beginning. Thousands of letters poured in upon her, some denouncing her, others thanking her. Leah came out with vicious attacks on her story and on her moral character. There is no question that the spiritualist ranks were depleted. But real believers were unconvinced.

The death-blow, in fact, failed to kill. Believers persuaded themselves that the Roman Church, by its celebrated strong-arm methods, had forced Margaret into a public lie. But the finest rebuttal of all, and the one which undoubtedly saved spiritualism in its greatest crisis, came from

Henry J. Newton, president of the First Spiritualist Society of New York:

If she says these things about her own feats she lies! I and other men of truth have seen her many times under conditions where there was no possibility of fraud.

She says she produces the rappings with her feet. It's a lie! Why, I have seen her produce raps many times when she was too drunk to move her feet!

Some years later, under the pressure of continued poverty, Margaret is said to have recanted her confession. I can find no authentic record of the recantation, but Houdini, in his book "A Magician Among the Spirits," says that a personal friend of Margaret's told him it was made after intimidation and bribery by Newton. The recantation was neglected by the newspapers and never officially recorded. Margaret died soon afterward, in poverty and obscurity.

In 1898, on the fiftieth anniversary of the first rappings, the spiritualists of America made a pilgrimage to the Fox home. In the humble little cottage prayers were said, hymns were sung, and demonstrations were given.

There is one more incident in the story. When pious hands tore down the house to remove it to Lily Dale the skeleton of a man was found in the cellar. Beside it were a tin box and a crowbar. This, of course, was the murdered pedlar, whom earnest seekers seventy years before had failed to find! These precious relics were removed with the house to Lily Dale, where they are still exposed before the eyes of the faithful. As human skeletons and tin boxes are not rare, it is interesting to guess at what moment in those seventy years they were buried in the cellar.

But it is only fair to give the spiritualists the last word, so I shall quote again M. E. Cadwallader in "Hydesville in History":

And thus the fiery cross carried by the hands of unseen messengers sped from point to point, the beacon fires lighted by invisible hands gleamed on every mountain top, and the low muffled sounds of the spirit raps that first broke the slumbers of the peaceful inhabitants of that humble cottage became the clarion call that sounded out to the millions of the Western hemisphere, the anthem of the soul's immortality, chorused by hosts of God's bright ministering angels!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Poetry

THE SONG-MAKER OF A CONTINENT

By LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

THE recent adventures of Don José Santos Chocano, "the poet of America" as he calls himself without challenge south of the Rio Grande, throw into sharp relief his relationship, at once arresting and amusing, to the gathering movement for Latin-American unity. In 1920 he trained the guns of the dictator Estrada Cabrera's fortress against the insurgent populace of Guatemala. The triumphant revolutionists captured him, threw him into prison, and were contemplating his execution with a not unjustifiable gusto, when a tremor went down the Andes, "the backbone of America," as another poet prevented Chocano from calling them, and eloquent cablegraphic protests began to pour into Guatemala City. Chocano must be spared. The blood of "the poet of America" must not stain the swords of those who had fought for freedom in America.

The revolutionists had caught that poet shooting at them, it seems, in a particularly wanton manner; but what of that? The public opinion of Latin-America, usually so scattered and ineffectual, asserted its power unequivocally—and Chocano's death had to be regretfully postponed. He was released a few months later, a martyr of some sort in his own eyes—as he tells us in his own verse—if in nobody else's.

One year after his release we find him being officially crowned in Lima as the poet of America. A great festival saw the gold laurel crown of Apollo pass from the hands of President Leguía—another dictator—to the brow of Chocano amid the general applause of Latin-America—serious applause qualified by very few smiles. Well

authenticated rumor has it that seventy thousand dollars accompanied the crown as the substance of the symbol. Later, in Bogotá, the municipal council, at the suggestion of the poet (as another worthy rumor tells us) added a touch of bright tropical color to the crown by mounting some emeralds among its leaves. Leaving Colombia, Chocano then became the trusted employé of Juan Vicente Gómez, the most primitive despot in two worlds. Gómez employed him to spend a year "singing the glory of Bolívar, the liberator of America." Chocano does not care who make the laws of a nation, so long as they pay him for making the songs.

Illusions, I fear, are no longer entertained about him in Latin-America. Everyone realizes that if he knows anything better than the soul of his people it is which side his bread is buttered on. And yet there was that great feverish protest against his execution, and there was the genuine enthusiasm at his coronation in Lima. Evidently, Latin-Americans do not confuse their morality with their æsthetics. But there is more in it than this. Their dawning emotional consciousness of a continental nationality finds its most bracing support in the songs of this great poet and petty adventurer. The man must not be allowed to blur the message. All personal weaknesses must be forgiven him, for in his song twenty isolated, chauvinistic, and often squabbling republics meet on common ground—their Spanish conquistadores, their vanquished Indians, their whole Indo-Hispanic outlook on life. To dispense with Chocano would be to lose the subtlest coördinating force in Latin-America today.

It is characteristic of both him and his public that he takes and they accept un-

questioningly his flattering view of himself. Thus he sings:

I am America's singer, autochthonous and wild;
My lyre has a soul, an ideal my singing.
My verse does not rock with the motion mild
Of a tropic hammock from low boughs swinging.
When I feel Inca, the Lord Sun invoking,
Into my hands his royal powers spring;
When I feel Spanish, the conquest evoking,
My strophes then like crystal trumpets ring.

My imagination comes from the Moor.
The Andes are of silver, but gold the Lion glows:
And the two I mingle with an epic sound.
Spanish is the blood that to an Inca measure flows;
Were I not poet I might have been renowned
As a white adventurer or an Indian Emperor.

Like the Sixteenth Century Spaniards,
he claims half a world:

Walt Whitman has the North, but I have the
South.

In his speech accepting the "crown of Apollo" he said, truthfully enough: "The essential characteristics of my art, like those of my spirit, are strength and sorrow. Sorrowful and strong is our race. Strong and sorrowful are the Andes. Strong are the Spaniards and sorrowful the Indians." He further improved the opportunity by firing a shot at the most distressing vice of our Southern literature, the provincial vice of being universal. "The more one belongs to one's race and one's land, the more one may hope to win universal appreciation; in poets as in trees the richer foliage corresponds to the deeper roots." Here he touched the spring of his popularity in a peculiarly happy manner, since it is principally as a reaction against the vacuous universality of day-to-day Latin-American poetry that his public turns to Chocano as to one sophisticated enough to express his environment unblushingly.

This he expresses mostly consciously, often self-consciously, and occasionally unconsciously. We have seen him at his self-conscious best. More naïvely he disposes of modern sex-morality when he sings to a lady of his devotion:

Lastly, know, my lady, that I am of those beings
Who into their blood have felt a tropic essence
pass.

The despots astound me, but I am like the despots:
When they drink, they always break the glass.

Know yourself the deity of my miser passion;
For you I would work such marvels as earth has
never seen
And afterward—would kill you, that none other
ever
Dare to set his thought where mine once had
been!

It is with an unmistakable emotional sincerity that he embodies the dream and fury of the Conquest in one of his most ringing poems, that on the horses of the Conquistadores. There was Balboa's horse that

When Balboa's followers awoke sleeping solitudes
Gave on a sudden the warning
Of the Pacific ocean ahead,
As the breeze wafted to his nostrils
A salt whiff of the sea.

and the horse of mighty girth

Upon which Hernando Cortez,
The knight of the glittering stirrups,
Measured leagues and weeks upon rocks and
woods.

Worthier still
Of immortal odes [was]
The horse upon which De Soto,
Dexterously controlling his capers,
Frightened, astounded, overcame
The chorus of Indians, among whom
—None daring a gesture—he pressed
To the very throne of Atahualpa.

"Not the horse of the Bedouin," nor "the miraculous horse of St. George," nor those of "Caesar in Gaul" or of "Hannibal in the Alps" had so much spirit and nobility as "the epic horses of Andalusia, enduring fatigue, spurring and hunger, crowned with the glory of the Cid's mare Babieca and the pain of Don Quixote's horse Rosinante." They come

As wingless hipogriffs,
Or as a river slung out from the Andes,
Weary, bedraggled,
From lands never seen
And from other accessible lands;
And suddenly startled by a horn
Puffed out with hurricanes,
They give nervously such a deep neighing
That it promises to endure forever,
And then on the boundless pampas
View the solemn distances,

Feel the lure of far-off horizons, climb again the
ages,
Crowd together puffing and sniffing . . .
And are off head-long!

When he leaves the pomp and cruel glory
of the Spaniard, it is to probe the stoically-
borne tragedy of the Indian, fallen from the
majesty of empire to the degradation of
what is perhaps the most desolate serfdom
on earth. In "Mas Allá," the poet, lost in
the lonely plateaus of the Andes, inquires
the way to the city from the Indians he
meets. The Indian always points ahead and
says "Just over there"; and yet the city
does not appear.

Oh, race mighty in sorrow,
Persistent incredibly,
Ignorant of fatigue
And of the horizon's urge:
"Just over there" you find always

All that you wish to find.
And thus one perceives at bottom
Of this contempt of yours, giving
A sapient irony to distances,
A feeling for the Eternal.

Latin-America's present is certainly not
very inspiring. Divided politically and
materially backward, overwhelmingly provin-
cial in morals and thought and art, it
grope for strength toward that common
splendor of recklessness and courage from
which it sprang. Its actuality being nega-
tive, it must seek what self-assurance it
needs in the flattery of the past. Nothing
else gives this flattery a glamor like the
poetry of that courtier of cheap dictators,
Don José Santos Chocano, whose genius
has become one of the most powerful of the
large subtle forces making for a Latin-
American nationality.

Landscape Design

CENTRAL PARK

By ELBERT PEETS

IT is obvious enough that Central Park is
a bit out at elbow. Its trees are stag-
headed and its lawns are spotty. But tradi-
tion survives soil depletion, and tradition
is very firmly convinced that all Central
Park needs is a hundred thousand loads of
manure and a flock of newly-bathed sheep
to make it again what it was in the days of
Lily Bart, the best of all possible parks.
That proposition I rise to question, to deny.
I rise in behalf of the Geometric Park Move-
ment (the capitals are mine), which, though
still in its cradle, has its grip on a serpent
or two, and promises some time, with the
help of no Atlas-messenger, to have its way
amidst the gardens fair of Hesperus.

Why, we of the movement ask, should a
public garden in an unusually unrustic city
be contrived out of billowy meadows,
rocky hills, labyrinthine lakes, and tufted
shrubberies? Seeing that we don't shape
our doorways like the mouths of caves nor
carry crooks for canes, why must Central
Park be the amalgam of a Herefordshire

sheepwalk and the location for a movie
version of "Hiawatha?" We know the an-
swer: Central Park is Nature and Nature is
man's Great Solace, the only sure antidote
to hurdy-gurdies, pool-rooms, factories,
tenements, and all the other vicious influ-
ences of a great city. Such Eighteenth Cen-
tury scientists as Thomson and Cowper dis-
covered this quality and the sociologically
enlightened American of the 50's confirmed
their researches. F. L. Olmsted, co-designer,
with Calvert Vaux, of Central Park, was
convinced that "the town" had a deleter-
ious effect on "the mind and the moral
strength" and that only "green pastures
and still waters" could restore those mem-
bers to their primitive health. The way it
works is apparently by association. You go
to Central Park, you have memories of the
little farmhouse on the hill, you think of
the old oaken bucket, you resolve to lead a
better life. But suppose you come from the
Warsaw ghetto? Do not despair: the mes-
sage of peace will come to you neverthe-
less, and in Nature's Universal Language,
which Central Park speaks most fluently!

To all this the Opposition answers that

the formal Grand Parc at Versailles expresses repose just as clearly. In art, as in nature, straight lines, level planes, balanced forms, dark colors, slow rhythms, produce in us emotional states which we associate with physical rest. For a fact, Versailles and Hampton Court are far more restful than Central Park. Many passages in Central Park are not merely not quiet—they are actually exciting. Great rocks dotted and piled all around, little hills crowned with rustic shelters or leaning trees, lawns fantastically shaped and modeled and dotted with explosions of rock and shrubbery, deep-set ponds of contorted outline, a network of drives, walks and bridle paths sinking, rising, twisting, interlaced, leaping over and diving under each other, trees of every shape and size, stone bridges, iron bridges, lamps, signs, and every kind of human sound and movement—what sort of lullaby is that?

Central Park, indeed, cannot hide behind nature's skirts, and its design cannot be justified by alleging an exclusive restorative charm, physical or moral. Olmsted's claim that only his true counterfeit of nature's bosom could compensate the city dweller for the nervous irritations that harass him is only another proof that love will find a reason. He knew and loved the style he worked in. He identified it with nature, the holy word of his time, and so made of it a religion. Ruskin (who, inevitably, was Olmsted's favorite prophet) made a religion of Gothic architecture. Our present separation of nature and art from morality, our attitude toward art form and the form will, leave to the ideas of Olmsted, as to those of Ruskin, little but their historical interest. Central Park is an effort to attain beautiful form. Its style is no more sacred than other styles. We must accept it as the expression of a sincere faith, but that is no reason for fatuously believing that it presents the best and only way to handle the area it occupies, and still less an excuse for setting it up as a model which all other large city parks must follow.

As form, then, I shall consider it. And

first as part of a larger form, the city of New York. Civic art has for its ideal the æsthetic unification of the entire city. This can be done by applying such basic architectural principles as axiation, radiation, and proportion. There must be also, as in every work of art, a uniform style; the city must express a harmony of form will. And a city park must be integrated with the city in both these ways. The park at Versailles inevitably expresses the same type of pleasure in form that the town of Versailles expresses. They could be reversed, the park being built up and the town planted, without striking incongruity. But that sort of thing was fundamentally impossible to Olmsted and his associates because they thought of the city as the enemy of the country. The country was sacred, the city profane. They could make suburbs into pretty imitations of the country, but it never occurred to them that parks might be made beautiful versions of the city. They made Central Park a sanctuary to preserve a piece of country from its enemy, the city. There was no compromise. The park announces its hatred of the city in every line. It refuses to integrate its plan with the city plan. Its style is the exact antipode of the style of the city.

The park's most conspicuous contact with the city plan is that it stops Sixth and Seventh avenues. These streets have developed into powerful walled vistas. They shoot at the park like two huge cannonshots of space, capable of dominating the entire lower half of it, and in Winter they come near doing so. But the park ignores them. At Seventh avenue two big sycamores rise like a spite-fence across the line of the avenue, stopping the view in both directions. All the streets that enter the park are forced at the gate to renounce everything they have been. Just inside, most of them are pulled sharply to one side, down, then up again.

The Plaza and Columbus Circle were conceived as vestibules to the park, but neither can be thought of as part of it. They are contiguous to the park, but not articulated

with it. The Plaza is now a charming feature of Fifth avenue but its function of gateway to Central Park is so obscure that one may easily fail to notice it. The only recognition of the park in the Plaza design (and perhaps its only fault) is the substitution of posts and chains for balustrade at the north end. Along with this denial of the streets of the city must be cited Central Park's lack of connection with the Hudson and the East River. This may not be charged, perhaps, against Olmsted and Vaux, but it is the sort of fault the style they worked in is constantly committing. A strip one block wide running to each of the rivers would not have added one-twentieth to the area of the park. And when the park was built the tidal marshes touched Fifth avenue.

The saddest aspect of its failure to integrate with the city is that it occupies the very area from which should rise the city's acropolis. The idea of the city crown, a center of the city plan, raised high at the heart of the city, is one of the oldest and finest principles of city planning. The plan of Manhattan is the most orderly plan of its size in the world, but it is not organized. The company is perfectly formed, but there is no standard bearer at its head. Within the area of Central Park a standard could have been raised, a rallying point for all Manhattan. The basic formal elements of Manhattan are straightness, uniformity, long vistas, a general rise toward the center of the island. These elements exist imperfectly, unimpressively. Freed from practical limitations, in Central Park they could have been expressed with ideal beauty and intensity. The park could have fulfilled the function of art, to create forms into which the imagination of a period can enter with pleasure. And what our imagination wants is usually the purification, the sublimation, of our practical activities. Does some one say that Central Park is now a true embodiment of New York's form will? Then we must regret that the rest of the city is not a maze of zigzag Rothenburg *Gässchen* and curved St. John's Wood drives lined with shrub-embowered villas.

The park denies the city: it also denies to man the fundamental satisfactions of architecture and gardening—the clear perception of space and mass. Landscape gardening, we are told, is "the art which conceals art." Its aim is *rus in urbe*, a means of saving travel when you want to walk or drive in the country. But nowadays we ask for art that insists upon itself and drives its form home to us as emphatically as our senses can bear it. Art can improve on nature, can make simple and intense the expression of nature. In Olmsted's day a stage setting for a forest scene was crowded with fat tree trunks painted with ivy and owl holes. Now we see some dark vertical strips against a light sky and have a cleaner feeling of the form character of a forest. Central Park gives us meadows, foliage and hills in their natural form. Park designers of the geometric school believe that feel of ground, extent of area, height of hill, the physical relation of trees to air, soil and each other, the mass and strength of rock, are demonstrated much more vividly by the forms of art, by planes, walls, rows, regular shapes and balanced masses. Above all, they feel that only by a geometric relation of geometric parts can the ruling feature of a design establish its dominance over a large area.

The Central Park one can imagine, a glorious revelation of the beauty of New York, may never exist. Yet the form will of a people is a mighty force. New York has created the Grand Central and the prodigious street north of it, the Bush Terminal, the Shelton, the interior of the Bowery Bank, Geddes's Inferno, and the majestic rhythm of traffic in Fifth avenue. Eyes fed on the great scale of these masterings of space must some day penetrate the fog of inherited sentiment through which we now look at the prettiness of Central Park. New York has unequaled material power, a desire for large size ruled by simplicity and order, a healthy confidence in man and his work. Some time, whether in the area of Central Park or somewhere else, these forces will create a huge formal park.

Anthropology

A NOTE ON HISTORY AND RACE

By ROBERT H. LOWIE

HISTORY, the followers of Gobineau assure us, is a matter of race. States arise when a "superior" stock conquers an "inferior" one, the conquerors becoming aristocrats and their subjects commoners. An empire will totter when the thoroughbreds who founded it by domination of the "lower" people become mongrelized by misalliance. Nay, the downfall of whole civilizations is interpreted in the same terms: Francis Galton offered this very explanation to account for the decline of Athens after the age of Pericles; and since a great man's lapses into imbecility are more readily understood than his deeper thoughts, this absurd view is now re-echoed as though it were an incontrovertible dogma.

Race-enthusiasts, however, are not content with disclosing the mainsprings of past history; they are fond of reveling in visions of things to come. So we find a jolly French theorist gloating over the prospect of a gory future: the time is approaching, he tells us, when men will be cutting one another's throats for a difference of a fraction in their cephalic indices. Since science demands occasional martyrdom, I recently took my life into my hands in order to apply to this prophecy the test of experience. I boxed the compass of the Scandinavian Peninsula, traversing Sweden from Trälleborg to Lapland, and Norway from Narvik to Kristiania. But though my cephalic index deviates fifteen one-hundredths from the Norwegian average, I escaped all bodily harm and my own hands remain unstained by Norse blood. I can recommend the Peninsula as perfectly safe for tourists whose index does not exceed 78.65—always presupposing, of course, that their eyes are bluish-gray, their moustaches fair, and their height five feet ten. But though the sense of racial discrimination thus does not appear to be so acute

as our French author would have it, the trip was not without some positive observations on group cleavage, and it tended to shed a little light on some of the old moot problems of race and nationality.

Doubtless many Americans have noticed with some surprise that since the commencement of the new year the Norwegian capital has been called, not Kristiania, but Oslo. The phenomenon would be more or less paralleled if New York were to be suddenly rechristened New Amsterdam. For Oslo was the name of the town at the time of its foundation in the Tenth Century, while Kristiania is reminiscent of the era of Danish rule. There lies the rub: an enthusiastic body of Norse patriots insist on asserting the complete independence of their country, not only politically but culturally as well. Hence, every trace of one-time domination from without is to be destroyed.

As usual, feeling is concentrated on the matter of language. The official literary tongue of the realm—the *riksmaal*—has been Dano-Norwegian; it differs appreciably in pronunciation from Danish, but is essentially like it in vocabulary and grammar. For this language of Ibsen and Björnson the reformers are now bent on substituting the *landsmaal* or rustic speech of the folk, purged of alien words and accordingly closer to the ancient Icelandic. The opponents of the change assert that the proposed tongue is not a natural form of speech at all, but an artificial combination of several peasant dialects. However that may be, the purists have scored to the extent of making it necessary for all teachers to give evidence of their ability to write both the *landsmaal* and the *riksmaal*. Preference is shown to one or the other according to geographical location; the centre of the nationalist aspirations lies on the West coast, while the head of the opposition is in Kristiania, or Oslo. As in all similar movements, the banner of nationalism is unfurled, not by the masses,

but by the intellectuals. There are newspapers dedicated to the cause, and at least one author of preëminent distinction, Arne Garborg, was its champion.

It would ill behoove a stranger to interfere in this family quarrel. Least of all would he do justice to the situation by insisting that the questions at issue are trivial. The neutral onlooker who should declare that, after all, even Icelandic and Danish are close relatives, would certainly be right in logic, but he would be speaking beside the point. To him it may mean little whether the word for *not* is spelled *ikke* or *ikke*, or whether the sign *Kavar* supersedes the more cosmopolitan *Herrer* over the toilet-room of a railway-station. To thousands of Norwegians, however, the matter is not one of indifference, for it symbolizes such major values as Home and Country, which all of us can grasp. Hence, the best thing the outsider can do is not to pass judgment on the partisans of either side, but to determine what the alignment at bottom means.

Thus approaching the subject, we can set it down as certain that race has nothing to do with the conflict. Norway, Denmark, and Sweden do not differ sufficiently in point of race to account for a single phenomenon of their historic relations. It was possible for men like Ibsen and Björnson to be, in their time, strong pan-Scandinavians. On the other hand, the close affinity of Swedes and Norwegians did not prevent their separation, and in the recent difficulties between Norway and Denmark over part of the Greenland coast I found that Swedish public opinion was on the Danish side, though Denmark is racially further from the Peninsular countries than either is from the other. As for the present cleavage in Norway, if differences in head form count for anything, Western Norway should side with Denmark, for Denmark is notoriously the broadest-skulled of the Scandinavian countries and in Western Norway there really exists a brachycephalic population. But, as I have already pointed out, it is the Westerners that staunchly

raise the cry of "Away from Denmark!"

If check data are required, the history of the Walloons in Sweden will prove instructive. In order to promote native industries, Gustavus Vasa imported a considerable number of Walloon artisans. Thus, a broad-skulled Alpine strain of moderate stature was placed in the very midst of the purest Nordics known. For a period there was only inbreeding, but finally intermarriage set in, and the Walloons were more or less absorbed in the general population. Now there seems to be general agreement on two significant points: first, the Walloons are quite as Swedish-minded as any of their compatriots; and secondly, despised Alpines though they are in the eyes of Messieurs Gobineau and company, they have played a prominent part in the life of their adopted country. Nay, they have even perversely shown skill as statesmen, when by all the manuals of Madison Grant, Chamberlain, and *id omne genus* they should have been only hewers of wood and drawers of water. We are not often in a position to know so definitely where a group we are appraising belongs in point of race. Yet this contact of Alpine and Nordic blood has yielded not a single one of the lurid results sketched by the propagandists of race "purity."

Assuredly it does not follow that biological differences *never* precipitate historic struggles and upheavals. But observation shows that no such profound causes are needed. As William James has well said, it is the insistence of some people that the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee is all-important which makes most of history. Any catchword that is dignified into a symbol may have greater potency for good or ill than the racial differences which are nowadays so popular as explanations of human events. It is these symbols that rend asunder populations which, like the Norwegian, are of relatively homogeneous stock, and it is these symbols that may unite in a common cause so varied an assemblage of strains as are found in Poland.

WHEN WASHINGTON TRIED ISOLATION

BY WILLIAM E. DODD

THE American Revolution was a radical movement, as radical, I sometimes think, as anything we have known anywhere in our day. Perhaps the first demand of the men who fought that fight against the British government was for free lands for the landless, a fact not often commented on by historians. In Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina the revolutionary party, in its initial stages, was bottomed upon the demand that the Penns, the Fairfaxes and the Granvilles, all great absentee landlords, be deprived either of their possessions outright or of their rents, not a very different thing. To make the point clear one has but to remember that Benjamin Franklin built his party upon this idea; that in Virginia Patrick Henry's bulwark of strength came from the land-hungry Westerners, already living on the crown or Fairfax lands with rents unpaid; and that in North Carolina Willie Jones, one of the gems of history not yet uncovered, welded similar elements of society into a cohesive party.

Such leaders as these were the mainstays of the Revolution. The lands which their followers coveted were either already seized—squatted upon, as the phrase went—or confiscated by the Legislatures of the three States named before the Revolution ran its course. I present this as one of the real issues of 1776, although it is well known that when the struggle was over the great public domain that lay west of the Alleghany mountains was not given away, but held by Congress at two dollars an acre, and not granted, even to settlers, save in areas of a thousand acres. But the dream of a world of free lands, particularly

in the middle regions and the South, ever open to all who would improve them, was a fundamental motive of the men who fought in the Revolution.

Another demand of importance was that for free trade upon every sea. The New Englanders of the forward-looking sort pressed this idea. But it was as old as the colonies themselves—free trade in tobacco, in rum, and in Negroes and foodstuffs, although far-seeing revolutionists like Jefferson would have forbidden the slave trade. This free trade philosophy was best expressed in New England, where one might have seen, in 1776, the rising smoke of a hundred distilleries within a range of two miles of the old North Church in Boston. I sometimes think the rum trade was the real cause of the New England revolt. But freedom of trade in all directions was of the very essence of the section's economic existence. It is not without significance that it later won the hegemony of the United States with the opposing doctrine of a denial of free trade to everybody and every section!

Freedom of conscience, with free churches in a free state, was quite as much of an ideal to some of the revolutionists as free lands for the landless, albeit most New England and Southern gentlemen and their imitators were far from allowing the fact of freedom, even when they wrote hearty declarations of the principle into their constitutions. However, gentlemen were then, as they have since been, somewhat slow to become revolutionists. The men who actually fought for the cause and talked of "liberty or death" were as much wrought up by the fear of English bishops

in the colonies as they were by the fear that they and their successors might forever lose their freeholds in the unoccupied land. And well they may have been, for it had been for years a serious purpose of the episcopal authorities in London to erect one or more sees in the plantations. Dean Swift, in fact, was once pretty nearly appointed Bishop of Virginia! Nor were the New Englanders free of the horror. Few Americans of today can realize how deeply their fathers of 1776 resented the thought of having any such religious overlords. There are more bishops, archbishops and cardinals in the country today than there were British officials of every rank and grade at that time. It's a long road from Tipperary, surely.

Of more general acceptance in our time is the other great hope of the revolutionists: proportional representation in all legislatures, with annual and even semi-annual sessions to correct the doings of the legislators. Here, as in each of the other cases, was real democracy: the initiative, the referendum and the recall all bundled into a sharp and ready practice. Nor was manhood suffrage so distant from the colonists' thoughts as some historians have argued upon poor evidence, for more people, in comparison to the total population, actually voted during the early revolutionary struggle than find it convenient to vote now. Yet I must not leave the impression that proportional representation and manhood suffrage were ever actually demanded. They were not, save in Pennsylvania, that chamber of horrors to all who believed in the stability of things. Pennsylvania was the Wisconsin of the time. There was genuine democracy: free lands at the expense of the Penns and the Indians; free trade in spite of all difficulties; freedom of religion, even to the far extent of allowing the Catholics places of worship; and equal representation in a Legislature that met two or three times a year and refused all overlordships, gubernatorial or judicial. In other commonwealths, such as Virginia and Massachusetts, the lofty-toned public

documents left something to the imagination. The minority, safely in the revolutionary saddle, kept its feet in the stirrups and a steady hand upon the reins. It managed the wild revolutionists so as to keep them harmless in the assemblies, and pretty soon it set up the novel doctrine that legislatures that ran amuck were subject to judicial revision and rebuke. It was bad but it had to be so, else the gentlemen tobacco planters of Virginia, hopelessly in debt to their British creditors, and the New England free traders, with money in the bank, would not have played the game at all. Revolutionists like Henry and Sam Adams and Willie Jones had to make the best of a bad situation. If they had not acquiesced, there would have been no Revolution at that time, and perhaps never.

I have sketched the fundamental points of 1776 in order to make clear what young America wanted. It was something close to democracy, but a compromise all the same—in order, as Franklin said, to hang together, lest they hang separately in London. The radical ideals and practices which prevailed in most of the colonies, in spite of all the sober remonstrances of the conservative John Adamses and Landon Carters, were the ideals and practices which George Washington, duly counting the pros and cons, decided to support and make good in a doubtful war. Washington, the protégé of Lord Fairfax, and counting thousands of acres of good lands which the Fairfaxes had helped him to possess, took the side of Henry, whom he distrusted, and of Sam Adams, whom, I think, he hated. Such were, indeed, the tangles of the time that a man had to take a line of policy in spite of its "wild ideas and wilder men." That, I take it, was Washington's feeling when he volunteered his services and agreed to equip and maintain a regiment in the service of a cause which he must have regarded with serious shakings of his wise head. But he alone, as we look into those times and observe their men and issues, could have led the movement to success.

II

Yet Washington was at the point of failure in 1777. The New England free traders had lost heart and gone off home to visit their wives, and the Southerners were already in possession of the lands they coveted or moving in great numbers across the mountains, where neither Washington's nor Lord Howe's recruiting officers could molest them. It was a serious time for serious men. Less than three million Americans were not likely to win a war against eight million Britishers with ships that traversed every sea. Moreover, quite half of the Americans were either opposed to the movement or quite out of heart about it; and the half was fast becoming two-thirds as the year 1777 advanced and great British armies, the one from New York city, the other from Canada, converged upon the better part of the revolutionists near Saratoga. Washington doubtless considered solemnly the chance of a disgraceful end in London. Franklin considered himself happy in Paris, where he could escape the noose. To such a plight had the revolutionists come within a year after their hopeful Declaration to all the world! Whence could help come?

There was only one recourse: to involve France in the war—gay France, with its charming salons and its hard-driven peasants; France, the royalist and boastful, exemplar of all that was aristocratic in Europe! France, a dozen years before, had suffered just such a débâcle at the hands of British statesmen as Germany recently suffered at the hands of French statesmen. Proud France had been beaten and humiliated on land and sea. She was angry, sore, sullen.

Benjamin Franklin, in his shining fur cap, with the flaps, I hope, pulled down over his ears, was the rage in Paris. He knew perfectly well what to do. He fed Vergennes, the king and Carlyle's beloved aristocrats with stories of America's greatness, of her vast commerce that should fall at the peace to France, after Great Britain

had bitten the dust at the command of his royal majesty. Revenge was sweet, and France cast the die. It was an alliance of offensive and defensive. The French would guarantee the independence of the Americans, write a liberal treaty at the end, and after that the two nations would hobble, if they did not control, "perfidious" Britain. Franklin, one of the cleverest of politicians as well as one of the wisest of statesmen, would thus remain in Paris, where he loved the bright lights and wrote with delicate irony admirable pen portraits of the leading figures in the great human stream that passed his door.

Washington was saved. The young United States was saved. It took, of course, years more of weary fighting after 1778, the year of the first treaty the United States ever signed with a great power—years of weary marching up and down a forest-covered continent, of wild and ruthless fighting, of wholesale inhumanity to the Britishers and Indians and neighborhood Tories who fell into American hands. If anybody imagines atrocities were new in the world in 1914, let him read the records of 1780. But victory came at last—on a beautiful day in the sleepy little village of Yorktown, Virginia, when French generals and French admirals all but crowded Washington off the stage, receiving the sword of Lord Cornwallis. It was over, the horrible war. Off in the wilderness of Virginia, old Lord Fairfax, remembering his protégé of other days and sick a-bed, read the news of the victory, turned his face to the wall and said, "Let me die."

Washington dictated terms to a British general at Yorktown instead of hanging in London, but French generals and French admirals all but seized the honor of the occasion for themselves. When the treaty was written the next year and duly agreed to by the British in 1783—the first American treaty of Versailles—there was all the evidence needful that the new country was neither wholly independent nor isolated from Europe. It was a protégé, if not an appendage, of France, for the treaty re-

validated the solemn pact of 1778, by which the Americans must go to war in aid of France in the event of another European struggle. The American radicals, if not the conservatives, regarded themselves bound in their lives and their honor to fulfill this obligation.

III

But that was not the worst. The treaty of 1783 engaged the new nation, if it could be called such, to restore the very lands it had fought for: the Penn, the Fairfax and the Granville tracts, all already taken. The far wider area of free lands for free men was recognized as belonging to the Congress, a sort of treasury out of which to pay the cost of the long war. If men settled upon these lands, they must pay for them. The Revolution had come high. The debts piled up, foreign and domestic, amounted to some hundred and thirty million dollars, more than any man ever expected to see paid—a hundred and thirty millions in gold to come from a country whose total movable wealth hardly amounted to that sum, unless we count the wealth represented by the Negro slaves, who at once made free to run off at will!

A treaty that promised the restoration of the lands already confiscated and that placed a definite check upon migration to the Indian country was naturally not popular in 1783 and some of the new legislatures made haste to cast it into the waste basket. But these were not all the burdensome items of the hated agreement. The tobacco planters who owed twenty million dollars to British creditors in 1776, debts that had been on the books in many cases for half a century, must now make shift to pay them, and with interest. Well they might ask what the Revolution had been fought for!

Of even more disagreeable import was the demand of the treaty that Congress compel the States to restore the Tories to their former homes and lands. A large part of the immediate cost of the struggle to the

individual States had been paid out of property taken from these Tories—"the vile trash" who had in the midst of war sided against their country, and actually fought with the British. I do not recall a parallel in recent times, but one may well imagine what Germans would do to any considerable body of Germans who fought for France in the World War and by the treaty were shipped back to the Fatherland, to be restored to their homes and lands—Germans or Frenchmen, for that matter. The treaty of 1783 went yet farther. It required that the Americans must indemnify the British government for advances made to the exiled Tories during the war. Keen-witted as Benjamin Franklin surely was, he assented to these offensive demands. Nor is there record that Washington protested.

Hardly less resentment was aroused by the tone of European public opinion about free trade, one of the fundamental ideals, or points, of 1776. There had been a vast smuggling trade before the war, and there had been markets abroad for American wheat, pork, lumber and fish. Now all these were gone. Instead of free trade there was likely to be no trade at all, or a return to the economic dependence of each State upon Great Britain or France, as the case might be. The treaty made it obligatory on the colonies to pay their debts to French and Dutch creditors, some seven or eight million dollars, but it left trade relations undefined and markets negligible. In 1774 the colonies had exported ten million dollars' worth of goods; in the years that followed 1783 the independent States exported hardly half as much. Their total sales amounted to less than half the interest on their debts, domestic and foreign. If any modern nation has ever been in a worse plight no evidence of the fact has been forthcoming.

But not only were the foreign relations of the new republics next to desperate in the years immediately following the peace; their domestic situation was quite as chaotic. One of the grievances of the revolutionists against Great Britain had been the

persistent denial to the colonies of the privilege of issuing paper money. Once independent, there was nothing to prevent them issuing it, and so the States undertook to pay all their debts in paper promises. Their second estate was thus worse than their first. Debtors, tenants and other landless folk migrated to the new lands, leaving their old debts worthless and old farmsteads idle. Thousands from the Middle States poured into the valley of the upper Ohio, into the rich Kentucky region and along the banks of the Tennessee and the Cumberland rivers. In New England the simpler folk behaved in a similar manner, moving ever west or northwest into Vermont and New York, or in groups into Pennsylvania, thus crowding the Scotch and the Germans southward.

Radicalism, independence and paper money made chaos; and there were leaders of 1776 who, in 1786, thought the country was destined to ruin, themselves with it. Washington was one of these. Practicable men, like the good Republicans of today, asked themselves what freedom of religion could mean to men who paid little heed to religion anyway, what liberty meant to men who wished to rule other men, economically or politically. The Revolution appeared to have been a failure. Who, in 1786, boasted of his share in the illusions of 1776? I can find none.

IV

Distasteful as the fact must be to Americans who do not know their own history, a fact it remains that Europe was looked to for stabilization. Europe must open her markets; the treaty with France and England must be enforced, for it was a fatal thing to ignore solemn treaties with Europe and then seek to bind note-givers, tenants and runaway Negroes to their masters at home. Washington saw this early; the silent Tories had seen it even earlier. Creditors, landlords and speculators now recognized it. The Federal Constitution was drawn in the Summer of 1787

to meet the situation. It made the treaty of Versailles the supreme law of the land; it blocked the States in their paper money programmes. In the hope of compelling men to pay their private debts, it made contracts sacred. The Constitution was a reaction. It proposed to set up a power greater far than any British power ever known to Sam Adams or Patrick Henry—an imperial power. But how could debtors, tenants and landless folks, some of whom had the right to vote, be brought to endorse and ratify the proposed government?

By means which I shall not here describe the impossible was made possible. Majorities of two to one in New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia were overcome. Leaders who swore mighty oaths against the Constitution in the Autumn of 1787 submitted to it tamely in 1788, and in 1789 took office under Washington. The leaders of a hostile, a democratic, a rampant people, were converted into willing servants of a new and soon to be powerful government. The feat was performed by George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and the bankers of Philadelphia, who had never believed in the Fourteen Points of the Revolution anyway.

A treaty that had not been observed was now made effective; debts that had not been paid, nor even the interest thereon discharged, were now to be paid; vast tracts of land, seized and held by squatters under State confiscation laws, were to be sued for in the new American federal courts; paper money was outlawed and debts were made as sacred as religion itself. People who had shown a tendency to squat upon the public domain west of the Ohio were to be kept at home, unless they could find gold enough to buy a thousand acres of land for cash, a thing which they could not do. Getting all this done was an almost impossible task, the most reactionary, even if wise, undertaking known to history. The treaty of Vienna of 1815 was like unto it; even that was necessary and wise. Democracy had had its day in 1789; the other philosophy was now com-

ing into its own. Yet neither the one nor the other could have succeeded in America in 1790 but for the intervention of Europe.

There had been, to be sure, a certain revival of economic activity in the thirteen States prior to the inauguration of the new system, but it did not approach the prosperity of the years just preceding the Revolution, nor was there any immediate prospect of a change when Congress, operating under the "new roof" of 1787, enacted a tariff for revenue. The average rate was eight per cent and there were also tonnage duties. If the total volume of exports, some six million dollars' worth a year, did not decline, this tariff would net the government about two hundred and fifty thousand annually. Other income might raise this to a total of four hundred thousand.

But that was not an encouraging prospect to any who knew the facts. The interest on the foreign debt alone was not less than four hundred thousand dollars and the country was greatly in arrears. After all allowance was made for certain payments, mainly in land and depreciated scrip, on domestic account, there remained a debt that could hardly be counted as less than sixty million dollars. An income of four hundred thousand dollars was certainly too little to pay it. And yet a principal object of the drafting of the new Constitution was the payment of both the principal and the interest of the debt.

V

I cannot believe that George Washington journeyed to New York in April, 1789, with anything like as high hopes as those he had when he journeyed to Boston in 1775. He had gone a long road since the delirious day when the world was young and seemed as good as its word. Now he was the head of the government he had made, and then contrived to induce an unwilling country to accept. He was both President and commander-in-chief of whatever armies there might be. Though he had done much of the making of the Constitu-

tion himself, he surely could not regard his high honors with the same zest with which he had viewed his appointment, so ardently sought, as commander-in-chief in 1775. There had been dangers ahead then, but he discounted them. There were graver dangers ahead in 1789 and he saw them all. None but Washington could have led the armies to success in the Revolution; none but he could have steered the new government over its doubtful course in 1789. Nor was he more than hopeful.

The majority of the Americans disliked the "new roof" and Washington himself was now counted as less of a people's man than he had ever been counted before. The great popular leaders, Patrick Henry, Willie Jones and Sam Adams, would have nothing to do with the experiment. Lesser leaders everywhere sneered at the "grand régime." Only hard-headed doubters of democracy were his earnest co-workers, unless we except Thomas Jefferson. The people did not believe that the debt could ever be paid. They were in no mood to have the treaty of Versailles enforced. They were against the restoration of the Tories, the return of the confiscated lands, and the payment of the tobacco debts. The Constitution meant all of these things—and the new federal courts quickly pronounced the treaties the supreme law of the land.

Time is the savior of men. Washington moved slowly, made as good a Cabinet as he could, filled all the offices with as ardent partisans as he could induce to accept them, and made as few scenes with Congress as possible. As the Spring passed and the Summer advanced,¹ news of the disturbances in France grew into the tale of a revolution that made the American Revolution look stale. No other generation in modern times has ever felt the world so rock upon its axis as did that generation which witnessed the events that began in August, 1789, and ran to the end of 1792, Washington's first term of office. It was France coming a second time to the rescue of Washington and his country. In 1778, aris-

tocratic Frenchmen hastened to the assistance of the revolutionaries in the American wilderness; in 1789-92, revolutionaries in Paris set the stage of the world so that the aristocrats around Washington could not fail. But much as he owed to the French Revolution, he regarded it with as much of horror as Burke himself. When the keys of the Bastille were sent to him, as to their proper custodian, he could hardly restrain his contempt for the senders—yet he did restrain it.

Slowly time was saving Washington and giving his artistocratic party its first hold on the American imagination. Europe must have goods. With wars and rumors of wars all about, governments and individuals paid for supplies in cash. American exports quickly increased from six million dollars' worth a year in 1789 to sixty millions' worth as Washington's first term drew to a close. The revenue from the tariff laid upon the imports purchased by these sixty millions of exports rose almost to the amount necessary to the payment of interest on all the debts of the country. Other and minor items of income eked out the difference; and Alexander Hamilton, who took office a month after the outbreak of the French Revolution, laid his plans for a refunding of the debts on the expectation of a steady, if an insufficient, income. In a year he saw that income mounting; in two years he realized that he was a great statesman. The buoyancy of the young country and the French Revolution had saved him.

Forthwith everybody became a speculator in the future. Evidences of debt against the government which had sold at a song now commanded their full face value. Even the worthless continental paper found a market—when it had not been destroyed, or lost, or pasted on the walls of log cabins. Washington was a success. The Constitution was a success. Pigs and wheat and beef, once drugs on the market, sold at mounting prices. Washington said:

If the people of this country have not abundant

cause to rejoice, I know of no country that has. We have settled all our disputes, and are at peace with all nations. We supply their wants with our superfluities, and are well paid for doing so—the earth has yielded its fruits bountifully. No city, town, village or farm but exhibits evidences of increasing wealth and prosperity.

The party of Washington could well talk prosperity. And it did talk prosperity. The country remained prosperous, save for a short spell of war, till 1816, when the great struggle in Europe was over. Then the demand for American goods declined radically, and hard times, such as had never been dreamed of, fell upon the people. They were not dispelled till the middle of the Nineteenth Century, when other European wars again came to the rescue of American statesmanship.

VI

Meanwhile, the noise of the French Revolution stirred America to its depths. Democratic clubs were everywhere organized. Regiments were raised and offered to the government—regiments that were intended to be marched off to Florida or Louisiana to attack provinces that belonged to an ally of Great Britain. Ships were fitted up and sent to sea to fight the ancient enemy or to prey upon his commerce. The people thought that the treaties which Washington had urged as the supreme law of the land bound them to go to the aid of their French friends. Men who had resisted to the limit the enforcement of the treaty of Versailles were now running off to fight in fulfillment of that treaty and its predecessor, the treaty of 1778.

Washington solemnly assured the country that it was not bound by these treaties to assist France, and Hamilton explained delightfully that since the French people had beheaded their king, all bargains with him were off. In March, 1793, Washington issued his neutrality proclamation. Though, as we have seen, he had been saved by Europe more than once in his public life, he now declared for a policy of isolation, of complete and absolute neutrality:

Determined to keep the country in a state of neutrality, I have made my public conduct accord with the system, and propriety forbids intemperate private expression of opinion in favor of one nation.

No doubt it had to be so. A little country, albeit prosperous beyond all known precedent, could hardly go to war on behalf of a nation across the Atlantic, although every obligation, legal and moral, bound it to do so. Washington decided that treaties were, after all, scraps of paper—a doctrine which ought to restrain some people from quoting him altogether. Yet a nation is never guided, as both Washington and Bismarck were prone to insist, by its interests alone. In 1793 and after, the interests of Americans commanded them to keep the peace, but they lived in a state of turmoil and violent party warfare because Washington would not risk their prosperity by launching the country into war.

The remainder of his life was little more than a long nightmare. The people insisted on taking their treaties and their European obligations seriously. They were moved by devotion to their earlier ideals: liberty, equality and fraternity, as the French phrased it. Washington and Hamilton preached neutrality, prosperity, and riches beyond the imagination, but the people talked liberty and equality, and made speeches and rioted against the President. On the streets of New York, they even stoned his Secretary of the Treasury, the "advance agent of prosperity."

To keep the boat from careening in the direction of France, Washington sent the best American Englishman he could find, Chief Justice Jay, to London to make a treaty with the British and so secure even more of the world's trade than the new nation already had. A new treaty was duly drawn. It impinged upon the rights of the French as stipulated in the treaty of 1778. The French revolutionary government protested. But in June, 1795, the Jay treaty was submitted, with the approval of the President, to the Senate. A Virginia radical, a sympathizer with the Jacobin clubs,

a follower of Thomas Jefferson, recently retired, broke the gentleman's agreement of the Senators and gave his copy of the document to the *Aurora*, the Hearst paper of the day. Philadelphia, the seat of the government, was at once in an uproar. Everybody in the city who did not ride in "elegant carriages," as a traveler put it, rose in protest.

Now Washington became the object of jibes and sneers, and his administration, already headed for the rocks, was about to break to pieces. Jefferson had gone in disgust. Hamilton was as good as forced to go. Edmund Randolph, caught in a minor speculation with the French minister to his own good, was dismissed by the President in a manner that might be commended to Mr. Coolidge. It was clearly only with great difficulty that the General could restrain a kick of his military boot when this former Governor of Virginia betrayed the honor of the government. But this is a delicate matter of a different day, and I shall not press it further.

The bottom of it all was that Washington had grown more and more conservative, and that any man who professed the principles which he himself had professed in his famous letter to Lord Fairfax in 1775 was no longer welcome in his presence. He had saved the country. That was his firm belief, French Revolution or no French Revolution. He had made the country prosperous, so prosperous that the very pigs of Pennsylvania betrayed the fact in their grunts. He had made all the treaties with other nations good, for the Supreme Court had said so. He had stopped the States in their mad careers of bad finance. The debts were all either paid or in the way of payment. To be sure, the Tories had slipped back in considerable numbers and were voting for the "only respectable party" of the time, and the wide acres of confiscated lands were as yet in the hands of the squatters, but the courts had these cases in hand. It was a great performance—if only time and the miserable Europeans had not done so much of it!

VII

But the people were dissatisfied; they were angry. What was the matter with them? They ran off to settle contrary to law on the government lands. They talked always of liberty and democracy. They raised a revolt in Pennsylvania because Washington laid a tax on their whiskey. They made life miserable for the "rich, the good and the wise." Things reached such a state that no man of eminence could be induced to take a vacant place in the Cabinet. Five or six times Washington asked such a man to become Secretary of State after Jefferson had left office. All refused, and so poor Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts had to be appointed. Four or five other men were asked to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury; another New Englander of two-by-four calibre took the place by default. Historians have busied themselves explaining this exasperating modesty of Americans of mark. If one but reads the letters of Washington and Jefferson the truth comes out. The leaders did not want to enter a falling house.

Outside, Jefferson was organizing democracy—the forces and the very men who had occupied front places on the stage in 1776, save poor old Henry, who could neither countenance Washington nor stomach Jefferson, "with his bent toward atheism." Little Jimmie Madison, the encyclopedia of the day, the man with the frost-bitten ear, abandoned Washington after having helped him write the Farewell Address, and joined the arch-radical of Monticello. James Monroe, the minister to Paris, came back to attack Washington, his chief, for "betraying liberty." Willie Jones, the inimitable, of North Carolina, the homespun Nathaniel Macon of the House of Representatives, and the tall, black-eyed wit and very demon of Virginia, John Randolph, joined the hue and cry.

The currents of Europe were indeed running strong in the wilderness of America. There were Chalmonts, Parises, Lodis and scores of other towns and villages whose

names, heard everywhere, bore testimony to the drift of men's philosophies. Mr. Beveridge thinks it was horrible, next thing to national insanity, and that hardly any of those ancient tribunes of the people were worthy of so much as the contempt of good men and wise. John Marshall alone, he says, saved them from perdition, and the government itself from utter collapse at the hands of the "lying Jefferson." But I am not so pessimistic about history, however pessimistic I may become about the conduct and attitudes of "stupid majorities" in our own day.

Whatever the matter was, Washington determined to be quit of the whole business. By sheer good luck he steered John Adams into the Mansion, as it was then called, bequeathed him an incompetent Cabinet, read the world his Farewell Address, and put off for Mount Vernon. It was a sad, but also a humorous situation. The whole nation had turned fool. Everybody was prosperous, richer than he had ever been, yet everybody was howling.

Europe had broken Washington, the greatest of American statesmen, as it was to break others in the years to come. It was lucky that the broad, if almost impassable road southward led to Mount Vernon, where, let us hope, Mrs. Washington had gone betimes to make a peaceful atmosphere for her lord. There were thousands of acres of fertile lands, great oak forests to screen a man from the gaze of the vulgar, and a hundred slaves to doff their hats to master, take the bridle of his horse and open the doors to blazing fires on wide hearths. And old George Mason, the incorrigible next-door neighbor, was dead.

Europe had had its way with Washington when he first left Mount Vernon: it had saved him from a miserable journey to London. In October, 1781, it had lifted him to the third heaven. It came to his assistance again at the next great turn of his life in 1789. Now it accompanied him in his unhappy retirement. Who would be the next victim?

JUNK

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A PASSION for American antiques has taken possession of the country. Possibly because we are skeptical about our present and pessimistic about our future, we have turned to our past and are gathering it literally into our arms. For block after block along Madison avenue in New York you pass antique-shops where the bottles grandpa took his bitters from stand proudly in the windows, and you can buy the hooked rugs grandma made, including the spots added by grandpa when he poured too much bitters from the bottle—that is, you can buy them if you have the price. A motor trip through "historic New England" has become a fascinating game, the game being to catch a glimpse of New England between the billboards, the filling stations, the hot-dog kennels, the tea-rooms, and the antique-shops. At present, to be sure, the hot-dog kennels outnumber the antique-shops six to four, but the latter are catching up. They already about equal the tea-rooms in number, and far surpass them in general interest.

Time was when, if your wife or some other female dragged you into a tea-room under the erroneous notion that enough food could be obtained there to nourish a canary and in less than one hour and a half, you passed the period of waiting in examining the strange objects in the gift-shop (sometimes "ye gifte shoppe") conducted in the front parlor. These objects consisted of ugly Italian pottery offered at about double the price set on it in New York, painted birds on sticks which you were supposed to stand in your garden beds (I hope nobody ever did), home-made em-

broideries, and such-like gewgaws. They never seemed to evoke a smile from female patrons who laughed scornfully at mid-Victorian decorations. You generally had examined the entire stock twice, and had almost been tempted into purchasing a doll dressed as a ballet dancer, her skirt being composed of shaving papers to be pulled off one at a time, as the need arose, before the village beauty who acted as waitress announced that your repast of a cup of weak, cool tea and two lettuce sandwiches cut so thin they could be used as pages in the India paper edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, was ready. Now all that is changed. While waiting for this repast, you can step into the next house, or across the highway, and examine the contents of the antique-shop. But if you are tempted into making any purchases there, you'd better step back to the tea-room first and cancel your order. You'll never be able to pay both bills!

And what are these antiques which we are all so busily buying, and for which we are paying such astonishing prices? Are they fine and beautiful things? They are. Are they poor and ugly things? They are. They are everything and anything old. We have gone quite mad, if not about our ancestors, certainly about every domestic object they made or employed. And, as a result, most of us are assembling collections of expensive and very nearly worthless junk. Two of the best (or worst) examples, I suppose, are Currier and Ives lithographs and Bennington cottage ornaments, particularly those terrible brown crockery poodles, and the cow cream pitchers filled through a hole in the animal's

back and emptied through its mouth, the tail serving as a handle. Neither the prints nor the pottery, of course, are particularly old; both belong to the Nineteenth Century. The Bennington pottery works were started in 1847, and were operated for a decade or more. The Currier, and Currier and Ives, prints were issued over a much longer period, and are consequently much easier to obtain. Besides, a picture was less easily broken than a cream pitcher.

But the wonder is with most of them that anybody should want to obtain them. Some, to be sure, which are dated views of definite places, have a certain historic interest—though one generally suspects the accuracy of anything so crude. And certain of the large ship pictures, particularly those of clippers, were quite evidently drawn, engraved and printed with care, probably by more skilful workers. A few of the clipper ship lithographs may be intrinsically worth a quarter of the price they are now fetching (which is close to \$300). But the vast majority of Currier and Ives lithographs, crude in drawing, unspeakably gaudy and raw in color, often cased in ugly, flat mahogany frames, which the dealers have picked up in farmhouses and sell for ridiculous prices, are not intrinsically worth carting home. Our ancestors hung them on their walls because they didn't know any better. Now we are again hanging them on our walls—because we don't know any better. In the last year or two I have observed a good friend of mine, a dealer, gathering in these prints, and selling them as fast as he could display them in his shop. Indeed, all our farmhouses for miles around are unable to meet the demand. I have seen not a few of the pictures he sold later hung in the bedrooms, even the living rooms, of Summer homes, their new owners proudly pointing them out. When I mildly suggest that they are quite worthless as art and hopelessly ugly as decoration, and that the same amount of money would have bought three or four lovely colored woodcuts by Rudolph Ruzicka and Ernest Watson, or even

an etching or two by Ernest Haskell, the new owners look at me with a pitying superiority, as upon one who strangely and perversely cannot comprehend the beauty of antiquity.

As for Bennington dogs, I suppose they were without any exception the ugliest objects ever made and peddled around to farmers' wives. But they are now rare. So they must be had for one's "collection." They bring prices as absurd as their ugliness, and those people who achieve them, instead of being satisfied with that, must also display them in full view. These same people also collect Staffordshire and other cottage ornaments, and display them, too. Should you suggest that one Rogers group is really worth the entire collection, they would put you down for a poor, soulless ignoramus. Yet such is the fact. John Rogers never made anything so ugly as a Bennington dog, nor (save for a grace of color now and then) as a hundred other cottage ornaments in pottery or porcelain. And, unlike the pottery craftsmen, he was a sculptor employing the actual life about him for the purposes of his art. He was pioneering in realism, and trying to put a consciousness of the possible connection between life and art into the minds of his Victorian fellow Americans. I have a Rogers group of Jefferson as Rip with two children climbing over him, which is a delightful composition and a delightful reminder of what two generations laughed and wept at in our American playhouse. But I got it for one-twentieth the price of a Bennington dog.

II

The rage for early American glass doesn't result in the accumulation of quite so much junk, because any glass, being translucent, has a certain æsthetic charm. But you have to stand some distance away from a good deal of it, and have a pretty strong light streaming through, to make it worth a second glance. This is particularly true of some of the very earliest glass, and some of the later now collected, such as the

brown, log-cabin bitters bottles of the Civil War era. These bitters bottles sell for three and four dollars. They are ugly in shape, the glass is as nearly without any charm as glass can possibly be, and intrinsically they aren't worth three or four cents. Neither are many of the little, crude whiskey flasks. But most absurd of all, perhaps, is the present demand for those green, yellow or blue glass inverted high hats used in my boyhood for tooth-pick receptacles out in the suburbs, and other odd dishes of the same color and material. This glass was pressed into a rough surface, often of diamond points. The color, most often yellow, was crude. The dishes were, when made, just about on a par, artistically, with the souvenir birchbark canoes, the burnt leather change purses and the flannel banners sold at Saratoga, Coney Island, and similar resorts. They are still. They are junk. But I wish I had ten barrels of them. I could go to Palm Beach for the Winter.

On the other hand, there is real beauty in a genuine Sandwich glass amber dolphin candlestick, though intrinsically a pair of them are not worth the \$100 or so now demanded. And the old Persian blue glass is lovely beyond words—there being no words which can describe a color. Incidentally, though, you or I can take a set of modern glass tumblers, leave them outdoors in full sunlight for two or three years, and achieve a dozen amethyst jewels the equal in color of the finest old world products. It was sunlight which purpled the window panes on Beacon Hill, and sunlight which has made half the pined glory of Chartres Cathedral.

Years ago a cabinet-maker gave me a piece of advice which, had I followed it, would have made me rich. "Buy all the Windsor chairs you can lay your hands on," he said, "and store them in your barn." I could then have laid my hands on hundreds, for a dollar or two apiece, and I could sell them today at all the way from \$20 up to \$150. A Windsor chair isn't junk, unless it is a modern one carefully built of

mahogany and trying to put on parlor airs. The style was achieved in a century when the sense of design was general, and even when the back frame was steamed and bent, the lines were almost always excellent. When the legs have a good, aggressive flare, when the wooden bottom has been nicely shaped and the spindles whittled and tapered by an old fellow who knew how to use a knife, the resultant chair is a sturdy, honest, often an extremely graceful piece of furniture.

But it is a plebeian. It was never anything else. The wood was steamed and bent because that was a cheap way to make a chair. In the days when it was made, nobody bought it except those people who couldn't afford carved and joined mahogany or walnut. It was never designed to comport with walnut and mahogany, nor with panelled walls and crystal girandoles. It was a piece of furniture for humble cottages and farms. It is still—or for porches. To buy a Windsor chair, however good its lines may be, at an extravagant price and place it in a room designed for comfortable living on a scale of comparative luxury, is to commit an error of taste that would have amazed (or amused) our ancestors. In such a place the best Windsor chair ever made becomes junk, and a symbol of our helter-skelter antique collecting.

The farther back you go, as a rule, the better almost all the objects are which you can collect, because it is the more precious pieces which have been most cherished through the generations, and also because the farther back you go the less furniture of any sort the poorer classes possessed. In England, for example, when you get back of the Restoration, nearly all of the furniture you find is oak, and pretty good; it was carefully built, generally for the well-to-do. But the Pilgrim Fathers didn't bring much of that oak to America, if they possessed it at home. The earliest American furniture, of the Pilgrim period, is often crude, as you would expect. When little butterfly tables, so called, with warped maple tops, sell for \$575 apiece,

it is their age and rarity which bring the extravagant price, not their artistic worth. The same is true of a Connecticut chest, selling for \$2000.

But just as soon as the colonists got sufficient foothold on the new continent to think about the social graces, and sufficient economic surplus, they began to import from England, they began to develop genuine cabinet-makers, they began to ship in mahogany from San Domingo, and just as the graceful portico of Mount Vernon rose above the Potomac, and as McIntyre carved his exquisite mantels in Salem, just so the best rooms of the colonists began to fill up with works of art, with highboys and lowboys (was any piece of furniture ever made lovelier than a carved highboy by Savery of Philadelphia?), with "secretaries" (called bureaus in England), with chairs after Chippendale, and then Adam, and then Sheraton, and then the Directoire and the Empire; with sofas, and fire screens—how slender and lovely those fire screens became as the Eighteenth Century waned!—and crystal pendant chandeliers and gilt mirrors, and lacquer and porcelain from the Orient; with tall four-post beds, and copper-printed chintz, and French wall-paper. All these things were beautiful, well made, enduring and desirable. To collect them is a joy, and the possession of them a lasting satisfaction to all the seven senses.

But not everyone, even in those blissful days, was able to afford such household furniture and decoration. The furniture of Savery and Duncan Phyfe cost a pretty penny even when it was new. Many a colonist had to put up with pine, pewter not porcelain was his portion, and though his crude and simple furniture, by following prevailing modes, or else a sound tradition, was unquestionably much better to look upon than the modern products pictured in the mail order catalogues—was, indeed, often very good to look upon—it never was of any great intrinsic value from the craftsman's point of view, simply because the craftsman knew much better

ways to make furniture. Consequently, from the same point of view, which is the point of view of art, it is of little value today. There are exceptions, of course, as for instance an early Eighteenth Century American ladder back chair with curved oak slats and turned finials, or a banister back chair with a bulbous turned stretcher. Such pieces, while simple, gave so much opportunity for subtle, individual design, which is the trick of style, that a really good one can comport with any mahogany. However, the great bulk of the cruder furniture we collect is only valuable because it is old and a record of another day. That is a sentimental valuation, not an artistic one.

III

Artistically, when we go outside of the well-to-do (aristocratic, if you will) Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Century house, unless our knowledge is deep and our instinct for style acute, we begin to collect junk. And, of course, nine-tenths of us do go outside of such houses, and nine-tenths of us have small instinct for style. We have to go outside such houses. There weren't nearly enough such houses to supply one quarter of the present demand, and the prices for all really fine pieces have become practically prohibitive. But we must have antiques, so the junk market flourishes, and many a Yankee farmer has found his attic more profitable of late than his cornfield. And by carrying our craze beyond the colonial and early Nineteenth Century periods, down into the period of the utter degeneration of taste, and gathering in Bennington dogs, glass hats, Currier and Ives lithographs, and the like, we have actually made it possible now for a truly inspired collector, one whose knowledge, impulse and money are alike new (not to mention, perhaps, his ancestors), to assemble a collection of antiques in which not a single article is intrinsically worth preservation, not a single article is, artistically, anything but junk.

If anyone who chances to know me should

also chance to read this paper, I can fancy his derisive chuckles, remembering as he perhaps does the wide window sills of my living room, whereon are battalions of old bottles and flasks, including two of those very log cabin bitters. If I ever took him through the house, he will remember much besides bottles which can well be called junk, from long, thin wheat sickles to box cribs on rockers, copper and iron kettles, sap pail yokes, hooked rugs, Windsor chairs, pine hutch tables, yes, and even Currier and Ives prints! (Still, I have *not* got a Bennington dog.)

I, too, collect junk. I admit it. I collect it because it actually hurts me to see any object once made and used by my ancestors go to oblivion, and because to save it and to have it around reminds me constantly and pleasantly of the past. This is rank sentimentalism, of course, and it is the probable explanation of the present high prices for American antiques. Only a few people will spend much money from any love of art. But nearly everyone will sacrifice to sentiment. The most I can say in self defence is that except for the glass (and the best of that is in plainest view),

our living-room contains very little which is not really good, our panelled dining-room contains nothing which is not good, and only the other day my wife, in a sudden fit of artistic sanity, gathered up the entire collection of old tongs, slices, bakers, toasters, skillets, which had rallied around the fireplace in the hall, and carried them into the garret. When I now wish to be reminded of how great-grandfather toasted his bread I have to climb two flights of stairs; but the nice little Georgian mantelpiece once more is visible in its chaste simplicity. Sometime we may have the courage to put all the junk into the attic, and leave nothing visible except the furniture and other objects which represent, not the makeshifts of our ancestors, but what they created when they were really able to achieve the best they knew how.

That, after all, is the only decent way to treat the old fellows. Why should we remember them for their junk, when they left us mahogany highboys? Why should a craze for antiques make us blind to all æsthetic values? Why should anybody ask such silly questions?

THE PASSING OF THE GANGSTER

BY HERBERT ASBURY

IN New York newspaper offices the tradition of the gang has more lives than the proverbial cat. It dies hard; in fact, it seldom even shows signs of illness. Nothing has ever provided better or more frequent copy for the reporters; it pops up every time there is a killing on the lower East Side. The crime, no matter how obviously it be rooted in bootlegging, dope peddling or what not, is hailed as a new gang murder. Words and phrases which have done service in Park Row for years are trundled out and dusted off, and the newspapers appear next morning with shrieking announcements that the moon is covered with blood and a new gang war impends.

But that war never materializes, and it probably never will again, for there are now no more gangs in New York and no gangsters in the sense that the newspapers use the word. In his day, protected by Tammany Hall and the sheltering arm of the ward heeler, the gangster flourished, but his day has simply passed. It is true that there are still groups in existence that call themselves gangs and that take in vain such mighty names as the Hudson Dusters and the Gophers, but they are no more real gangs than an armed rabble is an army. All the gangs that Alfred Henry Lewis wrote of, that infested the Bowery and Chinatown in the days of Monk Eastman and Humpty Jackson, have been clubbed out of existence by the ever-energetic police.

Inspector Alexander Williams gave the old gangs their first downward push when he enunciated his famous doctrine that "there is more law in the end of a police-

man's nightstick than in a decision of the Supreme Court." Spurred on by reform agencies and an awakening public conscience, husky patrolmen and detectives under Inspector Williams, Big Bill Devery and Deputy Commissioner George S. Daugherty clubbed the gangster from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil. And that restless moral influence known as the Committee of Fourteen added to his troubles by closing such dives as Nigger Mike Salter's place in Pell street, Jimmy Kelly's Flea Bug and McGuirk's Suicide Hall in the Bowery. McGuirk used to boast that more women had committed suicide in his establishment than in any other one place in the world. Now it is the Hadley Rescue Hall!

By the time Arthur Woods became Police Commissioner under Mayor John Purroy Mitchel the gangs were already on the run. Woods completed the smashing of the Gophers, the Hudson Dusters, the Monk Eastmans, the Car Barners, and others, and sent more than two hundred gangsters to prison, including such notables as Owney the Killer, otherwise Owen Madden; Dopey Benny Fein, head of a gang of thugs and horse poisoners; Pickles Laydon, Tanner Smith and Ralph Daniello, better known as Ralph the Barber.

The men who comprise the so-called gangs that survive are, for the most part, merely petty crooks and sneak thieves, with a sprinkling of bootleggers and dope peddlers. Their stealings and killings are nine times out of ten individual enterprises; they have nothing to do with gang politics or questions of gang jurisdiction.

They will not stand together and their numbers are not large. The gang captained by Little Augie, whose real name is Jacob Orgen, is by far the largest and the most powerful yet in being, but it is very doubtful if Little Augie could muster fifty men—certainly not that many who would stand up to the police as the old-time gangsters did. And Little Augie himself, fat and flashy and addicted to fawn-colored spats and violent silk shirts and neckties, reports twice each week to the cops at the Clinton Street Station. There he stands meekly before the desk and tells them everything he has been doing, refreshing his memory from entries in a notebook! Yet Little Augie has been hailed in the newspapers as a great gangster and a worthy successor to such noble thugs as Monk Eastman, Humpty Jackson and Eat 'Em Up Jack McManus!

Imaginative reporters hailed a new gang war some months ago when Kid Dropper, the last of the old-time gangsters but never of the first rank, was killed in front of the Essex Market Court by Louis Cohen, a henchman of Little Augie who wanted to emulate the great killers of the past. But what happened? Cohen was promptly sent to prison for twenty years, and Little Augie and the leader of the Dropper gang were cautioned to behave themselves. They did so. Another war was predicted when Kid Portchester, also a member of the Little Augie gang, was killed on the East Side by three men who shot at him from the windows of a taxicab. But nothing further happened then, either. Little Augie continued to report twice each week to the police, and Headquarters yawned and left the whole matter to the Homicide Squad and the flat-footed precinct detectives.

After neither crime was there a gang war. There has not been a gang war in New York, if we except a few slight disturbances among the chicken-pullers of the lower West Side markets, since 1912, when the followers of big Jack Zelig fought for more than a month against the gangs cap-

tained by Jack Sirocco and Chick Tricker. This was the conflict that had its climax in the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, still remembered reverently as the high-water mark in metropolitan crime. Police Lieutenant Charles Becker and the gunmen, Gyp the Blood, Dago Frank, Lefty Louie and Whitey Lewis, went to the electric chair for the killing of Rosenthal. Zelig himself was shot to death on a Second avenue surface car by Red Phil Davidson only a day before he was to have testified in the Becker trial. The casualties in this war numbered more than ten killed and about twenty wounded. In addition, three gambling houses were destroyed by bombs.

II

Murder is still cheap in some sections of New York, but it was a great deal cheaper when the gangs were at the height of their power. Men were killed in those days for fifty cents, although the usual rate was from \$10 to \$100, payable in advance and satisfaction not guaranteed. Sometimes, if the prospective victim was prominent and it appeared that the protection afforded by the politicians might not suffice to keep the gunman out of jail, the price rose to \$500. But this, too, was exceptional, and the gangster who charged such extortionate fees did very little business.

Some of the gang leaders, secure in their knowledge that the politicians would not permit them to be molested so long as they retained their efficiency with the black-jack on election day, advertised their willingness to maim and murder by means of printed and written price-lists. The first of these that came to the notice of the police was circulated by Piker Ryan, a gangster who flourished about the beginning of the present century. Ryan does not appear to have owed allegiance to any of the big gangs of the period; he was rather a free lance thug and cut-throat, accepting commissions from anybody and everybody. When the police finally caught him they found in his pocket this list:

Punching.....	\$ 2
Both eyes blacked.....	4
Nose and jaw broke.....	10
Jacked out (knocked out with black-jack).....	15
Ear chewed off.....	15
Leg or arm broke.....	19
Shot in leg.....	25
Stab.....	25
Doing the big job.....	100 and up.

That Ryan had made good use of his opportunities was apparent from the entries in a notebook that was also found in his pocket. One page was headed "Jobs," and below that were half a dozen names. Some had check marks after them.

"That," said Ryan, "means the job is finished."

As the years passed the price of murder declined, and in 1912, the year of the war between the Zelig and the Sirocco and Tricker gangs, it was much lower than in the days of Ryan. In that year the police captured a gangster who said that these were the prevailing prices:

Slash on cheek with knife.....	\$ 1 to \$ 10
Shot in leg.....	1 to 25
Shot in arm.....	5 to 25
Throwing a bomb.....	5 to 50
Murder.....	10 to 100

In 1913 a gangster called Yoske Nigger, whose real name was Joseph Toplinsky, organized a gang and made a great deal of money by poisoning horses. In a short time there were three such gangs in the field—Yoske Nigger's, Johnny Levinsky's and one captained by Charley Vitoffsky, who was known as Charley the Cripple. The three divided the business and worked in harmony. Yoske Nigger catered to the produce markets and the truckmen and livery stables, Levinsky confined his work to the ice-cream trade, and Charley the Cripple handled such business as grew out of the rivalry between the seltzer and soda-water manufacturers and dealers.

But none of these gangs reached the heights of efficiency and success attained by the one captained by Benjamin Fein, who organized his in 1914. A choice collection of thugs it was! Fein was known to the police as Dopey Benny, although he

was not a drug addict. His gang poisoned horses at first, but later Dopey Benny branched out and lent his services to labor unions to slug strike-breakers, and to employers to slug union pickets. He frequently had men working on both sides in the same strike. From these activities he netted, it is said, about \$20,000 a year.

The labor unions, through Tammany Hall and other political organizations, protected Dopey Benny when the police threatened trouble for him. He himself retained a lawyer, with an annual fee, who drew up legal and binding contracts without too much mention of the work required. In every contract it was specified that the gangster's salary continued if he went to prison. And to prison he did go, many times, but he was always got out quickly. Once his employers delayed and Dopey Benny spent an unexpected night in the Tombs. He was annoyed and talked to the District Attorney. Thirty-four indictments followed the talk, and afterwards his friends were more solicitous of his welfare. For a long time a bondsman was with him almost constantly. He finally went to jail for a considerable length of time, and in late years he has retired from practice.

The fees charged by the horse-poisoning gangs varied, but usually they were as high as the traffic would bear. The business agent of a labor union which had done business with Dopey Benny told the police that the gangster had quoted him these prices:

Shooting, fatal.....	\$500
Shooting, not fatal.....	100
Poisoning one horse.....	35
Poisoning a team.....	50
Stealing a horse and rig.....	25

The shooting items, it was explained, referred to human beings.

III

The fear of having a knife or a gun planted on him by the police has always been an active one in the heart of the gangster. It

became an obsession with Big Jack Zelig, who went about with his pockets sewed up, while one of his henchmen attended him with cigarettes and matches, and such other things as he might require for his amusement or in the conduct of his business. But neither carried a gun. Zelig had special gun-carriers, like a hunter on African game trails. Usually the weapon was in the pocket of a third man who walked a few paces in front of or behind the leader, or, if the district was infested with detectives, even across the street. On occasion Zelig had gun-carriers on all four sides of him. Sometimes a woman bore the revolver; the sweetheart of a subordinate was frequently pressed into service. She carried it in her muff, or in the huge hat of the period, or tucked into a pocket of her jacket. There was one gangster's girl who carried the weapon snuggled against the bare skin of her upper arm, kept in place by elastic bands and instantly available through a slit in her leg-of-mutton sleeve.

The old-time gangster who carried his own artillery devised all manner of schemes for secreting it in places that might not be found by detectives in the hurry of a quick frisk. Humpty Jackson, who has now reformed and is running a bird-and-animal store in Harlem, carried a revolver in a special rack built into his derby hat, and another slung under his hump. When he went abroad on missions of danger, a third gun was under his armpit, a favorite place of all gun-carriers. Usually the weapon nestled in a holster under the left arm, the muzzle pointing downward. From this position it was easier to draw than if it had been carried openly at the hip.

Johnny Spanish, whose real name was John Weyler and who claimed kinship with Butcher Weyler of Spanish War fame, was bolder. He carried two guns in his belt, and when on jobs he carried a third in his coat pocket. Owney the Killer, who preferred that title to his own name of Madden, is said to have never carried a gun, but he seldom went anywhere with-

out two or three women accompanying him. At least one of the women would have a revolver hidden in her muff, or elsewhere about her person.

Humpty Jackson, whose gang met in an ancient East Side graveyard, with Jackson himself sitting on a tombstone like a crooked little gnome, was lord of a small district about the time that Monk Eastman and Paul Kelly, commanders of the Eastman and the Five Points gangs, were fighting for supremacy farther downtown. The police never made a charge of homicide against Jackson, but they sent him to jail for twenty different offenses and arrested him more than one hundred times. At one of his trials it was shown that he had accepted \$100 from a stranger to blackjack a man he had never seen before. But Humpty himself, of course, did not do the job. A gang leader never demeaned himself so, any more than a boss contractor shovels dirt. He pocketed his fee, pointed out the victim to one of his blackjack artists if the job was to be a mere matter of bruising, or to a gunman if the affair was to have permanent results, and then retired to his favorite saloon, there to await a report. Some of the gangsters insisted upon making written reports; Monk Eastman once told me that one of his best blackjacks always turned in a formal, type-written document, designating the victim as "the subject" and phrasing his report in the manner of a detective. Oddly enough, this man's ambition was to get on the police force!

When stuss and poker games ran wide open in the dives of the Chatham Square and Chinatown districts the gangster found them profitable sources of revenue. He held up the owners of the gambling houses with little likelihood of a subsequent complaint to the police; he levied blackmail on the small merchants of the district; he robbed the saloons and dance-halls owned by members and leaders of opposing gangs; he was a footpad, a loft worker and a pickpocket, and sometimes he descended to the lowest form of thievery,

that of the lush worker—a thug who robs drunken men as they lie in the gutter. Many were Fagins, too, and trained boys to pick pockets. Such was Crazy Butch, a member of the Monk Eastman gang. At one time Crazy Butch had a fleet of fifty boys working for him, and there were no fewer than a hundred other men whose fleets numbered from ten to thirty.

Another profitable scheme was to force merchants in the gangster's territory to buy tickets to mythical dances and entertainments. This was brought to great perfection by James Ellison, a gangster who later won renown as Biff Ellison, and who was finally sent to prison for his part in the murder of Red Harrington in Kelly's New Brighton dive. Eventually he went insane and was put in an asylum.

Ellison came to New York from Maryland in his early twenties, an awkward country boy, huge of frame and with muscles of iron. He drifted down into the Bowery and Chinatown, and his size and ferocity got him a job as bouncer in Fat Flynn's saloon in Bond street, an unsavory dive which later received the "blue paper" from the Committee of Fourteen. He acquired the nickname of Biff because of his prowess with the blackjack, and was sometimes called Young Biff and Fourteenth Street Biff, to distinguish him from an earlier Biff Ellison who had killed a man with a single blow of his fist.

The blackjack was Ellison's favorite weapon, but he did not scorn to employ a beer bottle, and many a tough customer did he thus knock cold. The politicians loved him, for he was a valuable man around election time, the mere sight of his huge bulk being sufficient to prevent many an honest citizen exercising his right of franchise. Consequently he became a person of importance, and was able to give a racket twice a year under the auspices of the Biff Ellison Association, which had no members and no beneficiaries other than Biff himself. From this form of blackmail he netted about \$2500 a year, no mean income in those days.

IV

The moving-pictures and the stage have always portrayed the gangster as a low-browed person with an evilly glinting eye, a plaid cap drawn down over beetling brows and a swagger that in itself is enough to inform the world that here is a man bent on devilment. There were a few such in the old days, but in the main the really dangerous gangster, the killer, was apt to be something of a dandy. He dressed well, he shaved every day, he kept his hair oiled and plastered down and his nails manicured, and when his gang gave a racket he graced the festivities in all the glory of a dress-suit. He was usually not a big man; the police, indeed, say that the average gangster of twenty years ago was not more than five feet and three inches tall and weighed between 120 and 130 pounds. His modern prototype is a cake-eater and a sheik, and as much at home in a dinner coat as those mythical journalistic creations, the well-known clubman and the man about town.

Gangsters of this type were Paul Kelly, who vied with Monk Eastman for the title of King of the Gangsters; Louis Poggi, better known as Louie the Lump, who killed Kid Twist at Coney Island after Twist had compelled him to jump out of a dance-hall window; Eat 'Em Up Jack McManus and Dopey Benny Fein. Even Biff Ellison, for all of his hugeness and his strength, was a fop in matters of dress. These men looked more like bank clerks out for a holiday than the desperate characters they really were. Some of them were extremely fastidious, affecting individual peculiarities of adornment, even though such things distinguished them and made it easy for the police to recognize them.

Kelly, who is now reformed and occupied as a real estate dealer and business agent for a labor union, had great power and influence, yet he was a soft-spoken chap and never engaged in any rough and tumble fighting. Throughout his long career he was never convicted of a crime.

He resembled a theological student more than he did a gang leader, and his dives, the New Brighton and the Little Naples, were the flashiest palaces of sin in the city. Unlike many of the other old-time gangsters, Kelly was fairly well educated, and with his well-bred manner and his linguistic ability—he is an Italian and his real name is not Kelly—he could have moved at ease in relatively cultured society.

The story is told of a woman who went to the New Brighton dive in Great Jones street, under the protection of a Headquarters detective, for the express purpose of seeing Kelly, who had been mentioned in the newspapers in connection with some particularly sensational gang affray. For some time they sat at a table in the midst of thieves and gangsters, literally surrounded by the dregs of the miserable current of humanity that boiled up in Chatham Square and the Bowery and swept through Chinatown and the East Side. Meanwhile they chatted with a dark, quiet little man who had been seated at the table when they entered. They talked for half an hour or more, and then the woman and her escort left. As they reached the sidewalk she said:

"It was too bad we didn't get to see Paul Kelly."

"That was Kelly you were talking to," the detective said.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "I thought he was slumming, too!"

But no one would ever have mistaken Monk Eastman, probably the greatest of the gang leaders and as brave a thug as ever robbed a stuss game or blackjacked a voter at the polls, for a theological student. In looks, Eastman was a true moving-picture gangster. He began life with a bullet-shaped head, and in later years he acquired a broken nose and a cauliflower ear. He had heavily veined jowls, and a short neck, much scarred with battle marks. He seemed always to need a hair cut, and he could usually be found prowling about the district over which he was

master, rather indifferently dressed, or lounging at his ease in his favorite dive, without collar, shirt or coat. His hobby was cats. He is said to have owned more than a hundred of them, and his gangsters had orders to take care of every stray cat they found. He sometimes went abroad, on peaceful missions, with a cat under each arm and several others following him.

"I like de kits," he used to say. "I'll beat up any guy dat hurts a kit in my neck of de woods."

Even Headquarters has lost count of the number of times Eastman was arrested before he was finally sent to Sing Sing for killing a Pinkerton detective. The gangster himself did not know, nor could he number his scars of battle. He had been wounded so often that every time he stepped on a scale he made allowance for the bullets that had been imbedded in his body.

Eastman's real name was William Delaney, although he sometimes called himself Edward Eastman. He first appeared in the early nineties as a bouncer at the New Irving, successor to the old Walla Walla Hall. He prospered, and finally went down to Chatham Square and organized his own gang, establishing his headquarters in a dive at Chrystie street and the Bowery. For years he fought the Yakey Yakes, the Paul Kellys, the Red Onions and the Lollie Meyers. He warred with Paul Kelly for more than five years over a strip of ground between their respective jurisdictions, over which both claimed sovereignty and the right of blackmail and theft. One of the battles for this No Man's Land was fought in Rivington street under the shadow of the elevated railroad, with every pillar of the structure sheltering a gunman. More than fifty men took part in this fight, which was not stopped until the police had brought up two hundred reserves.

It was only about a year after this that Eastman was sent to prison for ten years for killing the Pinkerton man. When he was released he found that the old order had changed. His gang had faded away, and Paul Kelly had read the handwriting

on the wall and had gone uptown to go into business under his real name. Humpty Jackson was in jail, and death had claimed Red Harrington and Kid Twist and others who had been leaders. So Eastman reformed. He said he was going straight and went to work on the docks under the name of Edward Eastman. When the war came along he enlisted in the Twenty-seventh Division. When the doctors examined him they asked him what wars he had been in, noting the scars of knife and bullet.

"Oh," said Eastman, grinning, "a lot of little wars around New York!"

Bullets in the mass held no more terrors for Monk than had the shots of his enemies in Gangland. He served with honor and distinction, and when his division returned from France his officers asked the Governor to restore his citizenship. This was done, and the police got Eastman a job. But he was not able to go straight. He began using dope, and then became a bootlegger, selling squirrel whiskey and white mule along the Bowery. In 1920 he was shot and killed in Fourteenth street by an Internal Revenue agent. The detectives said the trouble was over the distribution of booze profits.

V

Roughly, the gangs which gave the Bowery and the Chatham Square district such an unsavory reputation ran in three periods, dominated in turn by the Irish, the Italians and the Jews. The first gangs of which there is any record, those dating back before the Civil War, were largely Irish. Then came the gangs with Italian captains, and finally those led by Jews. Most of the gangs of the present century have been Jewish, with a sprinkling of Italian and Irish. Much of the activity of the Italian gangs has centred about the famous Murder Stable in the Little Italy section of Harlem, a ramshackle old livery barn which served for years as an abiding place for gunmen, and in which many murders were committed.

The old Five Points section, described by Charles Dickens in his "American Notes" as containing slums of the utmost depravity and "all that is loathsome, drooping and decayed," was the breeding place of most of the early gangs, and was the scene of many of the most famous of the gang wars. These conflicts, which rolled up such an appalling list of dead and maimed, began about 1834, although there had been unimportant fights before that time. But in that year a gang which had been hired to stir up trouble at the polls broke into the State Arsenal at Elm and Franklin streets and stole a number of muskets. Thus armed, it proceeded to terrorize the lower part of the city, killing several persons and wounding many others. It was finally dispersed by the State militia.

In the following year two gangs appeared in the field, one composed of men of native stock who called themselves the American Guards, and the other made up largely of Irish immigrants, who went under the name of the O'Connell Guards. These gangs came to blows on June 21, 1835, at Grand and Crosby streets on the lower East Side, and a battle followed which continued for hours, despite the efforts of the police to stop it. Bricks and stones and clubs were the principal weapons in those days, as the pistol was still a crude weapon and the knife had not yet come into general favor.

This was the first great battle in the wars of the gangs, but it was a tame affair compared to the conflict waged twenty years later at Five Points between the Dead Rabbits and the Bowery Boys, with detachments of the Roach Guards aiding the former and the Bowery Boys having the support of the Shirt Tails and the Atlantic Guards. This fight raged almost without intermission for two days, spreading on the first day as far as Pearl and Chatham streets. The next day it broke out again in a resort called the Green Dragon, in the Bowery near Broome street, which was wrecked during the rioting and never reopened.

This famous battle began on July 4, 1857, at a time when the police department was badly demoralized because of a row between the Mayor and the Police Board, and was probably the fiercest free for all in the history of the city. All of the gangs of the Five Points district, led by the Dead Rabbits and the Shirt Tails—the latter so called because they wore their shirts on the outside of their trousers like Chinamen—began their celebration of Independence Day with a raid on the rooms of the Bowery Boys at 42 Bowery. These rooms were used also by the Atlantic Guards, who sported a uniform with a red stripe on the trousers. A fight began at once, but the Bowery Boys and the Guards triumphed and drove the Rabbits and the Shirt Tails back to their dens near Paradise Park.

The Roach Guards, whose battle regalia was an undershirt and a pair of trousers with a blue stripe, owed allegiance to the Dead Rabbits, and hearing of the victory of the Bowery Boys they assembled and marched up the Bowery to renew the attack, supported by the rallying Dead Rabbits and Shirt Tails. Two policemen unwisely tried to stop them and were beaten, the gangs coming together at Bayard street and the Bowery. The Bowery Boys and the Atlantic Guards, flushed with liquor and their previous victory, had swarmed from their rooms to meet the invaders.

In its issue of July 6, 1857, the *New York Times* gave this description of the fight that followed:

Brickbats, stones and clubs were flying thickly around, and from the windows in all directions, and men ran wildly about brandishing firearms. Wounded men lay on the sidewalk and were trampled upon. The belligerents were mostly young men, and as they came closer together those acquainted with the local feuds discovered that the rioters were the Bowery Boys and the Dead Rabbits.

Now the Rabbits would make a combined rush and force their antagonists up Bayard street to the Bowery. Then the fugitives, being reinforced, would turn on their pursuers and compel a retreat to Mulberry, Elizabeth and even to Baxter streets. This lasted for some time, when twenty-five po-

licemen came on the scene, and although assailed at every step and from alleys and roofs, they broke into one of the houses and captured two of the gangsters on the roof, and were escorted back to the station-house by the Bowery Boys.

But the arrival of the police only brought a breathing spell. No sooner had they gone with their prisoners than the rioting was renewed. Barricades of carts were piled up in the streets, and from behind these defenses the rival gangsters shot and hurled bricks and stones and used their clubs. One giant member of the Dead Rabbits walked coolly along in front of his barricade, although fired at repeatedly, and used his pistol with such effect that he killed two men and wounded several others. He was finally knocked senseless by a brick hurled by a small boy whose brother was fighting in the ranks of the Bowery Boys.

In two days' fighting eight men were killed and more than forty went to hospitals, some seriously hurt.

VI

The eminent Big Jack Zelig, a leading figure in the gang war of 1912, was a gambler, a pickpocket and an all-around confidence man before he became a gang leader. His real name was William Alberts. In his early youth he became a member of the Monk Eastman gang, and remained a steadfast adherent of Kid Twist when that worthy succeeded to the leadership, after Eastman had been sent to prison and Richie Fitzpatrick, another aspirant for the command, had been mysteriously murdered. When Twist was killed at Coney Island by Louie the Lump, control of the remnants of the Eastman gang fell to Zelig.

The war between his followers and the gangs led by Sirocco and Chick Tricker began over a paltry enough affair, as such things went. Zelig held up a bordello on the lower East Side and robbed the landlady of \$80. Contrary to custom, the woman appealed to the police and Zelig was arrested. He asked Tricker and Sirocco

to put the fear of hell into the woman's heart and prevent her testifying against him. They failed to do so, and although Zelig was quickly released through his political connections, he vowed vengeance against Tricker and Sirocco. The afternoon he got out of jail he met Tricker on the street and backed him into a doorway, with a revolver pressed against his stomach.

"I'll get you for not helping me," said Zelig.

Less than an hour later he made the same threat to Sirocco, emphasizing it by rubbing the muzzle of his revolver against Sirocco's nose.

"Inside of a week," said Zelig, "you and Tricker will be cooked."

From then on it was war to the knife. A few days later Julie Morrell, a free lance gangster with a reputation as a killer, went into Stuyvesant Hall, where the Boys of the Avenue were holding their "grand annual full dress ball and entertainment." He had announced that his mission was to kill Big Jack Zelig, but he took too many drinks, and when he finally rolled into the hall he could hardly stand. He staggered onto the floor with a revolver in his hand, loudly shouting that he was going to shoot "the big Yid."

The dancers screamed and scattered, and the next instant the lights went out. There was a shot, and when the lights came on again Morrell lay on the floor with a bullet in his heart. Zelig was arrested, but he was soon released. He then proceeded to make things interesting for Tricker and Sirocco. Several times he sent detachments of blackjacks and gunmen into their territory, robbing their saloons and gambling houses. Every time a Zelig gangster met one of the rival clan, there was a battle. Zelig himself was finally shot behind the ear in front of the Criminal Courts Building by a Sirocco gangster who ran across the street from the shadows of the Tombs and emptied his revolver into Zelig's body before the latter could escape.

The next day, with Zelig lying at the point of death in a hospital, taxicabs loaded with his gangsters swept past Chick Tricker's saloon and fired more than fifty shots at him when he came to the door in response to a yell. Tricker dropped flat on his stomach and returned the fire. He was not hurt, but his bouncer, who came to the door to see what the shooting was about, was killed, and every window in the place was shattered. Fighting broke out that night in half a dozen parts of the East Side, and by dawn nine pitched battles had been fought. Not long afterward Rosenthal was murdered, and then the police got busy and arrested nineteen of the gangsters, including Chick Tricker himself, and the gangsters abandoned their war in the interest of self-preservation.

The New York police believe that Monk Eastman was the greatest gangster the city has ever developed, but they hold up Owney the Killer as a typical specimen of the breed. So far as anybody was ever able to find out, he never did a day's work in his life, and he often boasted that he never would. But he always had plenty of money, he dressed well, and he seemed to be very prosperous in every way. At the request of a detective who asked him how he spent his time, he once wrote this as his whole existence for four days:

Thursday—Went to a dance in the afternoon. Went to a dance at night and then to a cabaret. Took some girls home. Went to a restaurant and stayed there until seven o'clock Friday morning.

Friday—Spent the day with Freda Horner. Looked at some fancy pigeons. Met some friends in a saloon early in the evening and stayed with them until five o'clock in the morning.

Saturday—Slept all day. Went to a dance in the Bronx in the late afternoon and to a dance in Park avenue at night.

Sunday—Slept until three o'clock. Went to a dance in the afternoon and to another at night. After that I went to a cabaret and stayed there until morning.

This young jazz-hound, who obtained control of a faction of the old Gopher gang and gained his sobriquet of Owney the Killer when he was but seventeen years old, gained great renown in Gangland as a bad man, and his enemies made many efforts to

rid themselves of him. But they never came anywhere near success until the night of November 6, 1912, when Owney went to a dance given by the Dave Hyson Association in the Arbor Dance Hall, at one time the old Eldorado dive, in Fifty-second street near Seventh avenue, now the heart of the theatrical district. The Dave Hyson Association was merely an excuse to beat the excise laws, which permitted liquor to be sold after hours at a dance given by a legitimate social organization. Each of the waiters organized an association and gave dances in turn throughout the Winter.

The merriment was at its height when Owney the Killer stepped onto the dance-floor. With the egotism of his kind he strode to the centre of the place and glared about him. Almost instantly the music stopped, the women began to crowd toward the exits and the men backed into corners, looking to their artillery. But the Killer waved a lordly hand.

"Go on and have your fun!" he shouted, "I won't bump anybody off here tonight!"

He beckoned to Dave Hyson and graciously shook the trembling waiter's hand.

"Let 'em dance, Dave!" he commanded, "I don't want to spoil youse guys' party!"

He then retired to the balcony, where he took a seat from which he could see and be seen. For several hours he sat alone, drinking whiskey and preening himself, enjoying the envious glances of other and less famous gangsters. Shortly after midnight a woman climbed the stairs and sat at his table. She was pretty and she interested the gangster, so much so that he relaxed and did not pay any attention to the eleven men who came up one by one and took seats near him. Finally the woman went downstairs.

Owney the Killer glanced lazily downward to the dance-floor. Then his idle gaze swept the balcony. He saw enemies on three sides of him, eleven men who stared at him out of cold eyes. He knew that they would kill him the instant he made a movement toward his pocket. Nevertheless, he rose slowly to his feet and faced them.

"Come on, youse guys!" he cried. "Youse wouldn't shoot nobody! Who did youse ever bump off?"

One of the eleven men swore. That broke the tension. Guns blazed and Owney the Killer went down. Then his enemies went calmly down the stairs and into the street, and no hand was raised to stop them. Patrolmen pushed their way through the throng after a while, and one asked the gangster who had shot him.

"Nothin' doin'," he replied. "The boys'll get 'em. It's nobody's business but mine who put these slugs into me."

Surgeons found half a dozen bullets in Owney the Killer, but he recovered after a long time. In less than a week after the shooting three of the eleven men had been murdered, and word went forth that Owney the Killer had been avenged. It was only a few months after he was discharged from the hospital that two of his gunmen, Johnny McArdle and Art Biedler, shot and killed Little Patsy Doyle on orders from their chief. There had been war for years between Doyle and the Killer, principally over the affections of the woman Freda Horner, who brought on open conflict when she deserted Doyle and announced that she was going to marry his rival. But she did not. Owney the Killer went to prison for ten to twenty years, McArdle for thirteen and Biedler for eighteen. The career of the Killer was ended.

ON LEARNING FOREIGN LANGUAGES

BY MAX EASTMAN

AFTER spending a couple of weeks talking to Americans in Moscow, and listening through a wall to the life of the Russians, I decided to learn the language. I did not want to collect bits of second-hand information. I did not want information. I wanted the feeling of life under a proletarian dictatorship, and there was only one way to get it. I had been puttering along with my grammar and with Lhermontov and Pushkin, reading *at* them in the same dreadful way that we used to read at Horace and Virgil. That was not learning anything.

I have my own system for learning foreign languages, which is based upon a profound knowledge of the human heart, and which I will here with some reservations impart to the reader. The first thing to do is to go to the capital of the country where that language is spoken, and buy a grammar, two little red dictionaries, and a railroad ticket. The railroad ticket should take you as far away from the capital as possible, clear out of the sound of your own language, and preferably to a Summer resort. The reason for this is that you are going to have a good time, and you need company.

On the train, on the way to your Summer resort, you have some hard work to do. It is the only work called for by my system, and it has to be done thoroughly. You have to learn the name in the language under consideration for "noun," "adjective," "adverb," "verb," "participle," "conjunction," "pronoun" and "preposition." And if you do not know in your own language just what these wonders are, you have to find out. And then you have to

learn to say, "What does that mean?", and "What is the word for this?", and a few handy remarks like "Do you speak English?", "Do you speak French?", "Do you speak German?", "Do you speak Italian?", "It's too bad," and "Let's take a walk."

With that equipment you go into the dining-room of the principal hotel in your Summer resort, and pick out your teacher. You may do this quite boldly, if you have equipped yourself as I direct, for you have a power to ensnare that teacher which reaches beyond the charms of your personality. Moreover it is advisable to have an eye to her physical beauties, for you are going to spend a good deal of time gazing on them in comparative silence.

After dinner you may go and lean up against a pillar, or the railing of a little foot-bridge in the garden, or somewhere—I need not be too specific about this—and when she comes by, you will say in your poor broken tongue and with a forlorn expression, "Mademoiselle, do you speak English?" When she says "No," you will heave a sigh and say, "Do you speak German?" At a second "No" your expression will become disconsolate, and you will say, "Do you speak French?" At a third "No" you show real consternation, and offer to speak Italian, or Bohemian, or Chinese, or what you will. If God is with you, she will decline all these offers, and you will find that she is at once seriously distressed over your plight, and in a somewhat humbled condition as to her own talents. You will find, if I am not mistaken, that you are already taking a walk with her, and you may assume that her next statement is, "Too bad you haven't a Russian dic-

tionary," or something to that effect. At the sound of these words—no matter how bad they sound—you will produce your two little red books, and hand her the one marked "Russian-English."

Here the work, properly so called, comes to an end. She will be very curious to see what the words in your language look like, and she will examine the little red book and pretty soon point to a word, probably the word "hot," or something equally uninteresting under ordinary circumstances. Under these circumstances it acquires the charm of an incantation. It begins to open just by something less than the shadow of a hair's breadth the gate of a possible romance. You both know that that gate will be a long, long time in opening. And you both know, if you have reached years of some discretion, that when it is once wide open, the romance is gone. For there is no such thing as romance—it is only the expectation of itself.

And so, in a gentle fever of delight, you look up the word for "too" in your dictionary, and you say, "Too hot?"

It is one of the signs of our human kinship, and a blessing we never pause to appreciate, that in all languages, however the words may change, the vocal inflections have substantially the same meaning. You do not have to learn how to melodize a question in Russian, or a doubt, or a suspicion, or a declaration, or a caress. If you did, this industrious romance would probably run on the rocks in the first three minutes.

To your question, "Too hot?" she will no doubt answer rapidly and at some length, forgetting your limitations. Perhaps she will say, "Not if we could find a shady tree to sit under."

She will be a little shocked at your inability to grasp this simple proposition. A flicker of impatient contempt will cross her face. She has forgotten about your magnanimous offer to speak English, French, German, Italian or Bohemian. She has forgotten that there are any such languages. She just primitively and quite naturally feels that a person who can't talk

is a fool. And here you must bring forward the second part of your equipment. But use it gently. Use it sparingly, for it is possible the experience may be too bitter, and her pride not strong enough to hold her to the task.

You may, I trust, have been able to isolate one word in that insane rush of syllables that came out of her mouth. Look for it in your dictionary, and while you are looking, murmur somewhat abstractedly, "Is that a preposition or a participle?"

You will see that look of contempt upon her features give place to a flush and a catching of breath, and your companion will wrinkle her brows, and lean over your shoulder to watch you find the word in your dictionary, and her hair will brush your cheek helpfully, and her voice be all gentle sympathy as she says, "Why, now, let's see, that must be—there it is! You understand?"

By this time no doubt you will have arrived at a shady tree, and at something far better than understanding, a consciousness of your power. You are in the peculiar position of knowing more than your teacher about the very subject she is going to teach. And if you employ your power with delicacy as I have advised, so that she does not either run away from you in fright as from an intellectual monster, or in a fit of mad pride buy a grammar and learn her own language, you can retain this position of lofty helplessness throughout the duration of the romance. For at every stage of the proceeding your mind will know more about the language than hers; her knowledge is in her tongue.

There are only two forces in this world, love and pride, and upon these two I base my linguistic system. I do not assault you with rules of syntax, with paradigms, with conjugations, declensions, and other things appealing purely to the intellect, and to that weakly. I go straight to the heart. I put you in the position of a child, for whom life itself—that is, love and pride—demands a learning of his language. And I put your teacher in much the same posi-

tion. And you will be surprised how the wind and the waves and the stars and the sunshine, and all the forces of nature, run to help you when you have made yourself a child. You will read your grammar in the intervals of study. It will rest and relax you from the thrilling excitement of your lessons. You will find its pages colored with the same emotion, but in a milder tone. And if you do not overdo it—if you do not get all the most passionate words in the language whirling through your brain at a rate fatal to the tissue—I guarantee that inside of two weeks you will have communicated some of the most profound and dangerous thoughts in your soul. Inside of a month you will have said enough in that language to keep you busy regretting in English all the rest of your life. For an appalling irresponsibility seizes your tongue as it begins to get loose in a foreign language. Those words mean what they say, but they do not mean it seriously. They are play words. They are exercises of agility. They are not yet firmly geared in with the real world, arising out of causes and attached to consequences. They are laughing in space. Prudence would be an affectation. You say wild things and you say them with enormous and sincere enthusiasm—enthusiasm about your ability to say them. It is not only learning a language when you learn it according to my system—it is taking a little breath of the free, superficial and inconsequential life of the gods.

II

I bought my railroad ticket to Yalta. I chose Yalta because the Czar used to have a Summer palace there, and because Rakovsky had said when we were standing on a balcony over the blue Mediterranean at Santa Marguerita, "If you think this is beautiful, you ought to see Yalta!" I felt that where the Czar and Rakovsky agreed, we had something that was in all human probability true. And I was not wrong. The beauty of this big shore is dry

and savage in comparison with Italy, but it is no less startling. There is rock and sand at the peaks of the high mountains, giving a gray austere color and a sense of still space in the daytime, and in the evening those sharp sculptured shadows that are softer the sharper they are. It is like California at the top—like the wild and hard West—but at the bottom it is tropically rich, and if there were a little more grass it would be gentle. The sea rolls lazy pebbles musically on a warm shore, and innumerable acres of imperial vineyards slope gorgeously down to the edge of the little bluff above it. Their rows are clean, and their leaves rusty or scarlet or light-green or yellow or black-purple, according to the kind and the degree of ripeness of the clusters of cloudy-transparent luminous round cold grapes that are hanging under them. These vineyards are high-fenced and patrolled by Red Guards as carefully as they were by the Czar's soldiers, and it is still an adventure to steal any of the grapes. One day we asked a Red Guard whether he would shoot if we took a few bunches. He glared at us ferociously, and then shouldered his rifle and marched away long enough to let us fill our arms full, and go down over the bluff to the sea.

It was a time of gay Autumn colors, and abundant fruity food, and rest in a clean white room swept by a wind straight in from the rippling water, swimming and running and throwing stones and growing brown on the beach in the sun—a time as far off from that adventure in desolation which I had promised myself upon going into Russia as Paradise is from the life of man. Pushkin and Lhermontov became in two weeks more lyrically real and singing poets than Horace ever was, or Homer, whose glorious heroic outdoor psalm of life I read and studied away at in a pipe-heated little class-room for two good years without an emotion. I lived life in the Russian language for a month and a half, and at the end of that time, whatever the frailties of my grammar, and the disposi-

tion of my vocabulary toward subjects of a Utopian rather than scientific character, I had Russian in my heart. I had it flowing into my brain through my blood.

When it came time to go, I hired a team and driver and went right up the face of those mountain peaks on a zig-zag road, rising steadily above Yalta for six hours without going away from it. The tropics dropped gradually away, the rich fragrant leaves and the luxurious surf became something small that I could see far off as though I imagined them. Around me a grim forest of gigantic pines roared softly in a cold northern wind. And then even those pines dropped away, and a scramble of crooked and laboring scrub-oaks and gray weeds appeared—and then nothing but rocks. And there was mist in the wind, and I could see far away and below me little ridiculous clouds floating out over the corrugated sea, and pouring their shadows down on it. I laughed at the summery brightness of the sun on their backs, while a bleak Autumn hurricane was roaring round my wagon, and I piled on my sweater and big winter coat to keep warm. A cold, wet, gray fog poured across the summit like a flood of water, and the horses leaned forward against it with their heads down. I found a high pulpit of rock where I could look back and still catch glimpses of Yalta, through rifts in the fog, shining white and sweet and warmly lazy in the sun. And I could remember what fun and what glory it is, to go to school under a proper system of instruction.

I must warn those who take up the study

of languages according to my system, not to pour out in large paragraphs of free verse the poems they will begin to write at this point in their course of study. They will write these poems in the language they have been learning, and they should make them as metrical and delicately rhymed and melodic as possible. There is no better means of perfecting one's knowledge of a language, than that combination of emotional play with grammatical hard labor which constitutes the peculiar genius of the lyric poet. I warn them, therefore, against the temptation toward epics, as well as all free and futuristic rhapsodies. The poem I began to compose at the top of those mountains kept me happy and in a state of growth all the way to Moscow, and even for two weeks after that I continued to indulge more than half of my time in the emotional luxury of education. My poem sounds a little foreign to Russians, I think, in one or two places, but to me it sounds fine all the way through! And I give the literal translation of it.

YALTA

Your wild hills are almost cruel,
Silver-cold and silent there;
Only the highly happy clouds
Can rejoice in such friends.

I am happy beside the blue sea,
With the lazy music of the shores;
There grown-ups are children, and children
are naked;
And there dreaming, and there love.

But the roads to the mountain forever call.
Willing or unwilling, I stood alone
Where the storms sing wild on the cliff,
And said farewell to the sea, to the dreaming.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE easiest thing in the world is to attract attention to one's self. All that one has to do to do so, as has often been said, is to walk down Broadway without one's pants on. This is the technic embraced by certain of our young playwrights. These young gentlemen whose pants, metaphorically speaking, are not of a sort to attract attention on their own account, take the simplest means out of the difficulty by getting rid of them altogether. The latest young playwright to parade the Rialto in his underdrawers and with his *Hemdschweif* hanging out is Mr. John Howard Lawson.

Mr. Lawson's manner of walking down Broadway minus trousers takes the form of what he calls "a jazz symphony of American life." It is entitled "Processional," and the Theatre Guild is its sponsor. Unlike many of his accomplished elders who have been content to attract attention to themselves merely by excellent work in the more or less time-honored and approved dramatic form, Mr. Lawson has stalked sensational attention with indifferent work in what may be called a hoochie-coochie form. This frantic struggle for new forms is the most amusing of twentieth century artistic phenomena. Engaged in for the major part by the young—and often lazy—of the æsthetic species, it has resulted in a welter of eye-catching but often intrinsically nonsensical methods and manners of expression which are generally found to contain nothing worth expression. The young ladies and gentlemen proceed contrary to the usual custom. Instead of permitting the form to be the natural outgrowth of the subject matter of their imaginations, they arbitrarily invent the form first and then laboriously en-

deavor to make their ideas fit into it. We thus get an endless series of paintings that are meant to suggest nudes descending staircases in terms of fully clothed geometrical professors ascending staircases, cavatinas written for harps and xylophones, poems in which the first line rhymes with the three hundred and fiftieth and in which each line contains but a single syllable, and plays in which the third act begins in the middle of the first act and in which the entire action passes in the rear aisle of the theatre. Out of this wild orgy have come now and then symptoms of something meritorious and permanently worth-while, but in the mass not much has filtered through that has been valid. In the drama, in particular, has the form-bacchanale produced little save novelty of momentary and rapidly passing interest.

Mr. Lawson's stab at a new dramatic form is not, strictly speaking, a new form, however rich in profound hocus-pocus the Theatre Guild's announcements to the contrary. "Processional," heralds the Guild, "is a new form in the American theatre and was chosen because of its experimental value. It combines the method of the burlesque show with the legitimate form, keying them both to a jazz tempo. The result is essentially American and not borrowed from any other country. The author feels jazz as the typical rhythm of American life against which many of the most poignant tragedies are often played." Recovering from the impressiveness of which pronunciamento, we reflect, perhaps slightly to the Guild's embarrassment, that—so far as the mere newness of the form is concerned—we used to find much the same sort of thing in certain of the old Weber-Fields Music Hall burlesques, with the

equally relevant quickstep in place of jazz; that we subsequently found the same technic in two sketches in George M. Cohan's musical revues; and that, a couple of years ago, Scott Fitzgerald's play, "The Vegetable," disclosed quite the same technic in its middle acts. All that Mr. Lawson has added is a jazz band. So much for the newness of the form. As for the form's essential Americanism, it is to be feared that a similar embarrassment awaits the Theatre Guild. While it is true that certain of the characters in the play are essentially of the native proscenium soil—as, for example, the burlesque Jew comedian with the crêpe whiskers, the Hurtig and Seamon sheriff, and the like—the play form into which they are incorporated is by no means strictly American. The same combination of burlesque and legitimate drama, handled in much the same basic manner, will be found in various foreign plays. A measure of the British Monckton Hoffe's "Anthony in Wonderland" and of the German Paul Apel's "Hans Sonnenstösser" are cases in point. Mr. Lawson's jazz drama is simply a stretching into two and a half hours of the hour and a half jazz drama that constitutes the body of such European plays. It is no more a suggestive picture of the American scene than the Ethiopian Art Theatre's late jazz version of "The Comedy of Errors" was a suggestive picture of Ephesus.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lawson's idea of picturing a segment of American life in terms of jazz rhythm still has its dramatic possibilities. Mr. Lawson's trouble lies in his having hit upon a theme for a jazz orchestra and in what appears to be his personal dramatic inability to play any other instrument than a tin can. Some of his humor is penetrating and admirable; some of his observation is sharp and sure; certain details of his imagination are excellent; but the job he set himself is apparently far beyond his present talents. His play goes to pieces the moment he abjures the burlesque note; when drama crosses the scene, the back of the play breaks.

II

Next to Shaw, Barrie is the most proficient personal press-agent in England. The latest illustration of his talent for self-advertisement is to be had in the instance of his one-act play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" Appreciating that the public's interest in a one-act play is fully as intense as the same public's interest in Dufour's topographical map of Switzerland, Lucentio-like he set about to woo that recalcitrant interest by divers pieces of parlor magic, including the dissemination of the news that his one-act play was no one-act play at all, but really only the first act of a full-length drama to be revealed anon. This toothsome worm the public duly gobbled, and was hooked. And Barrie's one-act play, which ordinarily would not have attracted any greater notice than any other one-act play, accordingly got more publicity than the average three-act play.

"Shall We Join the Ladies?" is every bit as much a one-act play, complete in itself, as such of Barrie's other one-act plays as "A Slice of Life," "The Twelve-Pound Look," "Old Friends" or "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." It would be as difficult to expand it into a holding three-act play—much less a four-act play, as Barrie actually had the audacity to announce—as it would be to stretch a lady's garter into a Kelly tire. It is conceivable, of course, that some shameless dramatic bricklayer might develop the half hour play into a conventional Broadway eight-thirty-to-eleven exhibition, but it is inconceivable that the result would do much at the box-office. And even were a hack to attempt the job, it is clear that the one-act play as it stands would not be the first act of a full-length play, as Barrie has advertised, but the second or middle act.

"Shall We Join the Ladies?" is a well planned and executed mystery piece, with a sharply defined beginning, middle and end. In addition, Barrie has topped his joke on the gullible persons who have swallowed his announcement by making

an elaborate show of leaving his mystery unsolved at the conclusion of the playlet but actually solving it as finally and clearly as Doyle solved the mystery of the speckled band. Yet so artful has Barrie been in denying that he solves the mystery that his audiences are actually persuaded to believe that the open-and-shut solution which is set before them is nothing of the kind. A bright boy and a good business man, the little Scot!

The Barrie playlet is preceded at the Empire by a comedy from the German of Curt Goetz called "Isabel." It is much the kind of comedy that periodically held the stage of the same theatre in the old Frohman days, though considerably feebler. Its basis is the dog-tired triangle; its humor consists chiefly in polite intoxication and discreetly naughty allusions to a mole on a lady's knee (the modernity of the play may best be appreciated from the circumstance that the modesty of the lady in question is amazed and shocked no end that the young man should have had the impertinence to notice her knee while she was wading in a brook); and its heroine, when she is not busy painstakingly pretending that she does not know the hero is in love with her, consumes her time coyly straightening the men's ties. Miss Margaret Lawrence is the featured player. She is an adroit and likeable comedienne for an act or so, but her little tricks to register what is called charm thereafter become too familiar to succeed in their intent.

III

The vaudeville people recently opened a new theatre over in Brooklyn called the E. F. Albee, proclaimed to be one of the most costly and beautiful in the world. "It is constructed of cast granite, with a natural granite marble base," read the brochures heralding the birth of the temple. "The auditorium, which seats over 3,000, is in white and gold and amethyst, with a white vaulted ceiling with bas-relief in a floral design of white and gold.

The walls are of white marble paneled in black and fuchsia damask. A specially designed carpet of black, with figures of amethyst and fuchsia, covers the floor. The outstanding feature of the hall is a crystal and gold chandelier imported from Czechoslovakia. There is a grand hall between the lobby and the auditorium that is dazzling in its effects, in which there is a display of about twenty masterpieces in oil painting. There are works by Josef Israels, George Inness, Corot, Bouguereau, Ziem, Largilliere, Diez, Henner, Boldini, Pesne, Schreyer, De Wit, Cirardi, Ederfeldt and Liddell. On view, too, are three Aubusson tapestries, depicting scenes in the life of Joan of Arc. They are the tapestries which were on the choir pillars of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris during the Joan of Arc celebration in May, 1922. The appointments back stage are on a similarly lavish scale. There are twenty dressing rooms, each equipped with a tiled bath and shower and a chaise longue. There is a tailoring establishment, a laundry with complete electrical equipment, a series of modern kitchenettes, a nursery for children, and a pool room and lounge."

The unveiling and dedication of this remarkable shrine of art were richly impressive. Bronze tablets were affixed to the edifice attesting to the deeds of glory of the persons responsible for its erection. Speeches were made by the governor of New York State, by Mayor Hylan, by the president of the borough and by various judges of the Supreme Court. Bands played; there was a gala preliminary banquet, with stuffed celery and real Russian caviar; the streets for blocks around were dressed in bunting and illuminated with red fire. Then the clock showed eight-fifteen and, in a hush of awe and anticipation akin to that in the great hall of the Vatican, the curtain rose, revealing a young man in a snappy gray suit with a long slit up the back who, after clapping his derby down over his ears, proceeded to do a clog dance.

Just why all this reminds me of Mr. Walter Hampden's advent as Othello, I

cannot say; but it does, none the less. Perhaps it is because the appearance of Mr. Hampden in a Shakespearian rôle is always heralded with such an extravagance of amethyst and fuchsia carpets, Czechoslovakian chandeliers, gold-framed oil paintings and holy tapestries that his actual performance takes on in comparison the aspect of a mere bit of vaudeville hoofing. The actor's Othello is a case in point. Harkening in advance to his *claqueurs'* opinions on his portrayal of the Moor, one expected a performance that would outshine every other past performance of the rôle as Scotland Light outshines a phosphorescent scarf-pin. Compared with Hampden, exclaimed the touters, Salvini himself was hardly eligible for the celestial branch of the Actors' Equity Association, and all the rest who had previously essayed the character were but rank pretenders. Yet the performance that Mr. Hampden subsequently revealed was distinctly of a second-rate order. It showed but the slightest flash of the histrionic skill with which the actor invested the rôle of Cyrano. Hampden's Othello is a careful and not uneloquent professorial reading of the rôle, but it is not a dramatic performance of the rôle. It is intelligent, but the intelligence is that of a student rather than that of an actor. Save in the very last episode of the play, the scene in Desdemona's bedchamber, which he plays effectively, Hampden contents himself for the most part with a lyceum recitation of the Moor's lines. He is a picturesque fellow; he reads clearly and with sharp discernment; but the actor in him remains in his dressing-room. And his Othello remains the Othello of the printed page rather than the Othello of the stage.

IV

Although it is pretty late in the day to call your attention to the fact, there is an amazing man in the American theatre by the name of Jolson. It is now some fifteen or twenty years since Samuel Hopkins

Adams, carrying on a vice crusade in the pages of one of the keep-the-home-sacred uplift magazines, printed a long and very hot article warning the nation against this Jolson on the ground that he was a foul and evil fellow and a menace to public and private decency. But fifteen or twenty years is considerable time and in that time the Rev. Dr. Adams, along with many others, has come to learn that a few dirty lines do not make the greatest music show artist we have any less the greatest than a few dirty lines keep the Bible from being the greatest book ever written. Of all the idiotic hoopendaddy disgorged by the professional uplifters in the gala days of journalistic muckraking, the Rev. Dr. Adams' was doubtless the pie winner. For it was the Rev. Dr.'s contention, voiced with the dizzy indignation of a bull in the red-light district, that Jolson's performances in vaudeville were doing more to undermine the chastity of our youth and blow up American family life than a dozen Hollywoods scattered broadcast over the country could ever hope to.

One looks back over that upwrought and virulently moral era with something that may be said to resemble a grin. Those were the days when John D. Rockefeller was denounced as an unspeakable monster with the conscience of an orang-outang, when the Chicago meat-packers were accused of manufacturing frankfurters out of dead babies, when J. P. Morgan was pilloried for staying awake nights devising ways to rob widows and orphans of their dime savings bank accounts, when Ben Lindsey was charged with being a wholesale kidnapper, when Klaw and Erlanger were vituperated for keeping Mrs. Fiske out of the theatres and making her play in shoe-shining parlors and free lunch rooms, when "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" was condemned as obscene, profane, lewd and lascivious and when "Salomé" was argued to be fit only for perverts, when the two-step was considered an aphrodisiac, when skirts that revealed a lady's leg an inch above the shoe-top were regarded as

the mark of a fast woman, and when Tammany Hall was viewed generally as the headquarters of a gang of Celtic bolsheviki whose purpose it was to overthrow all government, burn down the City Hall and set up Jack Dunston in the White House. The denunciation of Jolson is a fetching example of the stew that went on. Yet Jolson, like the others, not only survived, but prospered—as sinners have a way of doing; and he remains today what he was some years ago: as talented a comedian as our music show stage has known.

The power of Jolson over an audience I have seldom seen equalled. There are actors who, backed up by great dramatists, can clutch an audience in the hollow of their hands and squeeze out its emotions as they choose. There are singers who, backed up by great composers, can do the same. And there are performers of divers sorts who, aided by external means of one kind or another, can do the same. But I know of none like this Jolson—or, at best, very few—who, with lines of a pre-war vintage and melodies of the cheapest tin-piano variety, can lay hold of an audience the moment he comes on the stage and never let go for a second thereafter. Possessed of an immensely electrical personality, a rare sense of comedy, considerable histrionic ability, a most unusual music show versatility in the way of song and dance, and, above all, a gift for delivering lines to the full of their effect, he so far out-distances his rivals that they seem like the wrong ends of so many opera-glasses. His present background is called "Big Boy." It is the usual thing of its kind made into a merry theatrical evening by this king among clowns.

V

After a couple of weeks of tough struggle, in which even the cut-rate ticket agencies could not succor it, one of the brightest American comedies of the last few years was carted away to the storehouse. Vincent Lawrence was its author; "Two Married

Men," its title. The reasons for its quick failure are not hard to grasp. Like "Close Harmony," another meritorious comedy that failed to draw audiences, it cut a bit too closely to the truth of human character and emotions to distil the laughter that the author hoped for. Cold truth in character and emotional analysis is the meat of drama, but comedy calls for certain concessions. An audience that is made a trifle uncomfortable is not an audience ready for the kind of laughter that spells success for comedy. Lawrence knows women, as the sophomoric phrase goes, perhaps ten times better than the late Clyde Fitch, that overrated dramatic butterfly, ever hoped to. And this comedy of his presented his observations in much too direct and chill a manner to warm an audience, half of which is ever composed of women, to them.

Lawrence, furthermore, is a talented fellow and one with a sharply amused eye toward the everlasting comedy of amour who never quite succeeds in fully dramatizing his plays. These plays consequently remain merely a series of half-detached episodes which do not flow together. In "Two Married Men" there are no less than a half dozen such scenes of very considerable flavor, and no less than two that come very near being as fine as anything we have in American comedy, but what directly precedes and follows them is such poor theatre that much of their effect is lost. You will look a long way in the native-made drama before you find a more understandable, a profounder and a more graceful piece of comedy writing than such an episode in this play as that wherein the heart-hungry woman seeking diversion of whatever kind from the monotony of her married life absurdly finds a childish thrill in a simple card trick, or as that wherein the wife confides to her husband the unintelligible death of her love for him. But, as I have said, Lawrence, discerning as he is in the observation of the human farce-comedy, is not yet a sufficient playwright to do his observations justice.

Ann Andrews, Frances Carson and Minor Watson deserve a word for the quality of their performances. But the performances of George Gaul and James Dale, together with the direction and staging of Clifford Brooke, did as much as anything else to send the play to its untimely grave.

VI

None of the other plays put on view during the month deserves extended comment. Jane Cowl exhibited herself in a drama from the German of Hans Mueller called, in translation, "The Depths": the long outmoded wail about the prostitute who reforms for a spell and then goes back to the old family trade. The management tried to give the play a touch of modernity by printing a quotation from Havelock Ellis at the top of the program, but the hardened arteries of the manuscript could not be concealed by any such subterfuge. The thing was, from first to last, ancient twattle. Miss Cowl played the rubbish as if it were a Shakespearian classic, and Rollo Peters contributed to the humor of the occasion with one of his characteristic "boyish charm" performances.

"Out of Step," by A. A. Kline, is the latest attempt of the Dramatists' Theatre, Inc., to prove to the managers that they are overlooking a lot of excellent and commercially promising plays. In the meantime, while the Dramatists' Theatre is attempting its proof with such bad and commercially unprofitable plays as "Out of Step," the managers are continuing quietly on their way with such good and commer-

cially profitable plays as "What Price Glory?"

"The Stork," a prompt failure, was a poor Hungarian imitation of the de Caillavet and de Flers school of comedy. The author was Laszlo Fodor. His attempt to combine risqué comedy with political satire was pretty dismal. Another equally dismal evening was offered by Knowles Entrikin in the shape of a comedy dealing with lowly vaudeville folk and called "The Small-Timers." An idea fertile in amusement here went completely astray. The one person in America who should have written Entrikin's play was Helen Green. No one knows the subject so well and has written of it so brilliantly and humorously. The Ring Lardner of her generation, she possessed a talent that has never received its due of praise. The Entrikin play was the first presentation of Henry Stillman's Art Theatre. Basing one's observation upon this exhibit, Mr. Stillman's institution may be said to be an art theatre in the sense and in the degree that the Hippodrome is a vanity box.

The Provincetown Players' production of Hasenclever's "Jenseits" ("Beyond") may hardly be described as a *grand concert apéritif*. The play provides about as dull a few hours in the theatre as the human brain can picture. There are several other plays by the accomplished German that would have served the Provincetown stage more aptly. Is it possible that the directors have never heard of them?

"The Piker," by Leon Gordon, is trash. So is "The Valley of Content," by Blanche Upright.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Man vs. the Microbe

PUBLIC HEALTH ADMINISTRATION AND THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DISEASE IN BALTIMORE, MD., 1797-1920. By William Travis Howard, Jr., M.D. Washington: *The Carnegie Institution*.

THIS book weighs three pounds and is full of long and forbidding tables of statistics. More, it deals with extremely unpleasant subjects, ranging from murder and suicide to the small and great pox. Nevertheless, it is one of the most interesting and instructive volumes that I have read in months, for the net burden of it is that most of the measures adopted by man to combat disease, and especially most of the measures that he adopts communally, have little or no value or effect—that the decrease of the great plagues, when in fact they decrease, is due quite as often to natural causes as it is to human artifices. Is the author, then, a Christian Scientist, a chiropractor, an osteopath, or some other such quack? He is not. On the contrary, he is a pathologist of excellent reputation, a former public health officer, and now a lecturer in the School of Hygiene and Public Health of the Johns Hopkins University. No man could be more orthodox, either scientifically or officially. Yet the sum and substance of his exhaustive studies of disease and death in one large and typical American city is the apparent conviction that health departments, in the main, accomplish very little—that competent doctors in private practice are worth whole swarms of inspectors and disinfectors, and that most of the epidemic diseases, in so far as they have been got under control at all, have been got there by a general increase in natural immunity to them, and not by the laborious buzzing and snouting of the *Sanitätspolizei*.

I hope I do not convey a wrong impres-

sion here: Dr. Howard is by no means a mere medical nihilist, translating into scientific terms the iconoclastic imbecilities of the New Thought. He is quite well aware that, in certain fields, public health work has yielded useful fruits. It has, partly directly but chiefly indirectly, managed to substitute cowpox for smallpox, and so greatly diminished the latter. Here the family doctors worked to far better effect than the health departments, but nevertheless the health departments urged them on. There is, again, the decline in the mortality from lockjaw: here the health departments accomplished something by denouncing fireworks and by preaching the use of tetanus antitoxin. They have also set a watch on the water and milk supplies of the big cities, and so cut down the death-rate from typhoid. They have helped to eliminate malaria, and have done something to advance the effective treatment of diphtheria, and prophylaxis against syphilis. But in most of these cases they accomplished very little directly: all they could do was to urge medical men to keep on doing what medical men of any intelligence were already doing. And in many other directions, despite a great show of energy, they have probably accomplished next to nothing. I point to tuberculosis, scarlet fever, measles, influenza, whooping-cough and pneumonia. Public health activities, according to Dr. Howard, have achieved little against any of these diseases. If they decline it is because the natural resistance of the population, due to natural selection, increases. But most of them do not decline. Some, such as pneumonia, probably increase. And in the case of influenza, the utter impotence of official measures in the face of a fresh and virulent invasion was brilliantly demonstrated so recently as 1919.

The decline in the death-rate from tuberculosis is generally looked upon as a triumph for public hygiene; in fact, the whole phenomenon is commonly depicted as a successful battle of enlightenment against darkness. But Dr. Howard shows that all the disinfecting and sterilizing that have been done, and all the multiplication of laws against spitting and the use of common utensils, and even all the elaborate care and cure of infected individuals have probably had much less to do with the reduction of the disease than certain purely natural causes, entirely beyond the control of man. One of these is the growth of immunity by natural selection: the people living today are the children of persons who escaped dying of tuberculosis in the last generation, and hence they are less liable to it than the children of persons who succumbed to it would have been. Another is the fact, or at least the probability, that the virulence of the tubercle bacilli has diminished. "From the standpoint of the parasites," says Dr. Howard, "natural selection must tend in the long run to favor the persistence of strains of low as opposed to those of high virulence," for the latter kill their hosts, and are buried with them, and so trouble the world no more. But if this fact cuts down the death rate, it also has a tendency to augment the number of persons who are infected, for patients who do not die remain fertile sources of infection, and the longer they live the more other persons they are likely to infect. That all this is not mere theorizing is shown by the increase in morbidity (*i.e.*, number of sick persons compared to the total population) that has gone hand in hand with a diminishing mortality (*i.e.*, number of deaths) in certain familiar diseases, notably diphtheria. The ideal way to get rid of any infectious disease would be to shoot instantly every person who comes down with it. That being unlawful, we have to depend mainly on nature's powers of resistance, and they have an unhappy way of running in a sort of loop or circle, sometimes up and sometimes down.

Luckily for man, the virulence of the invading organisms shows compensatory phases, and sometimes a sort of stalemate is reached, and a high morbidity is accompanied by a mortality low enough to be almost negligible. We have reached this stage, or are at least entering it, in the cases of such diseases as mumps and chicken-pox. They are still very common, but they are no longer very fatal, at least directly. Dr. Howard is inclined to think that whooping-cough and tuberculosis are going the same way. But it is a slow process, and man is impatient; he thus busies himself with medical and hygienic measures, either with the aim of getting rid of the germ or with that of augmenting the resistance of the patient. The former purpose is sometimes achieved. We have rid our cities of malaria-bearing mosquitoes, we have cut down enormously the number of typhoid bacilli in our water and milk supplies, and we have barred out almost completely the organisms of such diseases as yellow fever and bubonic plague. But certain risks go with this success. Let us suppose, for example, that measles was completely eliminated from New York—that is, artificially—for five generations, and that then a chance infection came in. What would be the effect? The effect would probably be an epidemic of unprecedented virulence—a veritable massacre of children, all of them the offspring of protected and hence unselected forebears. The problem of increasing immunity, and of preserving whatever gain is thus made, therefore becomes one of great importance. Pathology has barely begun to study it. Some slight progress, perhaps, has been made with tuberculosis: persons who are well fed and get a lot of rest seem to increase their resistance to it. But in most other directions we must still depend wholly on nature's own processes. A disease rages for a while with great virulence, and then it gradually declines. "We did it," say the hygienists. But in many cases all they actually did was to keep accurate statistics of the flow and ebb, and to see to it that every victim was buried under

at least six feet of earth and not nearer than one hundred yards to a schoolhouse.

Dr. Howard's laborious and important work is a vile piece of book-making and lacks an index. Studying it is thus no light job. But there is plenty of instruction in it for the patient reader.

The Schoolmarm's Goal

THE SOCIAL OBJECTIVES OF SCHOOL ENGLISH.

By Charles S. Pendleton. Nashville, Tenn.: *Published by the Author.*

HERE, in the form of a large flat book, eight and a half inches wide and eleven inches tall, is a sight-seeing bus touring the slums of pedagogy. The author, Dr. Pendleton, professes "the teaching of English" (not English, remember, but "the teaching of English") at the George Peabody College for Teachers, an eminent seminary at Nashville, Tenn., and his object in the investigation he describes was, in brief, to find out what the teachers who teach English hope to accomplish by teaching it. In other words, what, precisely, is the improvement that they propose to achieve in the pupils exposed to their art and mystery? Do they believe that the aim of teaching English is to increase the exact and beautiful use of the language? Or that it is to inculcate and augment patriotism? Or that it is to diminish sorrow in the home? Or that it has some other end, cultural, economic or military?

In order to find out, Prof. Pendleton, with true pedagogical diligence, proceeded to list all the reasons for teaching English that he could find. Some he got by cross-examining teachers. Others came from educators of a higher degree and puissance. Yet others he dug out of the text-books of pedagogy in common use, and the professional journals ordinarily read by teachers. Finally, he threw in some from miscellaneous sources. In all, he accumulated 1,581 such reasons, or, as he calls them, objectives, and then sat down and laboriously copied them upon 1,581 "very thin 3x5 cards, one to a card." Some of these cards

were buff in color, some were blue, some were yellow, some were pink, and some were green. On the blue cards he copied all the objectives relating to the employment of English in conversation, on the yellow cards all those dealing with its use in literary composition, on the green cards all those having to do with speech-making, and so on. Then he shook up the cards, summoned eighty professional teachers of English, and asked them to sort out the objectives in the order of appositeness and merit. The results of this laborious sorting he now sets before the learned.

Don't be impatient! I won't keep you waiting. Here is the objective that got the most votes—the champion of the whole 1,581:

The ability to spell correctly without hesitation all the ordinary words of one's writing vocabulary.

And here is the runner-up:

The ability to speak, in conversation, in complete sentences, not in broken phrases.

And here is No. 7:

The ability to capitalize speedily and accurately in one's writing.

And here is No. 9:

The ability to think quickly in an emergency.

And here are some more, all within the first hundred:

The ability to refrain from marking or marring in any way a borrowed book.

An attitude of democracy rather than snobishness within a conversation.

Familiarity with the essential stories and persons of the Bible.

And some from the second hundred:

The ability to sing through—words and music—the national patriotic hymn, "America."

The ability courteously and effectively to receive orders from a superior.

The avoidance of vulgarity and profanity in one's public speaking.

The ability to read silently without lip movements.

The habit of placing the page one is reading so that there will not be shadows upon it.

The ability to refrain from conversation under conditions where it is annoying or disagreeable to others.

The ability to converse intelligently about municipal and district civic matters.

The ability to comprehend accurately the meaning of all common abbreviations and signs one meets with in reading.

The ability, during one's reading, to distinguish between an author's central theme and his incidental remarks.

I refrain from any more: all these got enough votes to put them among the first 200 objectives—200 out of 1,581! Nor do I choose them unfairly; most of those that I have not listed are quite as bad as those I have. But, you may protest, the good professor handed his cards to a jury of little girls of eight or nine years, or to the inmates of a home for the feeble-minded! He did, in fact, nothing of the kind. His jury was very carefully selected. It consisted of eighty teachers of such professional keenness that they were assembled at the University of Chicago for post-graduate study. Every one of them had been through either a college or a normal school; forty-seven of them held learned degrees; all of them had been engaged professionally in teaching English, some for years. They came from Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Leland Stanford, Wisconsin, Toronto, Chicago and Northwestern Universities; from Oberlin, De Pauw, Goucher, Beloit and Drake; from a dozen lesser seminaries of the higher learning. They represented, not the lowest level of teachers of English in the Republic, but the highest level. And yet it was their verdict by a solemn referendum that the principal objective in teaching English was to make good spellers, and that after that came the breeding of good capitalizers!

I present Dr. Pendleton's laborious work as overwhelming proof of a thesis that I have maintained for years, perhaps sometimes with undue heat: that pedagogy in the United States is fast descending to the estate of a childish necromancy, and that some of the worst idiots, even among pedagogues, are among the teachers of English. It is positively dreadful to think that the young of the American species are exposed day in and day out to the contamination of such dark minds. What can be expected of "education" that is carried

on in the very sewers of the intellect? Here and there, true enough, a competent teacher of English is encountered. I could name at least a hundred. But it does not appear that Dr. Pendleton, among his eighty, found even one. There is not the slightest glimmer of intelligence in all the appalling tables of statistics and black, zig-zag graphs that he has so painfully amassed. Nor any apparent capacity for learning. The sound thing, the sane thing and the human thing to do with his pathetic herd of A.B.'s would be to take them out in the alley and knock them in the head.

What is Style?

THE GENIUS OF STYLE. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

DR. BROWNELL labors his subject to the extent of 217 pages, but his principal thesis may be put, as he puts it himself, into one sentence: Style is "... that factor of a work of art which preserves in every part some sense of the form of the whole." It is an admirable definition, and gets much further than those he quotes from other sages. The essence of a good style, in brief, is that it should be *fitting*—that every element entering into it, from the intellectual dignity of the words chosen to their color and cadence, should reflect, as closely as possible, the tone and tenor of the composition as a whole, and of the subject it discusses. Bad writing almost always consists of a quarrel between the parts and the whole. A United States Senator, rising to pronounce a eulogy upon a colleague dead of drink, employs terms fit for a panegyric upon Washington, Bismarck or Coolidge: the result is bathos. A cornfed critic, reviewing a book by Cabell or Dreiser, employs the rhetorical devices of a Baptist evangelist: the result is humor. Dr. Brownell himself, discussing as an artist the great and lovely art of prose, falls anon into a pastiche of quotations: the effect, I fear, is not as charming as it should be. The proper man to do a book on style is a stylist. What a good one William James could have

done! Or Cabell could do today! Or George Moore! Dr. Brownell, it appears, has not carried his studies of style far enough to have heard of these gentlemen. He believes that Mrs. Wharton is "the writer most distinguished among our contemporary fictionists (*sic!*) for achieving beauty through style." Nor does he mention Thomas Henry Huxley.

Huxley, I daresay, would not seem much of a stylist to Dr. Brownell, for there were few adornments in his writing, and it is always the adornments that rhetoricians think of when they discuss style. In Dr. Brownell's book, indeed, at least two-thirds of the space is given over to them. But Huxley had a talent a great deal more useful and important than that for staining glass: he had a talent for making it brilliantly transparent. His English remains, perhaps, the clearest ever written, and, by a necessary consequence, the most persuasive. No subject, however obscure, was beyond his skill at lucid statement. He thus had a style that was fundamentally of the first rank, whatever its lack of ornament, for anything that is simply and clearly written is well written, and anything that is murkily written is badly written. In other words, the cake must be there before the frosting goes on. No gift for juicy and astounding words, however gorgeously displayed, is sufficient to compensate for muddled thinking. This fact brings many ambitious stylists to grief. More than once it brought even the mighty Pater to grief. The true master of style in prose, like the true master of style in architecture, knows when to stay his hand. The most lovely metaphors ever heard of would not have improved Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. An austere diffidence and restraint, even a sort of awe, had to be got into it—and Lincoln knew how to achieve such things. When a more florid decoration is called for the business remains quite as difficult. Where a lily is the thing, a red rose is as shocking as an onion. Here is the essential art of speech, and it cannot be taught, even by Dr. Brownell. The good stylist

hears with an inner and secret ear. Words, to that ear, have delicate rhythms and almost invisible shades of color. He selects and arranges them by a sort of instinct. His meaning must be in them, clearly and unmistakably, but above that meaning there must be overtones—an ebb and flow of purely æsthetic appeal. Every part, as Dr. Brownell so well says, must spring inevitably out of the whole, and be an essential part of it. There must be, in all good writing, fitness, coherence, form, organization.

Sweet Stuff

SIX DAYS OF THE WEEK: A BOOK OF THOUGHTS ABOUT LIFE AND RELIGION. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

I offer a specimen:

As living beings we are part of a universe of life.

A second:

Unless we men resolve to be good, the world will never be better.

A third:

Behind Christianity there is Christ.

A fourth:

If Washington had not liberated the American Republic, Lincoln would have had no Union to save.

A fifth:

Some people say that a revolution is coming on in our own age and country. It is possible.

A sixth:

God made us all.

A seventh:

It is a well-known fact that men can lie, and that very frequently they do.

An eighth:

To be foolish is an infirmity. To fool others is a trick.

A ninth:

The Bible was not given to teach science, but religion.

A tenth:

A whole life spent with God is better than half a life.

An eleventh:

Drunkennes ruins more homes and wrecks more lives than war.

A twelfth:

Anything out of the ordinary line will attract notice.

Tupper *est mort!* *Hoch* Tupper! *Hoch, hoch!*
Dreimal hoch!

Brief Notices

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN 1815, by Élie Halévy; translated from the French by E. I. Watkins and D. A. Barker. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

A book of the first importance. A meticulous study of human existence in England at the close of the Napoleonic wars, heavily documented but thoroughly fascinating.

WOMEN AND LEISURE, by Lorine Pruette. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company*.

An attempt, by the overworked pseudo-scientific device of the questionnaire, to find out what the female of *Homo americanus* is thinking about. Dr. Pruette's analysis shows that the longing for a career is now epidemic, and that even the yearning for Service has begun to make progress, but that under both of these aspirations there still lingers the immemorial desire to catch a handsome and solvent husband.

THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTIES, by Edgar A. Robinson. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

An accurate and useful work, but enormously dull.

TRAGEDIES OF THE MEDICI, by Edgcumbe Staley. New York: *Brentano's*.

Ancient scandal rewritten, apparently for readers of the tabloid newspapers.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES, by D. R. Williams. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company*.

An argument against carrying out the national promise to give the Filipinos their independence, by a former secretary of the Philippine Commission.

EVERYWHERE: THE MEMOIRS OF AN EXPLORER, by A. Henry Savage-Landor. Two volumes. New York: *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*.

The autobiography of one of the most amusing blowhards the world has ever seen. Two-thirds of it, I suppose, is imaginary, but all of it is brisk and readable.

SOME VICTORIAN MEN, by Harry Furniss. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Company*.

A volume of labored and witless anecdotes, adorned with third-rate caricatures. A stupider book it would be hard to imagine.

WEBER & FIELDS, by Felix Isman. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

The actual author of this book appears to be Wesley W. Stout. His narrative is extremely diverting, despite his somewhat naïve view of Weber & Fields' eminence. He prints many extracts from the texts of their buffooneries. Without the red noses and slap-sticks, the humor often sinks to a feeble imbecility.

THE NEGRO IN SOUTH CAROLINA DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION, by Alrutheus Ambush Taylor, A.M. Washington: *The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History*.

A valuable piece of research by a colored scholar. It offers hope that the history of the South is at last to be written accurately and intelligently. No comparable work by a white Confederate historian is half so well done.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DAVID MERRILL ANDERSON comes from New Hampshire and is a graduate of Amherst and Phillips Exeter. "Play a Waltz" is his first published short story.

HERBERT ASBURY is a Missourian, and has been doing newspaper work for the past thirteen years in Illinois, Georgia and New York. He has been in New York for about eight years, on the staffs of the Sun and the Herald, and is now on the staff of the Herald-Tribune. During the World War he was a lieutenant of infantry.

WILLIAM E. DODD, Ph.D. (Leipzig), is a North Carolinian and became professor of American history at the University of Chicago in 1908. He has devoted himself largely to the history of the South.

MAX EASTMAN is a graduate of Williams College. After a few years' teaching and graduate work in philosophy at Columbia, he became editor of *The Masses*, which was suppressed during the war. While its editors were still under indictment, the magazine came to life again as the *Liberator*, a journal more seriously political in character. Mr. Eastman continued to edit this publication until 1922. He has spent the last two years in Russia.

DR. MAJOR GREENWOOD is a high official in the British Ministry of Health, and secretary of the Royal Statistical Society.

ALVIN F. HARLOW is a native of Sedalia, Missouri, and a graduate of Franklin College, Indiana. He was formerly engaged in the illustrating and engraving business.

PATRICK KEARNEY is a frequent contributor to the magazines. He is the author of several one-act plays which have been published and produced. He was born in Ohio, and has lived in New York since leaving Ohio State University.

ARTHUR KROCK, now assistant to Ralph Pulitzer, editor of the *World*, was trained under Henry Watterson on the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and was formerly its Washington correspondent. He edited the collection of Col. Watterson's editorials published after the latter's death.

ROBERT H. LOWIE, Ph.D. (Columbia), is associate professor of anthropology at the University of California and editor of the *American Anthropologist*. He is the author of "Primitive Society" and "Primitive Religion." He has lately returned from Europe, where he was vice-president of the International Americanist Congress at Gothenburg and delivered addresses before the Anthropological Society at Vienna and the Anthropological Club at Cambridge.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN is a Porto Rican, but has lived in the United States for many years. He is a frequent contributor to the *American*, *Spanish* and *Latin-American* magazines. His wife is Muna Lee, the poet.

FRED LEWIS PATTEE, Litt.D., is the author of "A History of American Literature Since 1870" and of various other works in that field. He is at present at the University of Illinois.

ELBERT PEETS is a Cleveland architect whose work is mainly in the field of park and garden design and city planning. He is co-author with Werner Hegemann of "Civic Art," the standard thesaurus of architectural city planning.

STANLEY WALKER was born on a ranch in Lampasas county, Texas. He worked for a time as a laborer and later attended the University of Texas. He has been a reporter on various Southwestern newspapers and was once secretary to the Mayor of Dallas. He joined the staff of the *New York Herald* in 1919; remained with the *Herald* through the sale of the property as reporter and rewrite man, and is now assistant city editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

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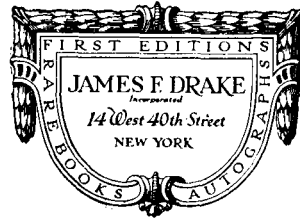
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The BORZOI Broadside

MARCH, 1925



VOL. IV. No. 5.

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Francis Brett Young

WITH the publication of *SEA HORSES*, Francis Brett Young makes his first appearance on the *Borzoï* list. John Masefield, on being asked his verdict on the best of the younger English writers of today, said: "Mr. Francis Brett Young is the most gifted, most interesting and the most beautiful mind among the younger men writing English. He holds a high place but will soon hold a supremacy." Hugh Walpole stated that "I don't see anyone who gives so much promise of being first of the bunch as he does." Gerald Gould, Edward Shanks, Walter de la Mare, Rebecca West, J. C. Squire, Douglas Goldring, Forrest Reid—these are just a few who look to Mr. Young as a coming literary leader.

With *SEA HORSES* their vision will be realized. This story, which probably has more in common with the

work of the late Joseph Conrad than any other of Mr. Young's novels, establishes beyond question his right to be regarded as Conrad's successor. The literary relationship of the two writers has more than once been noted in the past, and certainly Conrad himself could not have written this thrilling story in more masterly fashion. The action takes place successively at Naples, on board ship, and at Panda, a tiny Portuguese coast town in Africa where graft and crime rule the inhabitants. It is sufficiently exciting to satisfy the most avid lover of sea stories; it has all the thrills of storm, battle and love; it has a literary quality which makes of it a beautiful prose work. *SEA HORSES* is the best of Mr. Young's books thus far, and an impressive augury for his future under the *Borzoï* standard.

SEA HORSES. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. \$2.50 net.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

The BORZOI BROADSIDE for MARCH 1925



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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.



The Spring Flight

WE heard about a new novel called *THE SPRING FLIGHT* four months ago. It appeared on the Spring list at a time when we were too busy worrying about *BALISAND*, *THE TATTOOED COUNTESS*, and the other Fall books to begin thinking of Spring. We recalled hearing the author's name, Lee Smits, but it meant very little to us. Two months later the manuscript of *THE SPRING FLIGHT* was left on our desk, only to be snatched away again by the Manufacturing Department. In the meantime the Editorial Department when talking about the book fairly bombarded us with descriptive superlatives such as we would never be able to use in advertising. Finally proofs arrived, we began our reading and have just finished with the thrill that comes very seldom in a lifetime.

THE SPRING FLIGHT is a first novel of America by an American that does much towards restoring the national tradition which seems to have departed
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with Mark Twain. It is the intimate record, realistically presented, of the youth and manhood of Kenneth Fair, as thoroughly American as Theodore Roosevelt or Babe Ruth. Through the medium of his hero's adventures Mr. Smits, whom we discovered to be a Detroit newspaperman, has revealed the vast, shifting panorama of the American scene -- revealed it with gusto, an infinite zest for life, not a little satiric humor, and above all, from a thoroughly detached and civilized standpoint. In addition he has realized the main function of a novelist, namely, to tell a good story. *THE SPRING FLIGHT* may not be that Great American Novel for which we have all been waiting so long and so vainly, but it approaches that somewhat chimerical ideal closer than any first novel in recent years. Here is a book that can be put on the shelf of American literature between *HUCKLEBERRY FINN* and *THE SCARLET LETTER*.

THE SPRING FLIGHT. By LEE J. SMITS. \$2.50 net.

Counterplot

COUNTERPLOT, a new novel by a brilliant young English authoress, Hope Mirrlees, is a *tour de force*. It is also a finely wrought love story, a study of human relationships that puts Miss Mirrlees "in the company of E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf." Easily and charmingly, through the eyes of one of the daughters, the author introduces us to a well-to-do English family and their friends. And then she translates their lives into a medieval play concerning the nuns of a Spanish convent during the reign of Pedro the Cruel, with the effect of bringing to light the shifting loves and hates that flow beneath the surface of the lives of modern cultured people. The play itself is a daring little drama, told with a Boccaccio freedom of incident and term that makes it appear almost an authentic product of the 14th Century. The novel as a whole has a richness, a wisdom about it that leaves an impression lingering on long after plot and counterplot are forgotten. Clement Shorter, the famous English critic, has called it "a wonderful story of love." Raymond Mortimer in *The New Statesman* says: "A delicious book; and with it Miss Mirrlees puts herself in the distinguished company of E. M. Forster and Mrs. Woolf."

THE COUNTERPLOT. By HOPE MIRRLEES. *The first edition will consist of 1500 numbered copies. 8vo, boards, 334 pages. \$3.00 net.*



Figures of the Passion

GABRIEL MIRÓ's reputation as an exquisite stylist and finished craftsman stands so high on the continent of Europe that it is surprising that none of his books have before now been translated into English. In his *FIGURES OF THE PASSION*—possibly his masterpiece—he is presented to English readers for the first time in a book that cannot but win their sympathies.

The plan of the book is of the simplest. It is the story of the betrayal, trial and crucifixion of Our Lord, told with a power of imagination which has surely never been surpassed.

The method employed is to open each chapter with a figure, a character—Judas, Annas, Pilate, Joseph of Arimathea—and to lead the figure up to the point at which he becomes an actor in the life of Christ. By this device, the figure of Our Lord is thrown into bold relief, so much so that the reader feels that he is an actual onlooker at the great tragedy. The Crucifixion scenes alone would make this book unique. With indescribable beauty and power the tragedy unrolls; on the one hand, the Palestinian landscape in all its springtime loveliness, on the other the Figure on the Cross, torn and rent with the ghastly apparatus of crucifixion, which the author has not shrunk from depicting with a minuteness terrible in its detail.

In this space there is no room to dilate on the wealth of learning which the author has lavished on this book. He has soaked himself in the atmosphere and archaeology of the period of which he writes, and in numberless minor incidents, interludes and episodes, in descriptions of scenery, of the palaces of Herod Antipas, of the Roman pomp and military power, of the Temple and its priests, has recreated the Palestine of Our Lord. *FIGURES OF THE PASSION* is a great work of art, unforgettable as a series of great cartoons.

FIGURES OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD. By GABRIEL MIRÓ.
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An Awakener of Sleeping Souls

THE exile by the Spanish government for his political ideas of Miguel de Unamuno, the distinguished novelist, essayist and philosopher, raised a storm of indignation both in Europe and America which is yet in the process of dying out. Unamuno was forced to retire to Fuencaballo, a tiny island off the coast of Spain, and there he lived in solitude for almost a year. Mr. J. E. Crawford Fitch, a friend and great admirer of Unamuno, visited him there, and as a result has been able to prepare *ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES*, the first selection from the complete writings of one of the greatest contemporary European writers—a selection which has been made with the authorization and under the supervision of Unamuno himself.

Mr. Fitch in his illuminating introduction says of Unamuno, "No writer ever stood less in need of an introduction, for probably none ever revealed himself so naturally and so nakedly in his writings. The identity between the author and the man is absolute. His method of communication is not to address an audience from the elevation of the pulpit or the platform, but to accost the individual face to face, to grasp him warmly by the hand, to look him full in the eyes and tell him what is in his heart.

"Perhaps the scope and aim of his achievement may be most succinctly resumed in that description which Giordano Bruno gave of himself *dormitantium animarum excubitor*—an awakener of sleeping souls."

Some of the chapters are: Spanish Individualism, The Spanish Christ, My Religion, The Man of Flesh and Bone, Don Quixote's Niece, The Materialism of the Masses, and The Song of the Eternal Waters.

ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES. By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Translated from the Spanish with an introduction by J. E. CRAWFORD FITCH, M.A. 8vo, cloth, 256 pages. \$3.00 net.



FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG
Author of SEA HORSES



My Name is Legion

MY NAME IS LEGION was begun in 1919 and was finished after nearly five years of work when Charles Morgan was within a few days of his thirtieth birthday. He had determined to write a work of pure imagination and to write it without regard to time, length or fashion. This novel is the outcome. It is the story of a girl who was born "more spirit than flesh"—a natural saint and ascetic, endowed with great powers. It tells of her life among the lust, the brutality and the vulgar luxury of the modern world. Men and women of grossly or subtly carnal minds she attacks with her spiritual and miraculous weapons. The book shows the effects of these attacks upon them and upon herself. For Irma does not come out scatheless from her combats. The work which she has set herself, which, in fact, has been imposed upon her by the curious circumstances of her birth and by what might be termed the chemical composition of her wholly unique spirit, is a constant travail, a ceaseless torture and castigation of soul. It is only after her finest achievement which finally justifies and makes clear her place in the world, that Irma is able to transcend the obscurities of her early youth and find for herself some measure of happiness.

Miss Storm Jameson, in a letter to the author, wrote: "I cannot really write to you about it, because the book has—quite literally—silenced me. My mind is full of it."

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WHEN Carl Van Vechten's THE BLIND BOW-BOY first appeared in 1923 its author swore before a notary public that his one and only object in creat-

ing this "cartoon for a stained-glass window" was to amuse. And he succeeded. Fanny Butcher in *The Chicago Tribune* called it "A Super Ziegfeld Revue"; *The Irish Times* compared it "with Anatole France's most exuberant flights of fancy"; while Ernest Boyd in *The Nation* dubbed it "the great realistic novel of contemporary New York life."

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A Medieval Romance

WHEN Sigrid Undset's *THE BRIDAL WREATH* appeared in this country, in its translation from the Norwegian, A. Donald Douglas in *The New York Tribune* said of it: "Sigrid Undset has wrought a miracle. Her display of medieval Norway she compasses not by a tedious inventory of battlemented turrets and elaborate archaisms but by an evocation of life suffered through the soul of Kristin Lavransdatter, a girl more absolutely real than the very most recent heroine. She is a sweet and fiery and patient prisoner to love."

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY carries on the story of Kristin. She has married Erlend and the scene has changed to the old northern capital of Norway: Trondhjem. Her private domestic drama is startlingly affected by the exciting politics of the time. The brilliant and flighty Erlend becomes involved in revolutionary plots, and against the background of court pageantry is enacted the romance of this lovely woman. In its sure revelation of a woman's character there is only one other Scandinavian novel to which Sigrid Undset's work can be compared: *MARIE GRUBBE* by J. P. Jacobsen. *THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY* is the evocation of medieval romance and a stirring portrayal of a woman ahead of her times.

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY. By SIGRID UNSET. Translated from the Norwegian by CHARLES ARCHER. \$3.00 net.

A Frenchman Looks at Literature

It remained for a Frenchman to write what J. Middleton Murry in *The Athenaeum* called "the best book on the modern English novel." Monsieur Abel Chevalley, writer, teacher, journalist, diplomatic Minister, High Commissioner for France, a man of the most varied career, has made one of the most complete and scholarly analyses of the modern English novel that has yet been written. Starting with a brief sketch of the English novel before 1800, the author progresses to a forty-page study of the outstanding trends of the nineteenth century and thence to the consideration of the most important figures and works of the present age. Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Meredith, John Galsworthy, Gilbert Cannan, Samuel Butler, W. H. Hudson, James Joyce, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole and many others are carefully and vitally discussed.

"The most ambitious and systematic attempt to trace the development of the twentieth-century English novel and describe its main tendencies today which, to our knowledge, has been made either in France or in this country."—*Weekly Westminster Gazette*.

"The writing is so alive and fresh that what is really a resumé of the soundest English criticism abounds with judgments that seem almost new."—*Manchester Guardian*.

This book achieved the distinction, almost if not quite unique, of being first published in its original French in England by the Oxford University Press.

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• XXXV

The Dean of Music Critics

"I REGARD Ernest Newman as one of the greatest writers upon music, not only of today, but of all times," said Leopold Stokowski, Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, on the occasion of Mr. Newman's arrival in this country as guest critic of *The New York Post*. As music critic of *The London Times* Mr. Newman established a reputation for his sagacity, progressiveness and brilliance second to none. This reputation has been greatly enhanced by his volumes of musical studies.

A few months ago *WAGNER AS MAN AND ARTIST* appeared in a new and revised edition on the *Borzoi* list. Now two more Newman books are to be published: *A MUSICAL CRITIC'S HOLIDAY*, a new book, and *A MUSICAL MOTLEY*, a new and revised edition of his well-known essays. In his new book Mr. Newman tries to answer the perplexing question whether the criticism of contemporary music is possible, especially in a time of radical change such as this. He imagines a musical critic suddenly to become tired of the clash of opinion as to the relative value of the music of today, and to seek refuge from the clamor of the contending parties in a lonely house. Here, with the aid of a full musical library, he works out principles and creeds to sharpen his judgment and to supply the reader with helpful and entertaining theories of modern music.

In *A MUSICAL MOTLEY* the author has added much new material to this delightful book of essays, first published in 1919. Some of the chapters are: *A Trap for the Critics*, *The Amateur Composer*, *On Instruments and Their Players*, *Mad Monarchs and Music*, *Some Musical Parodies*, *The Confessions of a Musical Critic*, *The Best Hundred Scores*, *The Weary Willies of Music*, etc.

Anyone seeking knowledge, entertainment and an appreciation of the best in musical literature should cultivate the acquaintanceship of "the Dean of Music Critics" through his books.

A MUSICAL CRITIC'S HOLIDAY.
A MUSICAL MOTLEY. By
 ERNEST NEWMAN, author of "*Wagner As Man and Artist*." Uniform in format.
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Aspects of Science

NICHOLAS KOPELOFF, PH.D., of The Psychiatric Institute, says of *ASPECTS OF SCIENCE* by J. W. N. Sullivan: "This is anything but a forbidding
 xxxvi

book, intended rather for the general public than for the specialist. It is, indeed, one of those rare works which hold the interest of anyone concerned with culture. The truth of science is something impersonal, but its meaning is personal, says the author, and his is the humanistic viewpoint.

"His style is felicitous, neither ponderous nor condescending. Dealing as much with aesthetics as with science, his subject matter will prove especially stimulating to artists in all fields of activity. One wishes that there were more books of this kind to bring about a better understanding between workers in special fields and the intelligent public."

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FOR these many years, while American readers have delved into the folklore of foreign countries, there lay at their doorsteps, unknown and unrecognized by many, the great American myth: Paul Bunyan. In him, the traditional hero of the lumber camps, is one of the few authentic figures in American folklore. His strength was as that of Hercules, his achievements rivalled the boastings of Münchhausen, his adventures would fill a second *Odyssey*, and withal he is as much a part of the story of our country as Brigham Young or Buffalo Bill.

James Stevens, who has worked in lumber camps and mills for many years, has collected the stories of Paul Bunyan at the fountain head, and has made them into a book, *PAUL BUNYAN*, that is wholly American in its delineation of this preposterous, Gargantuan character who visualizes perfectly the national love for tall talk and tall doings.

The stories of Babe, the blue ox, who drank up rivers and pulled down trees; of Johnny Inkslinger, the camp clerk, who wrote from Tuesday until Saturday without halt in order to have a record of Bunyan's nine-day speech to the loggers; of Big Swede, who almost rivalled Bunyan in height and strength; of Hot Biscuit Slim and Cream Puff Fatty, who cooked the Black Duck Dinner, so tremendous a meal that the loggers were forced to retire and sleep for five weeks; of all the adventures of the gigantic Bunyan and his crew are the raw materials of which true folk literature is made. No American can afford to neglect this vastly amusing and superb rendering of a national myth.

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"The Diaboliques" of d'Aurevilly

By ERNEST BOYD

[THE following quotation is taken from portions of Ernest Boyd's introduction to THE DIABOLIQUES by Barbey d'Aurevilly, the second volume in *The Blue Jade Library*, of which THE LIFE OF HENRI BRULARD by Stendhal was the first.]

The qualities which still lend a flavor to Barbey d'Aurevilly's criticism, however wrong-headed—his mastery of striking epithet, his superb courage and imagination—find their supreme expression in fiction. After writing, at the age of sixteen, an ODE TO THE HEROES OF THERMOPYLAE, he began his literary career proper, in 1834, with his first book of fiction, AMAIDÉE. . . . After two books of minor merit there began to appear those works upon which he established the fame that slowly accumulated during his lifetime: UNE VIEILLE MAÎTRESSE, L'ENSCORCELÉE, LE CHEVALIER DES TOUCHES, UN PRÊTRE MARIÉ, LES DIABOLIQUES, and UNE HISTOIRE SANS NOM, which happens to have been his first book to appear in English, when Edgar Saltus published A STORY WITHOUT A NAME, in 1891.



The trait common to all these stories, and the characteristic mark of Barbey d'Aurevilly's peculiar talent, is their Satanic mysticism, their preoccupation with what is diabolical, in the literal and original sense of that word. The title, LES DIABOLIQUES, describes not only the six women of this book, but the central figures in all the others, for all Barbey's characters are possessed by the devil. . . .

His style has been described as "brutal and exquisite, violent and delicate, bitter and sweet. It is like a witches' brew composed of flowers and serpents, tigers' blood and honey"—a compliment decidedly in his own style.

THE DIABOLIQUES. By BARBEY D'AUREVILLY. *Translated from the French, with an introduction by ERNEST BOYD. Uniform with Volume I of The Blue Jade Library. \$2.50 net*



The BORZOI Barometer

A POPULAR edition of A MOTHER'S LETTERS TO A SCHOOLMASTER by an anonymous author, which was first published in 1922, has just been issued at the price of \$2.50. This book, which Dr. John Dewey called "the most readable introduction to what is fundamental and sound in modern theories of education with which I am acquainted," has created a tremendous amount of interest throughout the United States and England and is said to have readers in many foreign countries. In fact the author received word recently from Dr. Clyde Fisher of the recent Scandinavian expedition that "Madame Ellen Key has been reading your book and told me she was enchanted with it." The late G. Stanley Hall said shortly before his death: "I wish I might live to see, at least in some favored locality, the inauguration of a school of this kind," referring to one of the many sane ideas on education which this mother advances.

THE first review of the first *Borzoi* book of the New Year appears as we write this (January 4, 1925). *The N.E.A. Book Survey* reviewed THE MATRIARCH by G. B. Stern and said of it: "If a more amusing, more compactly done, or better written book comes to this desk during the season—well, heaven hasten the day!"

THE HORLA AND OTHER STORIES, Volume XII in *The Borzoi* Maupassant, will be published this month.

Two *Borzoi* books have recently found their way to the screen. Motion pictures of A LOST LADY by Willa Cather and THE DANCERS by Gerald du Maurier have both been released and are now showing at "your favorite theatre."

YOUNG HARVARD, a book of poems, by Witter Bynner, which went out of print several years ago, has now been reprinted at \$1.50 net at about the same time that its author returned to New York for a few weeks' visit.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



The BORZOI BROADSIDE for MARCH 1925



Superlatives

A UNIQUE experiment in modern essay writing is this volume by Grant C. Knight, of the University of Kentucky, entitled *SUPERLATIVES*. Herein are essays analyzing outstanding superlative characters in English fiction, designed to inspire interest in good literature. The characters considered are drawn from the works of Dickens, Eliot, Brontë, Defoe, Meredith, etc. Thus for The Greatest Rogue Mr. Knight has chosen a woman, Moll Flanders, that picturesque adventuress whose story Defoe has told in one of the great "rogue" classics of literature.* The most terrible figure in English literature is Heathcliff of Charlotte Brontë's *JANE EYRE*, according to the author of this book. (We ourselves would vote for Bethlehem of *HARVEST IN POLAND*) Jane Eyre herself is The Happiest; at the other extreme The Most Tragic is Dr. Lydgate of *MIDDLEMARCH*.

Others that Mr. Knight has characterized are The Greatest Lover, The Most Humorous, The Most Unreal, Most Memorable Children, The Most Pitiful, and The Greatest Hero. Of each he tells their story and the reasons for his choice, in such provocative fashion that the reader must be indeed hardened if he can withstand the temptation to read more about these superlative characters.

Therein lies Mr. Knight's object: first and foremost to interest those who are not familiar with

* *MOLL FLANDERS*, by Daniel Defoe, can be procured in The Borzoi classics, \$4.00 net.

many of the American and English classics in some of the finest examples of literature. In doing so he has also succeeded in writing an extremely amusing and original book which will appeal to all whether they have read the classics or not.

SUPERLATIVES. By GRANT C. KNIGHT. \$2.00.

The Latest Publishing Arrangements

The books listed below have only just been contracted for by Mr. Knopf. Their publication dates will be announced in due course.

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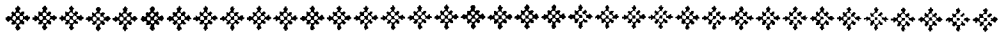
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